NATURES PARADOX:

OR,

The Innocent Impostor.

A PLEASANT

POLONIAN HISTORY:

Originally Intituled

IPHIGENES.

Compiled in the *FRENCH* Tongue

BY

The rare *Pen* of *J. P. CAMUS*,

B. of BELLEY.

AND NOVV

Englished by Major VVRIGHT.

Optabilis est in Amore fucus; eò gratior Superis,
Quò magis Innocens. Macrob. in Saturn.

LONDON,
Printed by *J. G.* for EDVV. DOD. and NATH. E[illegible]
and are to be sold at the *Gun* in *Ivie-Lane*, 16[illegible].

Errata.

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The OECONOMY *of this Hiſtory.*

NAture's grand Hiſtoriographer mentions a Tree hee had ſeen at *Tivoly*, on whoſe Trunk were ingraffed ſeverall Branches that bare diſtinct ſorts of fruit; Here Cherries, there Plums, on that ſide Apricocks, on this Peaches: But this vegetive wonder could be of no long continuance, by reaſon its Radicall moiſture was diſtributed to ſo many Species. What will bee the Fate of this tender *Siem*, depends on the ſmiles or frownes of the Judicious *Reader*, from the influence of which it muſt either grow or wither; however in ſome ſort it is not unlike that Tree, ſince to the ſtock of the ſame ſubject are inoculated ſome coyn'd varieties, which are but adopted to the maine Body of the Hiſtory; They are Clouds, yet inoffenſive (which Eclypſe not abſolutely the Daye's luſtre, but onely veile the Glory of the luminous Planet that formes it) or rather Ornaments, which, in decking, ſomewhat diſguiſe, and lay a freſh Vermillion upon the pale Cheek of Truth: Some, by nature or evill cuſtome, have contracted ſuch a diſpoſition, that if an Hiſtory (according to their apprehenſions) carry an uncommon Face, they can afford it no other ſtyle than of a Fable, never conſidering that our Eyes converſe dayly with a thouſand things which poſe our Reaſon; and many effects are palpably apparent to us, of whoſe Cauſes we are intirely ignorant. Another Tide of fantaſticall humours carries ſome Braines into a Belief, that Truths are Fables, as the former eſteem Fables, Truths. It is not unlikely, in regard this Hiſtory hath ſome reſemblance to *Ovid's* Fable of *Iphis* and *Ianthe* (whence indeed the names of the Principall perſons in this Narration are borrowed) ſome will bee apt to ſay, It is either a fabulous Hiſtory, or a Fable Hiſtorized: I am as little Maſter of their Tongues as of their judgements, let it ſuffice for an equitable *Reader's* ſatisfaction and mine own, that I have it from an Authour ſo authentick, that his report is as far beyond Queſtion as Contradiction. Tis true, my renown'd Biſhop acknowledges there are diverſe Paſſages of his own invention inſerted in the Principall relation of *Iphigenes* fortune: But whoſoever would take away thoſe parti-colour'd Feathers, which He ſo ingeniouſly hath mixt to imbelliſh this Piece, would find its Body as little, in compariſon, as a Nightingale's, which the *Lacedemonian* ſaid was nought elſe but a Voyce. Certain Works there are, whoſe ſpecious titles promiſe advantages in the Front, that are not to bee found in the Peruſall; Others within a rough and inconſiderable out-ſide, conteine the precious Pearles of good Learning and profitable Documents: And notwithſtanding at firſt they appear confuſed, or more beholding to Chance than any Method for their Contexture, yet (when attentively conſidered) do diſcloſe an agreeable Connexion, a well regulated Order, and no ill-obſerved Proportion. For which conſideration (Courteous Reader) I thought it not improper to preſent you this *OECONOMY*, to the end you may know, that among all the *Romantick* Hiſtories, which have fallen from my Authour's Pen (and happily may have paſſ'd before your Eyes) there is not any that ſeem's

leſs

less Methodicall, and yet is more answerable to the Rules than this. Be not therefore too ready to precipitate your censure upon what your judicious Eye may incounter of leane and frivolous in this Story, Impartiality beeing able to requite your Patience with the view of such Heroick Actions in this volume as may countervaile the simplicity of the rest; Though neither (in my opinion) be impertinent, unless you will deny the difference of Notes in Musick to be requisite for the composition of the most melodious Accords, and make Shadowes useless for the imbellishment of Pictures, or diversity of Flowers for enamelling delightfull Garden-Plotts. This Narration runs in a continuall line, and the subject threds it self so insensibly, that you will feele your Fancy led (as it were) by a little chaine from one manner of Life to another, very different, without perceiving the change. *Chymists* give the name of Depart to a certain water which they use to separate diverse Metalls in one Lumpe; for your facility I shall make tryall of some such, to Anatomize the body of this Work.

As the Eternall Guider of all things hath divided the Spacious Roof of Heaven into five distinct Zones; Or as the Dramatists dispose their Stories into five Acts, subdividing them into severall Scenes, So the Relation conteined in this volume is digested into five Principall Parts. The *First* may properly be tearmed the *INFANTINE* or *INNOCENT*; wherein you shall see the *Birth* and *Education* of *IPHIGENES*, with his pretty harmeless Employments during his tendrest years. The *Second* you may call the *AULICK* or *COURTLIE* Part; In this *IPHIGENES* appears in his Glory at the *Court*, the Splendour, Policy, Emulation, Mines and Counterminings, with the rest of the Beauties and Blemishes of that Life my Authour represents not impertinently. The *Third* is the *RUSTICK*; where our Grand Favorite is represented in some kinde of disgrace (beeing confined to his *Palatinate*) amusing himself in the exercises of Hunting and Rurall divertisements: In this Part are described the discommodities and conveniences of a Country-life, the imperfections of the vulgar People, Their rude, cruell and incivill dispositions. The *Fourth* deserves the title of *HEROICK*; because it treats of Wars, Combats, Sieges, Stratagems, not without the intermixture of some Love-Plots, Negotiations of State-Affairs and Treaties of Peace, wherein our *HEROS* displayes grand testimonies of his Courage, and Conduct. The *Fift* and last is the *NUPTIALL*; Which, at the Marriage of *IPHIGENES* with *LIANTE*, represents the Banquets, Tiltings and Magnificences usuall at such solemnities, when *KINGS* will shew to those they love the Marks of their Grandeur and Affection; Which, indeed, are herein but sparingly described, because the precedent Parts had already extended this Relation beyond the intended Limits; In any whereof if you finde either a Deficiency or Over-acting, Consider this Piece was composed by a Prelate, who (unless for his Divertisement) was not accustomed to loosen his *Genius* to such light studies, yet hath been so fortunate as not to be less esteemed for these Levities, by such as are capable to judge of his Language, than admired for the Graver productions of his Pen; But if in my Dialect I have too weakly rendered his quaint Conceptions, I hope you will have Candour sufficient to pardon my Defects, and incourage by your indulgence the indeavours of Him, whose Ambition was rather to delight you than content Himself. *Farewell.*

J. W.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE,
JAMES,
Earle of *NORTHAMPTON*; &c.
And the Signally Vertuous
ISABELLA,
His Incomparable *LADIE*.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,



Id the indeavours of my Artleſs Pen ſuite with the Judicious Ingenuity of my Authour, I might bee capable of indulging a Hope, that the Grandeur of your Perſons, temper'd with the Candour of your Mindes, would finde ſomething here that may help to wing your Houres; Since in this volume are repreſented in Green *years*, Maturity *of Judgement; in* High *Fortunes*, Humility; *in* Authority, Diſcretion; in Abundance, Sobriety *mixt with* Generoſity; *Neither is wanting* Valour *accompanied with* Honour (*which have been the* Marks, *and are now the known* Favorites *of Your vertuous Inclinations*) *or* Piety *joyned with* Purity, *whereof you are living* Copies, *or*

rather perfect Modells. *Here the Passions are painted in their severall Convulsion-fits, the Excesses and Transports of which may raise no unpleasing reflexions upon the calme & untroubled freedome of your Spirits; In summe, you will finde the grave* Belley *hath stored his Principall Subject with both your own pretious Plenty, as if your severall vertues had sate while he drew his* Iphigene; *and I hope it will not offend you to see your Faces in such a Mirrour. Hee was so happy in his Addresses of the Originall, that by the support and Patronage of that Princely Pair, the Duke of* Vantadour *and the Princess of* Tingry *his Lady, it added no mean lustre to his deserving Pen, and got him such a spreading Applause from all his* Readers, *that a Third Impression sufficed not to satisfy their Curiosities. Suffer his Example then to excuse my Presumption, and give this Adventurous* Virago *leave to fight her Battailes in both the Camps of* Love *and* Valour *under your Banners; Which granted (though Combated by Calumny and Criticisme) Shee cannot faile to come off Victorious. I am not insensible that this English Habit becomes Her worst of all her Wardrobe, but there is a Power in your Acceptance to make Plainness, a Fashion; and teach the World to deale gently with the defects of*

Right Honorable,

The humble Votary of his best wishes for a perpetuall Spring of Happiness to your Honours,

Wright.

To his highly valued FRIEND, Major *WRIGHT*; Vpon his Excellent Tranſlation of his *ROMANCE*, Entituled, *NATURE'S PARADOX*: Or, The *INNOCENT IMPOSTOR.*

Lines dipt in Love ſhould not extracted be
Wholly from Sublimated Mercurie;
High-buskind Ayrs decline their proper end
In Pæans *to a true deſerving Friend.*
Lines, like good faces, ſhould have choice complexion,
A neat proportion, and an apt Connexion.
Where, as the Eye's *the* Index *of the mind,*
The Inward Eye *ſhould like* attraction *find.*
Nor in my judgement do I hold it fit
To Paraphraze upon a Divine Wit;
Where ev'ry Clauſe *diſplays a* Cloze *of Worth,*
And needs no tinſell Art *to ſet it forth.*
Though there be pregnant Fancies, *I confeſſe,*
Who have with much facetious happineſſe
Perform'd this Taske *: yet have I oft been vext*
To ſee a Paraphaſe *abuſe the* Text.
Good Works are Teſts *ſufficient, and retaine*
Such glorious beamlings from Minerva's *braine,*
That ſhould they want a Frontiſpiece, *the Eye*
Might finde where to admire and Deifie.

*Quæ fuit Hiſtoriæ priſcæ vel origo modernæ. Quin peperit proli Regia Roma Suæ ? Prud.

† Italian.

*Seven-mounted** Rome *from whence* Romances *came*
By thy politer Pen reviv'es her Fame;
And from her aſhy Urne heaves up her Head,
To tell thee, Major WRIGHT, *Shee is not dead,*
But ſo enlivened by thy ſerious Quill,
That her Seven Mounts *ſeeme one* Pierian Hill.
*Her pure-Provinciall * Tongue known to adorn*
High Courts, flows from thee like a Latian *born;*
Which thou enamelſt ſo with thy Tranſlation,
Wee hold us happy that thou knewſt our Nation.
Reader, *this Teſtate's juſt : I ſhould bee loth*
To lure thee with hyperboliZing froth.
If ever Builder *rais'd a* Story *better,*
I to thy Iudgement will become a Debter;
So it be Pure-refin'd *: but if't appeare*
A thick Plebeian Scull; Friend, come not here.
Cato's *walke onely on this rich-pav'd Floor*
While Ignorance *muſt knock and ſtand at door.*
Here's a new open'd Mine, *where wits of Stature,*
*And higher growth find th'*PARADOX *of* NATURE,
Full of Choice Senſe and Language; and though th'Style
IMPOSTOR *bee, 'tis* INNOCENT *the while;*
But ſuch an Innocence *as 'twill beget*
Rich Influence *in Him digeſteth it.*

R. BRATHVVAIT.

Upon

Vpon this Exquisit *ROMANCE*, *Written* by the Famous *B.* of *Belley*, Naturaliz'd, and made *English* By Major *WRIGHT.*

MY Wit lay Fallow, *and my* teeming *Brain*
Thought to repose a while from any strain
Of Poetizing, when the Air *of* France
Rouz'd up my Fancy in this fresh Romance,
This rich Romance, *which both for Weight and Sense,*
For various *Notions, and* neat *Eloquence;*
And now in point of Version *may compare*
With any of this kinde though ne're so rare.
Originall *and* Coppy *Co-excell,*
The Prelate *and the* Souldier *share the Bell:*
In Speech *they differ, but for* Minde *and* Frame
They are unanimous, and still the same.
By this I finde, which Men do seldom see,
That Mercury, *and* Mars *may well agree.*

JAM. HOVVELL.

Impartiall CONCEPTIONS
CONCERNING
The AUTHOR, *and* TRANSLATOR
OF THIS
Renowned ROMANCE.

MUſe, do not ſtrive, I know thou art too meane
To celebrate this rich *Polonian* Scene;
This task's not thine, but their's, who whileſt they praiſe,
Deſert in others deſerve equall *Bayes*:
And with triumphant Genius can compoſe
Encomions in either *Verſe* or *Proſe*.
And as this Storie's worth they cleare diſcern,
By teaching *Virtues* they can *Virtues* learn;
Shew young, and old, the *Male*, the *Female* ſtate,
Their *Wills*, their *Actions* how to regulate.
Here Wiſdome, Valour, Chaſtity, diſcreet
Comportment, true Civilities, ſtrong, ſweet
Rules for each *Fortune*; in varieties
Of Friends, and Foes, Noble Fidelities;
Their parts with ſuch perſwaſive *Graces* act
That they beſt Eyes, and Hearts of *France* attract.
Theſe, Hee whoſe Love is my lov'd Ornament
With equall Grace to *England* doth preſent,
That ſo in *Engliſh* minds his gen'rous Skill
Thoſe *Virtues*, and their Habits might inſtill;

Though

Though Hee to us this glorious *Theater*
Of Pleaſure, and of Profit but transfer,
His Work with ſo Victorious Art is wrought,
The Dignity thereof exceeds thy Thought.
Yet, *Muſe*, although I grant you are too weak
Of all with a due *Elogy* to ſpeak,
You, with aſſurance of applauſe, may ſay,
WRIGHT writes beſt *Engliſh*, as, beſt *French*, BELLAY.

John Chapperline.

To his Friend the STATIONER, on the publishing the Famous *Romance*, CALLED THE INNOCENT IMPOSTOR.

I Will be expected now that I should raise
Some Monument unto the Author's *prayse,*
The Work's, *or the* Translatour's, *else, I feare,*
The Reader'll wonder, what I do make here.
'Tis grown Apocryphall, *And by the* Wits
Quite voted *down; Who held it not befits*
A true-borne Fancy *to be* Smithfield-*wise*
Put off with Toll *and* Vouchers; *This defyes*
Such Crutches, *for 'tis of so cleare a Nature*
Twill passe without the Chaplins Imprimatur,
Or our Certificates. *Besides, I carry*
Such a dislike to all things Customary,
I'le cheate *all Expectation, and will be*
Thankfull *to them, but chiefly unto Thee.*
In these Selfe-ended *times, we only do*
Or thank *or praise those wee're* beholding *to.*
So call our Justice Charity, *and say*
We do bestow, *When We do only* pay.
For though the Worke be rare; *yet should it be*
Still in its Dress, what had it been to me?
And though Translated *by this Worthy Pen,*
If not exposed to the view of men,
I had ne're seen't perhaps. But since all three
Have Clubb'd *in this Production, I must be*
Gratefull to all, and to give all your right,
Must Prayse, *and* Love *and thank* Bellay, Dod, Wright.

ALEX. BROME.

Upon

Vpon BELLEY'S IPHIGENES, better'd into *Engliſh* by the Ingenious Pen of His Dear Brother, Major *WRIGHT*.

I *Need not injure* Truth *to Blazon thee*
(Wer't in my pow'r) with Wit's falſe Heraldrie:
For, but to give thee all thy due, would ſwell
Too high, and turne the Reader Infidell.
I'le onely tell him, hee'll finde nothing here,
But what is Manly, Modeſt, Rich and Cleare.
No Dropſi'd-Monſter-words, *all ſweet, and cleane*
As the ſmooth Cheeke of baſhfull Iphigene;
Who, as thy Pen has made her woo'd and wooe,
Might paſſe for Venus *and* Adonis *too.*
Thy melting Language (*big with nought but ſenſe*)
Delight, *and* Wonder *equally diſpenſe.*
Thy words fall from Thee, like an April Shower,
Whoſe every fruitfull drop awakes a Flower:
Serpent *and* Dove *firſt gently greet and kiſſe,*
Then lend each other their beſt qualities;
Contract a conjugall alliance, *whence*
Springs thy Impoſtor's cunning Innocence;
Such rooted ſweetnes growes in every part,
As if wiſe Nature *taught thee all thy* Art.
But why all this to thee? may Criticks *ſay,*
Since what begin's the Page *confeſſe* Belley.
Tis true, wee owe the ground to him, to thee
Are Debtours *for the rich* Imbroiderie;
And tis but juſt the World ſhould conſtru't ſo,
Rare Titian *here copy'd from* Angelo.

Ro. Loveday.

To my *Learned* and *Judicious* Friend, Major *WRIGHT*,

Upon this *Select Piece*; Intituled *NATURE'S PARADOX*, Or, The *INNOCENT IMPOSTOR*.

DEar Friend, *I prize Thee high, but now I'le swear*
Th'art Metamorphoz'd *to an* Usurer,
[*A* Paradox *indeed*] *I meane of* Tongues,
Where Art's *the* Scribe, *the* Creditors *Our* Lungs;
Yet such a one, that though the Increment
Amount (*at least*) *to* Three times Eight *per Cent.*
(*Maugre the* Act *which limits it to* Six)
Wee'l Plead *no* Forfeit, *nor* Re-pay *with* Tricks.
The Reason's *this:* [*Thy* Treasure's *Beaten Gold,*
Nor Wash'd *nor* Clipt, *but truly* weight, *and* told:
*Th'*Inscription *Signall,* (Learning, Judgement, *Wit*)
Not simply GOD WITH US, *but* GOD WITH It;
Wherein there's no IMPOSTURE, *no* Offence,
But what concludes in Soveraigne INNOCENCE:
Nor do'st thou Covet *or* Extort *at all,*
Wee gaine by th' Use, *as well, as* Principall.]
Why then an Usurer? *Because indeed*
(*Like unto Him*) *Th'art alwayes Pleading* Need,
[*A* Need *of* Languages;] *and yet I'm sure*
Th'hast Conquered *more, than the* Grand Signiour:
The Gulph *of* Venice *Bounds that* Monarch's *Hand:*
Thou gett'st where e're Thou go'st, by Sea *or* Land.
The Spanish, French, Polonian *and* Dutch,
Italian, Irish, Welch, *and* Hungry-Scotch,
Crow'd *all within Thee; many more beside,*
I doubt ev'n Babell, *save the* Bricks *and* Pride.
" *Learn but the* Language *of the* Starres; *and then*
" *Th'ast both the* Languages *of* Gods, *and* Men.

G. WHARTON.

NATURE'S PARADOX:

OR,

THE INNOCENT IMPOSTOR.

The First Booke.

ARGUMENT.

The manner of Government in the Kingdome of Polonia. *The Death of* Rosuald, Palatine *of* Podolia, *and his Wife.* Liante *and* Modestina *their Children, made Wards to* Miesias, *who succeeded* Rosuald *in the* Palatinate. Aretuza *Wife to* Miesias, *Her Policie to deceive his Crueltie. The Birth and manner of Education of* Iphigenes. *His Marriage to* Modestina. Iphigenes *endeavours to contract an Alliance betwixt his Sister* Clemencia *and* Liante. Iphigenes *is made to understand his own condition by his Mother, and Governour* Boleslaus. *His love turn'd from* Modestina *to* Liante. *His sorrow for having indeared* Liante *so much to* Clemencia. *His departure from* Podolia *to the Court.*

THe Inhabitants of the Kingdome of *Polonia* do commonly give their *Monark* the style of the KING OF KINGS, and LORD OF LORDS: Not that they are so prophane, as (by too execrable a Blasphemie) to ravish that eminent quality from him that beareth it ingraven on the blade of his Almighty Justice, who disposeth at his will of the Souls of Princes, and who is terrible above all the Kings of the Earth; But by reason of the form of Government in that Country, which is ballanced with so much *Aristocraticall* temperature, that it seemes their King is So-

vereign only by the benefit of *Inventarie* (as it is tearmed:)For whereas other Kings are extreamly absolute, and have an uncontrouleable Power over the bodies, lives, and estates of their Subjects, disposing of them at their wills and pleasure (which is but according to the institution of *Royalty* determined by Gods own Sacred Mouth, and couched in expres tearms in the holy Scripture.) It is nothing so amongst the *Sarmatians* (so were the People of *Polonia* called) where the Sea of *Monarchie* hath its bounds, and what storm soever rises in their King's heart, what impetuous Surges or motions of Passion soever agitate his breast, hee cannot in any proceedings exceed those limits that are prescribed to his Authority by the Power of his States. The opinion of that antient *Emperor*, who said, *That properly to be a Sovereign, was to do whatsoever hee listed*, is of no esteem or value with that Nation; Neither is less exploded there this saying of an imprudent Empress, *That nothing was unlawfull for Kings to act, if it but pleased their humor*. For in that Kingdome, whatsoever concerns the Power, Family and Function of the *Monark*, it is all so regulated, that Hee cannot deviate or out-strip his bounds in the least, without drawing upon himself suddain Rebellions, and most formidable Combinations. The reason thereof proceeds from this respect, that among those People (who are as free as fierce, and no less generous then haughty) the Kings are Elective, Succession having no interest in that Crown, unless a Son, by his vertuous deportments and valorous Actions, render himself worthie (with the approbation of the Orders) to ascend into the Throne of his Progenitors. From this libertie which the *Polonians* have of electing their *Monark*, ariseth this Restriction of the *Royall* Authoritie, within such confined tearms and limitations, that it is no more possible than lawfull to exceed them, without altering the Harmony of that Direction which hath there been establish'd beyond the reach of humane Memory, and exciting in the State Revolutions, or rather Convulsions of most dangerous consequence. It is to be observed, that the Ecclesiasticks and the Nobility only have votes at these Elections: the third Order (which is, the Common People) is excluded, and must receive for their King, him, that is lawfully chosen, according to the form and custome of the Country, by the other two Orders; Who after the Election (though they leave to the King the honour and preheminence in all things, rendring him the homage and reverence that's due to a Sovereign, and all those whom the hand of *Providence* hath raised

that

that high Dignity) reſerve to themſelves however the power of governing and adminiſtring Juſtice, by which Kings reign, and by which they maintein the Regencie of their Kings and Lawes. As for the Eccleſiaſticall State, That hath its Policie apart, which particularly regardeth Spirituall Affairs, and the Conduct or Cure of Souls: And the Secular (which concerneth Politicall matters, as the exerciſe of Juſtice, aſwell Civill as Criminall, and the adminiſtration of Government and Military functions) is chiefly in the hands of certain great Officers, named *Caſtellains* & *Palatines*, who are little Sovereign Lords, or Petty Kings, every one in his own Territorie. For inſtance, The *Caſtellains* are thoſe who have *Lands*, *Cities*, *Burroughs*, *Villages* and *Seigneries* under their ſubjection, as for matters concerning Juſtice; and their Authority is ſo great, that their *Juriſdiction* is without Appeal. Moreover, in caſe of troubles, they have power to levie Forces, impoſe Taxes, raiſe Monie to pay and beare the charges of their *Militia*, and do other Actions in this nature, which in other *Monarchies* are reſerved only to the *Sovereigntie*. The *Palatines* are like Governours of Provinces, but they are ſo abſolute in their Governments, that they command the *Caſtellaines* and the People at their pleaſure, exact Tributes, preſs Souldiers, appoint quarters, give Commiſſions: in a word, they are like pettie Kings in their *Palatinates*, ſuch ſuddain and exact obedience is rendred them, ſo Supream and uncontroulable is their Power. Inſomuch that the King (to return to the Proverb before mentioned) commanding as King over the *Palatines* and *Caſtellains*, is in this conſideration called KING OF KINGS, that is, of the *Palatines*, who are in effect petty Kings; and LORD OF LORDS, that is, of the *Caſtellains*, who are like little Princes. The Hiſtory which I am about to relate, obligeth me to repreſent this form of Government, as being the *Baſis* and principall foundation thereof, by reaſon of the Power (almoſt Tyrannicall) of one of theſe *Palatines*, who ſhall appear upon this Scene we are now opening, and who would ſeeme ſtrange, nay altogether extraordinary to the Reader, that ſhould fancy to himſelf a Country ordered according to the Rule and Policie of FRANCE or SPAIN, where the *Monark* being more abſolute, the Authority of Governours is much leſſe; not unlike to that of the meaner Lights of th' Heaven, which have no light or luſter before the Sun of *Sovereigntie*: whereas on the contrary in *Polonia* the *Palatines* do execute their Charges, and exerciſe their Jurisdiction in the preſence of their King, as if their Authority depended rather on *Monarchie* then on the *Monark*, nothing

being able to make them be depoſed or diſpoſſeſſed of their Commands, but State-Crimes which make them loſe their Dignities with their Lives.

Under the Reign of him that precéded *MONSIEUR* of *France* (then Brother to *CHARLES* the IX. and Duke of *Anjou*, and who was afterwards *HENRY* the III. of *France*, having forſaken the Crown of *Polonia*) A certain *Lord Caſtellain*, by name *Roſuald*, who (though not deſcended of very antient Nobility, nor much in favour with Fortune for matter of eſtate) was elevated for his valour to the *Palatinate* of *Podolia*. Governments and great Offices are like Veſſells full of liquor, whereinto if you caſt a ſpunge, though ne're ſo dry and hard, it will preſently be filled and pierced through. *Roſuald* was ſo able and underſtanding a Man, that without oppreſſing much his Subjects, or exacting any thing in his Province, that might render him any way odious or blameable, by ſubtile and (probably) lawfull means he became ſo rich, that (Peace by vertue of his mediation and good conduct reigning among all the families where hee introduced *Concord*) Abundance entred within his Territories; inſomuch that it might be ſaid of him, That Glorie and Riches were in his Houſe, That his Garners ſunk under the burthen of Corn, his Cellers were overflowed with Wine, That out of the very ſtones burſt Rivulets of Oile, That his Coffers were not capacious enough to contein his Treaſures. In ſum, That hee was one of the moſt opulent *Palatines* in *Polonia:* But the inexorable *Parca* that pardons no body (and who being blinde cut's the thred of life when ſhe pleaſes, without diſtinction of Age, Condition or Sex) ſtopped the courſe of this *Noble-man's* dayes in the full Current of his Proſperitie (at ſuch yeare as but juſt paſſing out of *Virility* hee ſaluted only the firſt and freſheſt time of Old-Age,) by an unexpected accident, which made him bring Death with him home from Hunting. His Lady, who was then big with Child (though otherwiſe verie chaſt and vertuous, yet a woman (that is to ſay) as litle capable of conſtancie as a Reed of ſteadineſs) ſuffering her ſelf to be tranſported by the exceſs of an inconſolable ſorrow, precipitated her deliverie in the ſeaventh Month, and after a Son which ſhe had brought forth into the World, but one yeare before, She was made a Mother at this ſecond and laſt labour of a Daughter, which had life, but by her death. For whether her grief and exceeding anguiſh haſtned the birth of the Child, or whether becauſe her Body was no leſs cruelly afflicted with the Pangs of her Travell, then her mind for the loſs of her Husband,

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the Daughter remaining with the living, layed her Mother among the Dead, leaving theſe poor innocent Orphanes to the mercileſs pitty of Men; but under the tuition of that great King of Heaven and Earth, who taketh little Ones for his Heritage, who taketh care even of young Ravens when abandoned by their Dams, and who gives himſelf the ſtyle of Guardian and protector of the Fatherleſs.

In the charge of the *Palatinate of Podolia* ſucceeded *Roſnald* a *Noble-Man* of a middle Age, named *Mieſlas*, who was born of a very antient & noble Family: But that falls out in Generations ſometimes, which is alwaies incident to the moſt ſtately ſtructures, that is, Time with his gentle file doth inſenſibly waſte and diminiſh them; For it is frequently ſeen that the Nobleneſs of an Extraction advancing and inlarging its greatneſs by the long ſucceſſion of years, the Eſtate is divided into divers branches, which ſo weakneth and leſſeneth the ſtock, that in the end it is a ſhame to be ſo Noble and ſo poor, to have ſo great a Heart and ſuch weak Reins, that (not having faculties ſufficient) a man cannot maintein the ſplendor extracted from his Anceſters. For this Reaſon in great Houſes the heirs have in a manner all, to the end that by this induſtrie their wealth may ſerve as nerves and ſupporters to uphold that magnificence, which diſtinguiſheth thoſe of Illuſtrious Deſcents from the Vulgar. *Mieſlas* being elevated to this eminent Dignity (which renders men in *Polonia* of equall qualitie with the *Peers* of *France*, *Grandees* of *Spain*, and *Earles* of *England*, that is to ſay, the chief and moſt remarkable Perſons of that Country, for they are as much as *Vice-Kings*;) And ſeeing himſelf as mean for matter of Eſtate, as conſiderable for Honour both by Birth and Qualitie, was on a ſuddain caſt into an inconceivable diſtraction of Mind and pain, not much unlike unto that of the fabulous *Midas*, who not being able to feed or nouriſh himſelf, becauſ everie thing hee touched was preſently turn'd to Gold, poor in his abundance, Hee abhorred in a manner what he had aſpired to with ſo much eagerneſs, being angrie with himſelf that his Abilities would not reach to maintein by a competent and ſuiteable expence the Pomp and magnificence of his Dignitie. The Condition of this ambitious *Sarmatian*, me thinks, is very lively repreſented by the Child in the Emblem, whoſe wing ſeems to flutter up on one ſide, but the other is depreſſed to the ground with a heavie ſtone: being pricked one while with the ſpur of *Glory* (which puff'd him up by reaſon of his high birth and qualitie) another while being inflamed with an extreme deſire of

having wherewithall to support the Height of his Dignitie and Extraction, He was like an high-mettled Horse, which feeling two sharp spurrs in his Flank, curvets and fling's as if hee disdained a Rider; But as the twisting *Ivie* cannot raise it self from the ground, unless it embrace the Trunk of some neighbouring Tree, or be back'd by some kind Wall, so *Miesław* deeming Wealth the greatest luster, and (as it were) the main Pillar of Honour, resolved to use any means (lawfull or unlawfull) to purchase it. The first that the Power (shall I say) or the Tyrannie of his new charge put into his greedy minde, was to load his shoulders with the sweet burthen of the Gardianship of the two Pupills already mentioned, although their Kindred strove to subvert his design, perceiving plainly that hee would prove like an *Eagle's* feather, which eats away and consumes the others, that is to say, That this old *Saturn* would devoure those pittifull young Children: In a word, having by favour, obteined the Wardship, or tuition of them, and being established by Authority in the government, or more properly, in the injoyment of their most plentifull estates (as hee succeeded their Father *Rosuald* in the *Palatinate*) without scruple hee made use of his riches to maintein the Port and Magnificence of his great Birth and Office. But that Eternall Power which resides in Heaven, which presides over the designes of Men, who sees their thoughts a far off, knowes their waies and counts their steps, and who hath in his hands the ends of the Earth; It is he that dissipates the Counsells of the wicked, and reproves their inventions. It is Hee that takes into his safe-guard the widow and the Fatherless, and confounds the waies of the evill-doers: As we shall see in the progress of this Narration, which will demonstrate how *Providence* did by her disposing, take the Counter-point in opposition to the purposes of *Miesław*; and whereas hee intended to swallow *Rosuald's* Estate, and make that Family fall into his, Heaven brought to pass the contrary. For as the Appetite comes with eating, and the desire of having being commonly compared to an Hydropicall humour, which the more it drinks the more it thirsts; *Miesław* not contented with the administration of his Ward's whole Estate, which hee found a very plentifull, and almost undreinable Source of Riches, whereof hee disposed at his pleasure (like one that cuts in the whole Piece) and made use of it to maintein the Pomp and State, that high degree of honour (whereunto Fortune had raised him) did require, aswell to avoid any Demands or Inquiries, and not to be subject to render an account to any, as to make this Estate in some manner his own, and

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without inchantment to make the Corn leap from another's ground upon his; Hee paſſionately deſired to draw unto himſelf that mighty Maſs of Wealth by ſome Alliance (the ordinary hook that great ones uſe to catch the fatteſt Preys.) But God who meerly by the confuſion of Tongues ſubverted the proud deſigne of the Children of *Nimrod*, laughing at the vain pretenſions of *Mieſlas*, gave him no Off-ſpring but Daughters; and every body knowes that ſex is far more likely to tranſport a ſucceſſion into another family, then to continue a name and convey it to Poſterity. This multiplicity of Daughters put the fierce *Sarmatian* not only into impatience, but tranſported him into a boundleſſe and unheard-of fury: For as if his Wife (a Lady full of Honour and Vertue) had been voluntarily the cauſe of his diſcontentment, he uſed her ſo barbarouſly, that his inhumanity drew upon him the hatred and ſcorn of the whole World. *Iſaac* at the importunity of *Rebecca* (who bad him get her Children, if hee would not ſee her dye with grief) anſwered, that hee was not God to give her *Progenie*: implying, that as it is not from him that plants, or from him that ſowes, that fruits proceed, but from God, who gives life and growth to every thing, and who opening his hand fills every creature with his bleſſing and fecundity, ſo Husbands cannot give Iſſue, if God ſhowres not down upon their Marriage the Benediction of his ſweetneſs; neither can they have Children according to their own wiſhes, but according to the good pleaſure of him who is Creator of both Fathers and Children, and from whom proceeds all Paternity in Heaven and on Earth. It was by an induſtry inſpired from above, that *Iacob* ſpotted with white and black the Lambs of his flock, to inrich himſelf in *Laban*'s ſervice: But though he gave them ſuch coloured Coats as hee pleaſed by vertue of his wands, it was not in his power to make them of what Sex hee liſted. The diſcreet *Aretuza* (ſo ſhall *Mieſlas* his Wife be called) might have returned the ſame anſwer to her barbarous and unreaſonable Husband, as *Iſaac* did to the extravagant demand of his Wife; But that *Mieſlas* was not to bee anſwered but by ſuffering and ſilence, otherwiſe hee would hvae raged like one of thoſe Earthquakes, which overturn every thing that oppoſes their turbulencie. And that which agravated the diſtemper of his mind, was not onely that he had none but Daughters, but what was worſe, and leſs ſupportable in that Sex (whoſe Element is Beauty, or at leaſt a graceful comlineſs, which proceed's from a juſt and handſome compoſition) they brought into the World with them ſuch remarkable imperfections,

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and such monstrous deformities, that they could not appear in publique without making the Parents blush that had begotten them. The eldest was crump-shoulder'd and wrie-neck'd; the second was hip-shotten and halted with both leggs; the third as somewhat handsomer in Body was more ugly in face than either; the fourth (which was born at his first comming to that *Palatinate*) was not onely hulch-back't and squint-ey'd, but had one legg a great deal shorter then the other, which made her gate no less unseemly then painfull. These spectacles were so odious to the haughty-spirited *Miestas*, that had hee lived in that cruell *Philosopher's* dayes, and followed his maxims, hee would have deprived those wretched creatures of the life which hee had given them, for in his heart hee had no kinde of fatherly tenderness towards them, but considered and abhorred them as Monsters that seemed to reproach the most secret defects within himself, and cast confusion in his Face, theatning him by their ill favoured aspect with some malediction. To repeat the reviling tearms wherewith hee abused the innocence of his Wife, and the insolent threats wherewith hee terrified her timidity, if ever she should bear him any more such Children, is far from my designe, neither will my time permit it: Somtimes hee swore hee would repudiate her; Somtimes that hee would kill her as a Source and Mother of Monsters; Sometimes hee upbraided her with faults whereof hee knew in his own conscience she was not guilty; Somtimes he tormented her with disdainfull slightings; Sometimes hee would banish her his presence, and confine her to the Country; Sometimes keep her close prisoner. To be short, there was no kind of discontent but hee made her feele her share of it; either Passion had so blinded his Reason, that hee could not see his own absurdity, or elf out of pure Malice hee had a designe to make her, through dispair, cast her self into the Sepulcher. Notwithstanding all this ill usage, shee grew with Child again, which *Miestas* perceiving, hee protested if she brought him forth (not onely an ill-favoured Daughter, but any Daughter) that hee would sacrifice to his indignation both her and her fruit; and this hee sealed with such execrable oaths, and in so passionate a manner, that there was no doubt to be made but his Tongue spake out of the abundance of his heart, and the setledness of his resolution. You may imagine in what a trance fell poor *Aretuza*, seeing her self condemned to Death for a thing uncertain, and which she was no way able to remedie. Piety made her resign her self totally to God's will, & submit to the inviolable decree of his *Providence*, knowing that those who put their trust in him never

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are confounded; Nevertheleſs fearing to tempt him, ſhe omitted not the means of humane *Prudence*, God making uſe oft-times of theſe ſecond Cauſes to arrive unto that, whereto he diſpoſeth both thoughts and actions by an incomparable ſweetneſs.

Among the gentlewomen that attended her, ſhe had one (after the manner of great perſons) that was her particular Favorite and Confident: and although her ſweet diſpoſition begat her the affection of them all, and that they compaſſionated exceedingly her miſerie, yet knowing too well the imbecillity of her Sex for matter of keeping Secrets, ſhe thought it the ſafeſt way not to raveale her's to any more than one, leſt it being diſcloſed ſhee ſhould loſe the benefit and contentment ſhee promiſed her ſelf. You may underſtand already, that it was to change her Child, in caſe ſhee were brought to bed of a girle. *Cleorite* (her Truſtee) took the buſineſs upon her; and having found out ſeverall Women that were to lie down about the time of her Miſtreſſe's account, ſhe blinded them with that powerfull powder of Gold which dazles all the World, and makes people undertake any thing. What then? The Heavens favoriſing the deſign of this innocent Lady, gave birth to an earneſt occaſion, which drew *Mieſlas* to Court, even as the time drew neer of her deliverie; Inſomuch that being laid of a Daughter (as beautifull as an Angell, and whoſe gracefull ſweetneſs might have moved to pitty the bowels of her Tyrannicall Father) a Boy newly born was put in her place, ſo cunningly, that thoſe (to whom *Mieſlas* had given charge to watch his wive's actions, and give him a faithfull teſtimony of that particular) were ſurpriſed, and happily deceived. To relate *Mieſlas* his joy when this news was brought him, were no eaſie matter. If by an expreſs command the *King* had not ſtaid him at Court, he would preſently have gone to ſee his Son, who adding to the quality of Male (which he had ſo ardently deſired) a beautifull face with a well-ſhaped body, rendred him no leſs ſatisfied than his former Daughters had given him diſcontent. To the fortunate birth of this Daughter (principall Subject of this merveillous Hiſtorie, and who by her name gives it the Title of *Iphigenes*, for reaſons which ſhall be produced in their time) ſucceeded the happineſs and ſtrangeneſs of her education, which was thus.

The King reliſhing the humour and the counſells of *Mieſlas*, and conſidering that his wit and high courage were worthy of employment, reteined him for the moſt part about his own perſon, giving him beſides, ſome commands in his Armies; and he acquitted himſelfe of all

his Commissions with so much prudence, fidelity and valour, that besides the great reputation he had acquired, he had purchased a vast estate, but that his humour being excessively given to vanity (which requires an expence beyond all reason) what one hand saved the other spent, the King's liberalitie not being sufficient to support his Prodigality, insomuch (as the Proverb saith) it was but casting monie into a bottomless bag. Sometimes he fished wealth at Court, sometimes in his Government, and every where he was observed to dissipate rather than dispose of what he had. If he made any stay in his *Palatinate*, he would so overcharge and exact upon his Subjects, that the chief *Castellains* wrought with the King under hand in such sort, that upon some pretence or other he was still sent for back againe to Court, to avoyd the ruine of the *Province*, and the trouble of further complaints. During these many journies and long absences of *Miesias*, grew up the hopefull *Iphigenes*, whom the carefull *Aretuza* had caused to be nursed in a County remote from *Podolia*, having given charge of her to an antient and faithfull servant of her Father's, whom She made Depositary or Gardian of her Child and secret. Whilest the supposed *Iphigenes* passed his Infancy with *Aretuza*, *Boleslaüs* (foster-father of the true one) did not only make all those that came to see her believe she was a Boy, but bred the Child likewise in the same opinion; And although her extraordinary tender Complexion seemed to accuse her of being a Girle, yet the advantage of imagining her selfe to be of the robuster Sex (added to the generosity which she had by Nature) made her not only incline, but delight in the sports and exercises of Boyes, as if she had been as her habit spake her.

About two yeares after the birth of *Iphigenes*, *Aretuza* (who seemed to be ordeined to bring forth none but females, and fill the World with that Commodity which is hard enough to keep, yet harder to put off) was brought to bed of another Daughter, who had not so rare a Beauty as to make her be much admired, nor such remarkable defects as might make her be despised. *Miesias* being then at Court, and having appeased his choller by the imagination he had of being Father to a goodly Son, expressed not much distaste at the comming of this fift Daughter, especially when he heard that she was faire enough and without deformity. *Aretuza* made her be named *Clemencia*, as having experimented in her the Clemencie of her Husband, of whose more courteous usage she began thence-forwards to have some hopes. Among great persons Marriages doe not alwaies accom-

accompanie Baptiſme, but oftentimes precede it; for to allie illuſtrious families, to purchaſe a ſupport, to maintaine factions, and effect divers other ſuch practiſes frequently uſed in Courts, Parents doe ſometimes promiſe to marry their Children before they are in Being, as many do procure benefices and charges for the Children which they ſhall have: whence an eminent man of our times tooke occaſion to ſay, That it was no marvell if great Ladies had hard labours, ſince their Children were Mitred and Armed before they came out of their Wombs. Such were the thoughts of *Mieſlas*, who was ſo mad for a Son, onely to make him marry *Roſuald's* Daughter, his Ward, promiſing himſelfe to obteine ſome ſpirituall Benefices for her Brother, and ſo make him renounce the inheritanee, which he intended to draw into his owne family by meanes of her marriage with his Son. Thoſe that are laviſh ſpenders, are glad to meet with Eſtates gotten to their hands, without any trouble or pain of theirs, for they naturally hate frugality. *Mieſlas* who was of this humour, relyed abſolutely upon the wealth of *Roſuald*, his predeceſſor in the *Palatinate*, with the Revenues and Intereſt of whoſe Eſtate he ſplendidly mainteined all his train, without touching the main ſtock, whereof he could not diſpoſe without prejudice to his Wards. But becauſe this Lamprey might in time ſlip out of his hand, he determined to take a Fig-leaf, that is, to contract an Alliance whereby he might gain the full poſſeſſion of that mighty Eſtate, and make himſelf enter upon the labours and acquiſitions of his Predeceſſor. And in regard that the want of years in both Parties, might give occaſion to the kindred of his Wards (already much diſpleaſed that he had raviſhed the Gardianſhip out of their hands) to endeavour to render invalid this Alliance, through the default of a mutuall conſent, which is the principall knot of Matrimony, he obteined from the King a permiſſion for them to marry in their Childhood, or at leaſt to contract them ſo that the meanes could not be taken out of his poſſeſſion.

This was in agitation before *Iphigenes* was five yeares old: And *Aretuza* being not well pleaſed to ſee that a ſuppoſed Child ſhould reap, before the ſeaſon, that which ſhe, as well as *Mieſlas*, deſired to preſerve in their owne family, taking the opportunity of a whole year's time her Husband was abſent, ſhe ſent the falſe *Iphigenes* home to his Mother, and took the reall one into her own tuition, giving *Boleſlaüs* (who had brought her up from the Cradle) the conduct and government of her, to the end that he ſhould help to conceale that which ſhe

would not have *Mieſlas* know, and that he might ſee her learn all the recommendable qualities and exerciſes requiſite for a Gentleman of ſuch Extraction, (Permit that we ſpeak of her hence forwards, as a Male, ſince her Mother will have it ſo, and her Father thinks her ſo.) Herein *Aretuza* was ſerved as faithfully as ſhe could deſire in a buſineſs ſo tickliſh and dangerous, that ſhe ran no leſs hazard then of loſing her own life, if *Mieſlas* ſhould diſcover the deceipt, who at his return found his Son ſo beautifull (for it was a little Angel) that he was quite raviſhed. But if his Body was agreeable, believe it, that exteriour domicile lodged a Wit that ſurpaſſed many degrees any of that growth: which augmented exceedingly the Father's joy, who ſtaying very little at home(being for the moſt part either viſiting his *Palatinate*, or called to Court, or ſent upon ſome Military expedition for defence of his Country) injoyed but ſeldome and ſhort whiles the ſight of his dear Son, who was the light and delight of his Soul.

Iphigenes had ſcarce yet ſeen eight years in the World, when hee was marryed (God knows how) to *Modeſtina*, (*Roſuald's* Daughter, and Ward to *Mieſlas*) who deſerved that name for her incomparable *Modeſty*; ſhe was ſo much elder then *Iphigenes*, as that the Husband and Wife could make up eighteen years between them. *Mieſlas* (being of a magnificent humour) invited the greateſt part of the Nobility and Gentry of his *Palatinate* to the Wedding, which was celebrated with all the delights and greateſt Pomp imaginable; But one Ceremony that he cauſed to be done, was very needleſs, which was to make a Venerable Matron lye betwixt the marryed Couple, leſt they ſhould approach each other in the Night. This Prudent caution of his would have made *Aretuza* laugh heartily, if her continuall apprehenſion, that the ſecret would be diſcovered, had not held her in the ſame tranſe that kept *Damocles* from eating at the Tyrant of *Sicilie's* table. *Liante*, *Modeſtina's* onely Brother, was deſtined by *Mieſlas* to be a Church-man, to the end that by that *Spirituall* and *Leviticall* Circumciſion, his Siſter might remain ſole Inheritrix of *Roſuald's* Eſtate, and the whole Patrimony come to *Iphigenes*. This was the *Palatine's* plot; but *Liante* being high-ſpirited and of a *Martiall* diſpoſition, took more delight in Arms, than at his Book, and was more ambitious of wearing a Sword than a *Prieſt's* Caſſack. Nevertheleſs as Trees, which are young, may be bended which way the Maſter pleaſeth; the ſame is commonly done with Children, who are like a blank paper or a piece of wax, whereon a man may make what impreſſion he deſireth.

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At length the Benefice was procured, the Gown ready, the poor Youth made to put it on by threatnings, or by flatteries, although with a thouſand repugnancies, a thouſand heavy groans, and whole ſtreams of tears. Beſides his own Tyrannicall authority *Mieſlas* made uſe of the *King*'s name, after the cuſtome of many great Perſons, who amuſe the People with this pretext, and cover all their paſſions under the robe of their Sovereign, whoſe word & power they abuſe with impunity and inſolence. Thus the two Wards were bred up with his two youngeſt Children, *Iphigenes* and *Clemencia*; for the four precedent Daughters, like the four monſtruous Creatures of *Ezechiel*, he had commanded to be tyed to the Chariot of *God's* glory, (that is) had thruſt them into Monaſteries, there to draw the Ark; where we will leave them, as it were, condemned to perpetuall impriſonment, to ſee the ſucceſſes that arrived, upon the theater of the World, to the two Wards and *Mieſlas* his two other Children, who make the four principall parts in the Muſick of this Narration.

The married Couple (ſuch as I have repreſented them to you) loved like Children; *Liante* ſuffered (as well as he could) the Yoke which he was forced yet to bear, but built a reſolution within himſelf to ſhake it off, and fly out of his Cage as ſoon as Age had given him wings: *Clemencia* was deſigned by *Mieſlas* to acquire him a Son in law of ſome great fortune, or at the worſt, to keep her Siſters company in the Cloyſter. Theſe four Children being brought up together in one houſe, fed at the ſame Table, playing and ſpending the time alwaies together, lived like Brothers and Siſters with a pretty intelligence correſpondent to the innocence of their age and humours. *Iphigenes* by the induſtry of his Governour *Boleſlaüs* lived untill eleven or twelve years old, in ſuch ſimplicity, that he thought really he was a Boy, not conceiving that there was any other difference betwixt Male and Female than their manner of cloathing. *Mieſlas* fearing that, if he ſhould permit his Son too ſoon to conſummate his Marriage, that might be prejudiciall to his health (ſeeing him of a complexion and ſtature more delicate than robuſt) appointed a Governeſs to overlook *Modeſtina*, fitly named *Perpetua*, for ſhe was perpetually at her back, caſting an *Argus*'s eye over all her actions, leſt *Iphigenes* at any time ſhould ſteal thoſe Rights which Husbands have priviledge to challenge; But Nature had already provided other obſtacles. They loved each other however very much, whether out of reſemblance of their diſpoſitions, or whether through that naturall inclination which

induceth us to affect those of the same Sex, as well as to be passionate for those of the contrary; Yet this affection betwixt *Iphigenes* and *Modestina* was rather *friendship* than *love*. But when Nature playing her part (which is so difficult a thing to hinder) carried *Iphigenes* fancy to delight in working and such Womanish amusements, busying himselfe very eagerly with *Modestina* and *Clemencia*; then his discreet Governour making him ashamed of such feminine employments, reclaimed his thoughts to the practice of Manly actions, and conformable to the Sex, of which the Innocent Youth yet thought himself, whose condition being more free, seemed to him far more desirable than that subjection wherein Maids and Women live. So that having an excellent wit, and a Body very active, though not robust, in every exercise whereunto he applyed himself, he became an admirable proficient.

It was nothing so in the vocation which *Liante* was compelled to embrace; for it is very difficult to become learned in despight of *Minerva*, and to garnish the Soul with the pretious furniture of knowledge and Sciences, if one have not some inclination to study, this young Noble-man being wrapped up (against his will) in an Ecclesiastick's Gown, meditated nothing but exercises contrary to that habit, Armes, Horses, Dancing, Hunting, and Warlike exploits were the onely delicious entertainments of his thoughts, all other discourse was irksome to his eares. This Constraint (under which Hee groaned, as if his Soul had been upon the Rack, and his Heart under the torture of a press) made him so melancholl ie and pensive, that Hee seemed to traile the houres of his life with regret in an unpleasant Apprentiship. During this discontent, Hee hatched a secret, but furious hatred against his inhumane Guardian, considering him as the ravisher of his Estate, the Tyrant of his liberty, and the Oppressor of his free-Birth, projecting not onely to escape (as soon as hee could) but studying notorious revenges for reparation of the injuries hee received. As for *Clemencia* she was yet so young, that the innocence of her years exempted her from Care or any passions of the mind; but it is with Youth as with a flower, It is no sooner budded, in a manner, but 'tis full blown, especially in Women, and chiefly in the Daughters of great Persons; for this Sex being naturally more subtile, they sooner do put off their Childishness than Men; besides those of high Births are brought up with such care & quaintness, that their Wits are often ripe before the Season of their years requires it; whence it proceeds that they are sooner

susceptible

susceptible of those Touches and Tyes of Affection which make young hearts seem to have past their Childhood.

In the full ease of this sweet education *Modestina* modestly longed after the fruition of her beautifull, but as yet too young Husband; Her flames were so pure, and her desires so just, that (if *Aretuza*'s deceipt had not abused her expectation) me thinks her wishes might without shame appear upon these leaves, whose Paper is less white then the Candor of those passions which shall be represented in this Volume. *Iphigenes* in like manner beginning to reflect upon himselfe, and who had no other propertie of Marble than the whiteness, grew into a pretty kind of indignation, that (being married) hee should be deprived of the possession of his Wife; and seeing himselfe passionately beloved of *Modestina* (who gave him all the civill testimonies of affection She could imagine) He must not only have renounced all Humanity, but have been altogether insensible, if hee had not been moved thereat; no charm being so powerfull to make one bee beloved, as vehemently to love. If whiles they were at their innocent childish sports they interchanged any kind embraces or affectionate words, their discours was soon broken by the presence of their two *Argusses*, *Boleslaüs* & *Perpetua*, whose thoughts (though different) arrived both at the same end, which was to hinder (that which never could be effected) the Consummation of their Marriage; *Perpetua* being encharged by *Mieslas* was very vigilant to oppose it, lest his Son's health might be prejudiced thereby; and *Boleslaüs* having received the Command from *Aretuza*, was no less circumspect for feare her deceipt should bee discovered. Oh who could imagine any thing but purity in the innocent kisses and tender embracements of these two lovely Creatures, who like the twin kids in the *Canticles* did feed among the Lillies? Hee that would be scandalized to see two hen-doves join their bills, the union of the blooming Rose with the Morning dew, or the beams of the Sun when he licks the Chrystall of the Waters, might knit his brow at this innocent conjunction, and exercise the malicious severity of his peevish melancholly, like a snaile that sullieth with his slimy train the delightfull enamell of the most curious flowers.

If the agreeable *Iphigenes* bare much Love to his no less loving wife, Nature by waies as secret as unknown to him, bred in him as much affection towards his brother in-law *Liante*, and although his sullen and discontented humor rendred him very unsociable, and by consequent less amiable, it cannot be said how hee delighted in his conversation,

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how much hee endeavoured to divert him. On the other ſide *Liante* (who looked upon *Iphigenes*, not as his Siſter's Husband, but as his enemie's Son, as the uſurper of his Fortunes, and one whoſe greatneſs was eſtabliſhed upon his ruines; Notwithſtanding all theſe thoughts, whereby hee excited himſelf to Choller and Hatred (like a Lyon that whets his fury by ſcourging his ſides with his own tail) could not conceive any averſion againſt him, whether the ſweetneſs of his diſpoſition charmed him; whether his kindneſs, his complements, and his compliance to his humor won his heart; whether his beauty joyned with his gracefull deportment raviſhed him? or whether (which is moſt probable) the *Senſe* bent his inclinations naturally towards this Object, for reaſons which I had rather leave to conjecture than conſign to this writing; Hee cou'd not chooſe but love *Iphigenes*, although in appearance hee ſeemed much remiſs, and rather ſenſible of his injuries than ſuſceptible of affection. This cold reſervedneſs increaſed *Iphigenes* heat (according to the diſpoſition of that ſex, who are commonly moſt paſſionate for thoſe who do care leaſt for them) inſomuch that the more *Liante* ſeemed to ſlight him, the more hee redoubled his affection and courteſies, as if hee had undertaken by the vigour of an ardent flame to diſſolve the Iſicles that environed his frozen Heart. At firſt *Liante*, whom Melanchollie had made miſtruſtfull, fancied that thoſe marks of friendſhip were but feined, and proceeded from ſome artificiall Counſell or Plot to make him conſent willingly to the donation of his Eſtate in favour of his Siſter *Modeſtina*'s marriage: But having perceived by the perſeverance, that pure Inclination, not Intereſt or Pretenſions, moved *Iphigenes* to affect him, Hee opened his heart more to him, complaining of the Rigour and Injuſtice of *Mieſlas*, who forced him to embrace a vocation whereunto hee was no way diſpoſed. This juſt diſcontent found in the ſoul of *Iphigenes* an humour ſo ſweetly compaſſionate, that although in all his diſcourſe hee obſerved the reſpect which hee owed his Father, yet hee freely condemned his violence, proteſting to *Liante*, what deſign ſoever *Mieſlas* had in marrying him with *Modeſtina*, that hee would never take of his inheritance any other Portion than what hee would pleaſe to give his Siſter, judging it very unreaſonable that a younger Siſter ſhould not only make (as ſhe liſted) a Portion for her elder, and only Brother, but deprive him abſolutely of his Patrimony, in obedience to a ſuperior Power that would carry all away by main force: That if the condition of an Eccleſiaſtick was not conformable to his humour, there was a poſſibility

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to satisfie him, and content likewise the greedy pretensions of the *Palatine*, by making a double alliance, and giving to him in marriage his Sister *Clemencia*, with so much of the Estate as belonged to him by his Father's death; being more willing for his own part to live a private Gentleman, remitting his Fortune to his personall valour and the point of his Sword, reserving to himself only Hope (which was *Alexander's* portion) than to possess unjustly another's means with continuall Remorses and internall Reproaches. These Reasons so conquered *Liante's* heart, that thence-forwards all his affections hee thought too little for *Iphigenes*, whom hee began to consider as his Redeemer, as one who breaking his Iron bonds was to release him out of the hands of *Pharaoh*, and free him from the house of Bondage.

Covetousnes is a disease which reigns but little among young unexperienced People, who think (as the Proverb goes) that the World will never be at an end with them; The desire of pleasures, liberty and vanity, torments them infinitely more; All that opposes this Torrent, seems to turn the course of their Nature, and reduce them to despair. This made *Liante* (building an entire confidence on his Brother-in-law *Iphigenes*) declare unto him that the Regret which undermined him, and led him insensibly to the grave, was not so much for the loss of his Estate (which hee esteemed well bestowed, seeing it fell into so beloved hands) as to see himself bound up in a Cassock, and ingaged in a manner of life which denyed him the use of Arms, whereunto his inclination called him, and whither all his Ambition tended; for War was his Element, where hee would rather choose to meet an honorable death, then lead a sweet, plentifull and peaceable life in the most rich and eminent Dignities of the Church, to the honors whereof hee never would pretend, not perceiving himself called thereunto like *Aaron*, that is, by a good and Royall way. *Brother* (replyed *Iphigenes*) *take courage, suffer not Melancholie to or'e-master or distemper you, preserve your self for generous enterprises; If you have a mind to take wing, and leave this nest of sluggishness, I have no less desire than you to seek in Militarie adventures the Laurells that grow in* Mars's *field; therefore let's go together, let's steale away some favourable Night, and enter into the harvest of glorie in those places where Cowards dare not appear.*

These words revived the afflicted *Liante*, who was so overcome by the inevitable charms of *Iphigenes's* Countenance and Conversation, that hee could live no more without him, being in his absence like a Marigold when the Sun hath left its Horizon.

zon. For as that flower doth close its leaves, when it is deprived of the aspect of that glorious Planet, so *Liante*, when seperated from *Iphigenes*, was overwhelmed with sadness, in such sort, that Hee seemed to bee rather a lifelesse Statue than a living Creature. Oh how it grieved him to bee divided in his exercises from him, to whom his heart was so united by inclination! To bee called to his studie was death to him, but if for divertisement his Master permitted him to see the riding of the great Horse, fencing, dancing, vaulting, and other exercises (which *Iphigenes* learned with as much care on his Parent's part, as dexteritie and aptness on his own) hee applyed his Spirits with such attention to them, that for a good while after hee could think on nothing else: if hee handled a foile, hee did it with such a grace, if hee Jumped, it was with such activeness, that it was easie to judge hee was as much in his Element at those recreations, as hee was out of it when his Spirits were tormented with the thorns of the Grammer. One time it hapned that complaining to his dear Brother in law of the cruell Martyrdome which hee was made to suffer at his Book, and how he abhorred that long robe hee was compelled to wear, great drops of tears, like so many Pearls, ran down his face from the Orient of his Eyes: This sight so mollified the tender heart of *Iphigenes* (who was of a Sex that hath tears at command) that mingling his with *Liante's*, hee fell on his face, and casting his arms about his neck, hee gave him manie loving, yet innocent embraces, which *Liante* received with such motions of joy and sweet delight, as surpass the reaems of any expression; then with an incomparable harmlessnes they interchanged some kisses, wherein the malignitie of Nature put some difference by certain ardours, which are not found in those that pass betwixt persons of the same sex, both of them feeling themselves transported with a certain pleasure and ravishment, whereof the Cause was yet unknown to them, but which proceeded from the treachery of *Love*, disguised under the appearance of Brotherly *Friendship*. *Boleslaüs*, Seeing that this intimacie increased more and more betwixt the two Brothers, was afraid lest those Caresses and familiaritie should pass to such termes as might discover to *Iphigenes* that of which (through his industrie and vigilancie) Hee was yet ignorant concerning himself. *Aretuza* never saw them together without unspeakable heart-beatings & trembling, for shee thought her husband would never pardon her, if hee should come to the knowledg of the deceipt, whereby shee had abused and misled him so long time. Besides shee feared lest *Iphigenes* hereby might bee interessed through ignorance, though not immodes-

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ſtie. Inſomuch by this perplexity of thoughts her Mind did feel no leſs convulſions and pangs, than a Woman in travell endureth in her Body. Whileſt ſhee was in this trouble, the Union of the two Brother's hearts grew to ſuch a perfection, that it ſeemed as if there had been but one Soul in their two Bodies; the ſame No, and the ſame Yea comming at the ſame inſtant out of their Mouths. You could never ſee the one without the other, if they were ſeparated, their parting was never without tears. *Modeſtina* was already become in a manner nothing with *Iphigenes* in compariſon of *Liante*, and if ſhee had been of a jealous diſpoſition, ſhee had cauſe enough to believe that her Brother withdrew the affection of her ſweet Husband from her, but ſhe imputed that rather to Childiſhneſs then any thing elſe, imagining that aſſoon as *Iphigenes* was advanced ſomewhat more towards Man-hood, ſhe ſhould eaſily turn the courſe of his inclinations.

Iphigenes in mean time having opened *Liante's* eyes for his Siſter *Clemencia*, was not contented to have put, or to have begun to put the fire into his breſt, if he conveyed not all the flame into his Siſter's heart, to whom hee gave ſuch a Character of the vertues, gracefulneſs and perfections of his dear *Liante*, that in ſhort time that ſpark grew to ſo furious a blaze, that it was neer reducing her to aſhes; Hee had ſo framed the way to her Mind, that ſhe was taken on a ſuddain, according to the Nature of certain ſubtile fire which takes ſooner and more fiercely in green wood than in drie, and whoſe firſt burning is alwaies the moſt violent. There was no compariſon betwixt *Clemencia's* paſſion and *Liante's*, for hee poſſeſſed far more attractive qualities to make him bee beloved of her, than ſhee had to captivate his liberty: Nevertheleſs *Love* being an Appetite which tends to the production of it's like, it is no wonder (as a Torch that's burning doth eaſily communicate it's light to one that's out) if *Love* firſt begets another *Love* in the heart beloved, ſince to wiſh well doth almoſt of neceſſity challenge a reciprocall well-wiſhing. The Paleneſs, which ſoon took up its ſeat on *Clementia's* cheeks; The looks, meſſengers of her paſſions, which ſent glances as ſuppliants to *Liante's* eyes; The delight ſhee ſeemed to receive in his converſation; The regret ſhee felt for his abſence; The fear of diſcontenting him; The deſire of pleaſing him, and the exceeding contentment ſhee expreſſed in ſpeaking of him; All theſe prettie Love-ſymptomes ſpake her ſomewhat more than Child, and bringing her neer Woman-hood, changed the libertie of her Innocence into a Bon-

dage, whose chains did seem so golden and so sweet to her, that shee thought shee never had tasted anie felicitie, but since the time shee had rendred her self a prey to the amiable *Liante*'s charms.

This Pasion passing through her ear into her heart,& being ingraven by the tongue of *Iphigenes*, as with an instrument of flame, in the profoundest of her thoughts, devoured or consumed her so, that shee was readie to die of the wound, if her kind Brother (who had kindled the fire) had not applyed the remedie, by assuring her of the reciprocall affection of him whom hee had perswaded her to love. *Liante* being acquainted herewith by *Iphigenes* (ingenious to hinder his own advantages) began by the gate of his Interest to receive some inclinations for *Clemencia*, conceiving that might bee a means for him to recover his Estate, and procure Honours: Afterwards seeing her so full of affection, that her too-much loving cast her into a languishing for him, hee answered her desires more out of Compassion than Passion, or rather for Pittie than Affection: for indeed shee had more sweetness in her dispositions to mollifie, than Beautie in her face to attract the heart of the brave *Liante*. But the Conduct of these *Amoretta*'s required more judgement and discretion than the small experience of such tender years could promise; They were to deceive so many eyes that pryed incessantly into their actions, that it was too hard a task, Love (like a fire) being difficult to be kept hid within the Bosom; And yet if any one perceived the least of this intelligence, all's lost, all these Designs will vanish into smoak, all these Projects flie away with the wind. Nevertheless *Iphigenes* had the dexteritie to manage this business with such circumspection, *Liante* had learnt to counterfeit with such subtilitie, and *Clemencia* (assured of her Lover's mutuall flame) could dissemble with so much constancie (that sex having a great empire over themselves when there is a necessitie of feining) that they practiced for a good while, this commerce of *Love*, without discovering but very weak sparkles of their fire. What cannot this Passion do when it refineth and subtilizeth thus such young Souls! Observe but how it brings to School again all the Prudence of hoarie heads.

Modestina and *Clemencia* had but one Governess, but the two Brothers-in-law had severall Conducters, in regard they were applyed to different exercises; yet neither *Liante*'s Master, nor *Perpetua* perceived any thing of this secret correspondence betwixt *Clemencia* and the intended *Clergie-Man*; so attentive was shee to hinder *Iphigenes* and

Modestina's

Modeſtina's private communication, and ſo handſomly did *Liante* with his ordinarie ſadneſs hide from his Over-ſeer his affectionate preterſions. Only *Boleſlaüs*, who watching like a Dragon, that never ſhuts his eyes, to preſerve the ſecret of *Iphigenes*, obſerved that the great familiarity 'twixt him and *Liante*, put in evident danger of beeing revealed all the Myſterie which hee had till then concealed with ſo much care; and fearing leſt *Liante* rather than *Modeſtina* ſhould diſcover what kind of man *Iphigenes* was, had a ſerious conference thereupon with *Aretuza*, who jumping with his opinion, thought it moſt expedient to ſingle out *Iphigenes*, and declare unto her all the paſſages of her birth and education, to the end that ſeeing her ſelf obliged under pain of loſing her life (which puniſhment ſhee could not eſcape by diſcovering her ſelf, no more than *Aretuza*) to keep this ſecret, and ſo to demean her ſelf, that living with the libertie of Males, Shee might no way blemiſh the honour of her ſex: Neceſſity (which is a very harſh Miſtres) made them embrace his reſolution, and it was no ſooner concluded than put in execution.

To tell you the aſtoniſhment that ſeized *Iphigenes* at the recitall of his own ſtorie, would bee too difficult an enterpriſe; Hee thought that hee either dreamt, or was inchanted, and hardly could give credit to his ears and eyes. The joy that the Maydens had or might have received, being transformed into Men (as ſome Hiſtories make mention) may make us conceive ſome ſhadow of that ſadneſs, which ſtruck *Iphigenes* heart, when hee ſaw himſelf fallen from that degree of glorie, whereunto hee fancied the condition of being a *Man*, might have raiſed him. Hee could hardly refrain from falling out with thoſe that had unſeeled his eyes with the Medicine of their advertiſement, and who had diſpoſſeſſed him (like *Traſimenes* cured of his follie) of that ſweet errour which contented him. Hee apprehended to be reduced to that, almoſt ſervile, Subjection of the female Sex, having by Cuſtome made Nature of the libertie which Men enjoy. What? ſhall this *Amazon* change her Sword and Lance for a Needle and a Diſtaff? ſhall ſhee leave ſo many noble Exerciſes, wherein her generous Spirit took ſuch pleaſure, to ſit conſtantly in a Chamber, tricking up her ſelf, and conſulting with her looking-glaſſes how to enſnare & inflame lover's hearts? What? in ſtead of having the Empire and command over Men, ſhall ſhe be reformed to the ſubmiſſion and obedience, that is the only portion and propertie of Women? No, ſuch a reſolution is leſs ſupportable than death. Having been bred, the beginning of her daies, like a Man, ſhee will end them

like a Souldier, and seek in the bed of Honor an heroick Death, since shee hath lost the hope of a happy life. But this resolution is too extream; there's a remedie for every thing but dying.

Aretuza flattered, and (as a Mother) conjured her shee-Son not to disclose himself. *Boleslaüs*, to second her, beseeched him to have pittie on his gray hairs, and not to hasten his journie to the grave, by paying with too unworthy an ingratitude his faithfull services, representing that upon him (who had been the Manager and Concealer of that Deceipt) *Miesla* would chiefly discharge the burthen of his furie, if that Mysterie should come to his knowledg. Moreover, that the advertisement they gave him, was not to oblige him to change neither manner of life nor habit, or to leave the exercises of Chivalrie, wherein his Courage and Activity gained the admiration of everie one: But quite contrarie they desired him to continue them with more eagerness, and to feine himself to bee a Man the more, the less hee knew it. That Time might produce some expedient means to gain his father's heart without hazarding the lives of so manie persons, and in stead of *Modestina* (who could not bee his wife, by reason of those obstacles which nature had interposed) hee might lawfully injoy *Liante* as a Husband, so that some one of their Children bare the Name and Arms of *Miesla*, whereby his intention would not bee altogether frustrated in the Alliance which hee projected with the house of *Rosuald*.

Judg how great the advantages of *Love* are above the Sense of *Friendship*. This last Clause which ingendred some Hope in *Iphigenes* to see herself united by marriage to the beloved *Liante*, effaced almost in an instant that incomparable sorrow that dejected her at first, seeing her self fallen from a quality so honourable and advantagious, as that of *Man*. Insomuch that immediately changing the *Love* shee bare *Modestina* into a pure *Friendship*, and the entire *Friendship* shee had contracted with *Liante*, into a fervent *Love*, but vertuous, (since that it justified it self by the design of a chast Matrimony;) shee personated a Man better then ever, betook her self to her Military exercises again with more eagerness, & looking upon *Liante* with other eyes than of a Brother-in-law, Shee treated him with more reservedness, deducting somewhat from the liberty of a *Man*, to add to the moderation of a *Virgin*, to whom Pudicity ought to be more precious than Life. O how much did shee repent her possessing *Clemencia* with so much Love for *Liante*, whereby shee had made her Sister her Rival, and kindled a fire which shee ought rather to have quencht, and which thence-forwards

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shee promised her self to smother by all the industrie her invention could suggest. As for *Modestina* (whose friendship obliged her to a reciprocall affection)] shee feined to be more passionate for her than ever, and the better to act the Husband, Shee made a shew of desiring with much ardour the possession of her wife, being by that time neer fifteen years of age.

Perpetua wrote to *Miesias* (then at Court) that shee should be constreined to suffer, what shee could no longer hinder, and that if *Iphigenes* would make use of *Modestina* as her Husband, (*Modestina* had no less desire to serve him as his Wife. *Miesias* who had desired nothing more than the accomplishment of that marriage, out of an odd fantasticall humor would not consent to the Consummation, but delayed it from day to day untill his return into *Podolia*. But being not able to obtein leave from the King (who finding him very fit for the managing great affairs, had every day some new imployment for him) Hee bethought himself to send for his Son to the Court, (which is the Theater of young Nobility,) where hee would present him to the King, and make him appear according to his quality. This Command somewhat troubled *Aretuza* at the first; but *Boleslaüs* quickly perswaded her to condescend to that which shee could not oppose, promising her to watch so carefully over the deportments of his Nursling, that shee should receive neither reproach nor discontentment.

This news was diversly received among our yuong Lovers, all their four hearts did feele at the same instant very different assaults. For *Modestina* pressed with the just impatiences of a marriageable Virgin, that expects till the maturity of a too-tender husband makes her both Wife and Mother, could not endure to think of losing the sight of her Angel like husband, who was more the life of her Soul, then her Soul the life of her Body. To register her Sighs, her Groans, and her Tears, were no more easie than to number the puffs of winde in *Autumn*, the parching minutes of Summer, and the drops of rain in Winter. How Modest soever shee was in heart, as well as by name, her exceeding Love turning to Folly, and that Folly into Rage and Despair, made her commit Immodesties, which could be excused by nothing but the qualities of Wife and Lover. *Iphigenes* seeing her in this condition, so deplorable, that it seemed the stroak of Death had been more favourable to her, than to see her self deprived of the light of his eyes, and plunged in the darkness of the Eclipse of that detested Absence, was touched with such tender resentments of sorrow, that Hee had much

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ado by falling in a Traunce to keep himself from discovering that in his body there was a *Womanish* weakness hidden under the habit of a *Man*.

But this affection of compassion was nothing in comparison of the torment which shee felt, when shee came to think of her Separation from *Liante*: For since shee had the knowledge of her self, having put (as it were) a bar betwixt those familiarities and privacies with him that might have hurt, or any way blemished her honour, by this restriction her smart was become more painfull, and the fire of her brest (like that in a narrow fornace) was rendred the more ardent, the more it was suppresst. All her fear was, that the ignorance of her Sex, wherein Shee must leave *Liante*, and the continuall presence of *Clemencia*, in whose affection Shee had ingaged him, with the help of her absence, would ravish from her that heart, which was the aym of all her pretentions, & the golden Fleece whereunto aspired her most desired Conquests. *Clemencia* (who remained at home with no less passion for *Liante*, than *Iphigenes* carried with her to Court, yet covered the Coals of her desire with the ashes of Discretion & Silence) was in an extream pain for the absence of her Brother, in whom Shee lost a faithfull interpreter of her thoughts: Yet promising her self to supply that want with the Pen, which should serve to convey her conceptions to him, and likewise his to her, Shee was the less afflicted for his departure.

But the grief of the disconsolate *Liante*, was not so easily pacified; for feeling himself bound to *Iphigenes* with bonds which hee could not comprehend, and such strong ones as could not bee broken, hee did like the *Cimmerians*, who cry and groan when the Sun leaves their Countrie, as if they were never to see it any more: Hee felt his very bowells rend within him at this Seperation: And as *Rebecca*, who had so much desired to be a Mother, repented her of her wish when She felt the pains that her two Children strugling together in her womb did make her suffer: So *Liante* could almost have wished that hee had never seen, nor loved *Iphigenes*, since that sweet Friendship produced so cruel a torment. And as those who are troubled with worms, which ingender in the head or th' Entrails, endure strange indispositions, without knowing the cause that doth afflict them; So this young Gentleman feeling that Viper, *Love*, which gnawed his heart under the appearance of *Friendship*, did suffer a far more penetrating smart for his being parted from that beloved Object, than any one is accustomed to feel for the absence

ſence of a friend. For *Friendſhip* doth kindle in the Soule a fire more ſober and moderate than *Love*, whoſe flames are more fierce and painfull. *Was it not enough* (ſaid hee within himſelfe) *that wee were ſeparated in conditions and exerciſes, without dividing by ſuch a diſtance thoſe whoſe hearts are ſo united, that they are as the* Unitie *it ſelf? To whom ſhall I have recourſe hence-forwards in my diſcontents? Who ſhall ſolace mee in my ſadneſſes? Who ſhall ſupport and revive my decayed hopes? O my dear Brother, you are my onely ſtay, my ſecond Soul, the light of mine Eyes; Abſent from you, I ſhall never ſee the day more without pain; and the life (if it may be called life) that I ſhall lead, will bee a continuall puniſhment to mee. Yet if I might bee but ſuffered to follow you, I ſhould eſteem my ſelf too happie; but I am born under too unfortunate a Planet, to be otherwiſe than perſecuted to the extremitie by Diſaſters. Would to God there were no other obſtacle than my paſſing over all the intereſt I pretend in my Father's Eſtate, according to the covetous pretenſions of* Mieſlas, *and that I might injoy the felicity but to wait on you as your ſervant; Indeed I prefer the meaneſt condition about your perſon before all the riches of the Earth, that ſweet ſervitude before any Liberty. O* Mieſlas! *why cannot you read my thoughts? Why can you not ſee my intentions? I doe not think you ſo void of Humanity, as to keep mee any longer in this torture, if you knew my heart.*

Theſe Complaints recall to my remembrance the fable of the conteſtation betwixt the *Sun* and *Boreas*, which ſhould firſt make the Traveller put off his Cloak; at laſt the one did by the gentle heat of his rayes, what the other could not accompliſh with his impetuous bluſtering. The Poets have reaſon to feine, and their cozen-germans the Painters, to picture *Love* naked, ſince his Power is far more prevalent to make a man ſtrip himſelf of his Eſtate than are *Cruelty* and *Rigor*. But if I ſhould ſtand to relate all the diſcourſes of theſe young Lovers, I ſhould never get out of this Farewell. To conclude, they were torn by Violence out of each other's Arms, and the ſtreams that ran from all their Eyes, did make a little Ocean of Tears, yet this deluge could not drown all their Sorrows. I could borrow ſome penſills of the Poets to give the Colours to this Departure, were I not unwilling to retard the greedy curioſity of the Reader, who deſires to be ſpeedily informed of the good and evill adventures of *Iphigenes*.

The second Book.

ARGUMENT.

The Character of Iphigenes: *His Reception at the Court. His Favour with the* King and Queen. *The Envie and unworthiness of* Augustus *the* Lithuanian: *His Banishment from the Court. The Princess* Respicia's *affection to* Iphigenes: *Her Policie to obtein her Desires, and dissolve the Marriage betwixt* Iphigenes *and* Modestina. Modestina's *complaints against the Court-Ladie's unjust attempts to bereave her of her beloved Husband.* Miesias's *indeavours to perswade* Iphigenes *to repudiate* Modestina *in favour of the Princess* Respicia's *propositions.* Iphigenes's *answer, and deportment towards* Respicia. *The Jealousie of* Stanislas Palatine *of* Uratislau, *and his plot against* Iphigenes.

IPHIGENES was no sooner arrived at the Court, with an equipage suteable to the humour and quality of his Father, but the Eyes of all the Courtiers and Ladies were fixt upon this new Sun, which rising upon the Horizon of that Climat, filled it with the splendor of his Rayes, casting such fiery glances, and so penetrating a light, that it was hard for any (if not blind) to avoid the scorching of his presence. The Spring is not adorned with so many flowers, nor Titan's glorious Orb with so many beams, as hee displayed Beauties and attractive Graces: All his Actions, his looks, his words, his deportments, his exercises, were as many Charms that inchanted the hearts of all those that did contemplate him. The attribute of *Beautifull* was presently given him by the common consent of both Gentlemen and Ladies, and hee was usually called *The beautifull Podolian.* To see him and to bee in love with him were two things that followed each other, as the Lightning and Thunder are observed to do: And those that knew him but by reputation only cherished his Memory,

mory, for beſides his dexteritie in thoſe Exerciſes, which Courtiers hold for vertues, as Singing, Dancing, Vaulting, Managing a horſe with activitie and a grace, handling well his Arms, and having a good Garb, His Language was ſo ſmooth, his Diſpoſition ſo ſweet, his Compliments ſo indeering, his Converſation ſo winning (eſpecially amongſt the Ladies) his Modeſtie ſo remarkable, his Chaſtitie, ſo extraordinarie in a Courtier, his Diſcretion ſo exquiſite, his Courage ſo undaunted, his Tongue ſo moderate, his Geſture ſo well compoſed, his Generoſity ſo ſplendid, his Liberality ſo magnificent, ſuch Decency in his apparell, a Sternneſs in his Armour, ſo ſweetly fierce, that it ſeemed as if *Venus* having taken poſſeſſion of his *Face*, and *Mars* of his Heart, and the Ferocity of the one, being tempered with the Gentleneſs of the other, had both conſpired to give him the Empire over all hearts either by *Force* or *Love*. It cannot bee imagined what ravage his beautifull face made in the Ladie's breſts, every one took him for an Angell deſcended from Heaven to ſet on fire all the daughters of Men; and what was moſt of all admired, was, to ſee, that this glorious Starre, like the Sunne, ingendred a thouſand flames, without having in himſelf, or (at leaſt) without making ſhew of any degree of heat, giving what he had not (that is) *Love*.

There was during the winter (which is extremely rigorous in *Polonia*) a new diſeaſe ſo univerſally catching, that hardly any body did eſcape its malignity, it was called there the *COKELUCHE*: And in regard there were very few Ladies at Court that had not particular inclinations for *Iphigenes*, and that ſpake not of him in tearms of admiration, a Wit of the Times called him the *COKELUCHE* of the Court. To this purpoſe a certain Lady ſaid, *That to be in love with him was a thing indiſpenſable*: Another anſwered a Gentleman that ſeemed to wonder at the ſo generall paſſions for this young Noble-man, ſaying, *I believe you are either without Heart or Eyes*. Hee was the Rock where their minds ſuffered ſhipwrack, few going with curioſity towards this Angelicall Object, but returned with a wound, or at leaſt with ſome diſtemper. How many young Ladies longed hee were their husband! how many Fathers and Mothers deſired him for their Son-in-law! When it was known that *Mieſtas* had already married him to *Modeſtina*, what ſorrow was expreſt! how many great and more advantageous matches were offred him, which made the greedy Father oft repent his haſtineſs, and he grew ſo proud to ſee his Son ſo well beloved, and ſo highly eſteemed, that he ſwam in

ſatisfaction. And indeed hee that will fancy a moſt exquiſite feminine beauty, a delicate white complexion, ſweetly mixed with a lovely red, lively and ſparkling Eys, hair like Silk, and the reſt of thoſe attractions that accompany that *perfection* which an Antient called an *agreeable Tyranny*, and all this at the age of fifteen or ſixteen years under a man's habit (who cannot have ſo little beauty but 'tis much for that Sex) will find nothing ſtrange of all that hath been ſaid.

Oh! how could I extend this Hiſtory if I ſhould ingage my Pen to the recitall of the ſeveral evenements that befell him upon this Account! That ſpecious form (which ſeemed to have been given him expreſsly to ruinate the pudicity of the moſt determinate and ſevere preſervers of their honour) how many aſſaults and ſtrange attempts did it make him ſuffer from thoſe Ladies that thought him of a contrary Sex! But I fear in publiſhing the impudence of thoſe ſhameleſs Souls, to call the baſhfull blood into more modeſt Faces, who cannot endure any thing, I will not ſay of Diſhoneſty (for I ſhould diſclaim my Pen if it were tainted with any impure Relation) but only tending to wantonneſs. The Wits of the Court, whoſe invention is very pregnant in ſuch occurrences, know already more then I am able to imagine: others that are more ſimple ſhall remain (by my conſent) in the commendable ignorance of ſuch malicious practices.

Whileſt theſe inconſiderate Lovers try in vain to draw into their Nets him who hath caught their Hearts, and who takes pleaſure in ſeeing them burn, like Flies, at the Fire of his eyes, Hee doth like thoſe Engineers, who caſt their artificiall fires all about, without receiving any dammage in their own perſons; or like thoſe Fountaineers, who ſhewing curious Water-works and *Grotta's*, where a thouſand little Pipes caſt water on every ſide, ſet themſelves in ſome known place where they remain dry, whilſt every one elſe is wetted to the skin. And as the ſecure Shepheards ſtanding to feed their flocks upon ſome eminent Hills neer the Sea-ſide, behold from thoſe firm and ſolid heights the toſſing and agitation of Ships beaten with ſtormy weather: So did Hee contemplate, in the weakneſs of thoſe ſpirits, ſo paſſionately enamored of him, the imbecillity of a Sex, which bred in him rather Pity than Envy, and Compaſſion rather than Love. It was not on that ſide that Hee feared being ſurpriſed, his naturall impotency rendring him moſt potent to reſiſt all thoſe temptations. On the other ſide the attractive graces diſplay'd in the countenances of ſo many brave *Cavaliers* (wherewith the Court was as glittering as the Heaven is with

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Stars in a cleer night) moved him as little ; An honorable deſire of glory and the preſervation of his chaſtity being a powerfull bridle againſt the aſſaults and ſurpriſes of the Senſe ; beſides that his heart was ſo prepoſſeſt with love for *Liante*, that there was no room left to place any other Object : Moreover his humor was ſo averſe to vice and riotous deboſhing (which hee ſaw was the continuall practice of diſſolute companions) that their exceſſes made him rather ſhun than follow them, rather abhor the lewdneſs of their deportments, than fancy the handſomneſs of their perſons ; pitying rather than envying their conditions : whereas on the contrary his vertue and handſomneſs were more envyed than pitied by them. Yea, for as the *Cantharides*, thoſe ſtinking and venemous Flies, do not ſettle but upon the moſt delicate Flowers ; So thoſe young *Courtiers* were grown miſchievouſly jealous, becauſe this new-comer with his eminent beauty accompanied with ſweet diſpoſitions, and divers recommendable parts, came to do them the ſame affront as the Sun doth every morning to the meaner lights of Heaven, and raviſhed from them the hearts of all the Ladies, from whom they could no more receive any countenance, but ſlights. And, jealouſie being a fire, which hapning to kindle in an human ſoul, hindreth it (by reaſon of the vapors which it excites) from ſeeing the Sun of reaſon, they conſpired all together againſt *Iphigenes*, and plotted how to ingage him in ſeverall quarrells.

Already divers wicked Deſigns were layd to intrap his innocence, but the Preſerver of the vertuous ſtill delivered him : for the *Courtiers* (more changeable than the *Sea* or the *Moon*, accommodating themſelves to the humour of the Times, more than the Fiſh, called the *Polypus*, doth to the colour of the Rocks where it faſtens) have no other rule for their Hatred, or their Love, than their intereſt, and the meaſure of this Intereſt is the Humour of their *Prince*. Although thoſe who are moſt in the *King's* favour, are commonly the object of the People's hatred ; yet the diſſembling complacency of the Court obligeth thoſe, who follow its wind and tyde, to applaud thoſe whom the *Sovereign* affects, notwithſtanding they hate them in their hearts, or at leaſt do not eſteem them. Beauty accompanied with a comely carriage is a Letter of admiſſion, which openeth the Cabinet and Heart of *Kings* ; for they are but Men as well as others, and the more ſubject to paſſions becauſe elevated to an higher degree of Eminence, by the ſame reaſon that the talleſt Cedars ſuffer moſt by the wind's impetuouſity, and the loftieſt Towers feel oftneſt the effects of Thunder

and Lightning. And as the *Elephants* may be moſt eaſily wounded in the flank, which is the tendereſt part in their unweildy bodies (as ſeverall examples witneſs:) ſo great Perſons are no where ſo weak, nor ſo eaſily to be ſurpriſed by any thing as by paſſionate affections, this being their generall defect. And indeed it were a difficult matter for thoſe, who are beloved (I ſhould rather ſay) ſerved, adored and admired of ſo many deſerving perſons as are ſtill about them, not to be ſweetly enforced to render themſelves to the particular affection of ſome one; whence it follows that *Favour* is the inſeparable ſhadow of *Royalty*. For if the Sun, that lamp of the Univerſe, which from his Heavenly Chariot ſees all things upon Earth, looks with another eye (amongſt the flowers of a Garden-plot) upon the Marigold, and all other yellow flowers, which ſeem to be decked with the Gold of his ſplendent Rayes, and by that yellow livery do teſtifie the love they bear that glorious *Luminary*. So *Kings* who are the light of the World, and the Suns of the Earth, ſince 'tis from them that the moſt noble perſons of a State do borrow their luſtre, although they do extend their paternall care to all their ſubjects, as fathers of their People; yet in this generall ſolicitude they apply their Eyes and Ears to ſome particular ſervants, who by that means get ground in the territory of their hearts, and do rule the ſpirits of their *Kings* by the ſweetneſs of friendſhip, as the *Kings* by the force of authority do reign over the Provinces under their ſubjection. And above all, *Beauty* hath the property to eſtabliſh her Empire with ſuch polite and quaint indeerments, that whereas all other ſubjection is irkſom, here Liberty is odious, and Chains amiable, every one contributing to bring himſelf into this thraldom: And how vain-glorious ſoever it be, it cannot exact from the humility and ſubmiſſion of its adorers ſuch homages as thoſe that are rendered to it by voluntary Sacrifices; thouſands fall at its right hand, ten thouſands at its left, all at its feet, as being the moſt viſible Ray of the *Divinity* upon Earth.

It was this *Beauty*, ſeated in *Iphigenes* countenance as on a Throne of *Ivory*, that framed his way, by the eyes, into the *King's* affection. And if the Iron, though heavy and inſenſible, and a Straw, that is light and without reaſon, do by a naturall inclination turn and make towards the Load-ſtone and Amber; if the Load-ſtone that hath touched Iron, doth communicate unto it that ſecret property of ſtanding alwayes towards the *Antartick* Pole; if the Vines love the ſhadow of Olive Trees, and the other Fiſhes delight to follow the

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Dolphin, without any other knowledge than the force of instinct: Who can deny that *Man*, whose senses are inclined to evill from the beginning, may be carried away by Concupiscence, being allured and sometimes drawn and ravished by the objects? That monstrous vice, the abortive of *Nature* and *Hell*, which diffames the Orientall and the Southern parts, is hardly known in the Occidentall and Septentrionall Regions; at least if it be frequent there, it is very rare here; if there it be a vulgar and popular Malady, here it seem's to infect none but great persons. I am not the only Man that esteems Courts to be the receptacles of Iniquity, the Theaters of Licenciousness as well as of Vanity, the Schools of Dissolution and Riot; for since Piety is excluded thence, according to the saying of an Antient Writer, if the shades of Impiety reign there, in the place of that Light, what can one imagine to be practised there, but the deeds of Darkness? Therefore I shall not stick to say, that *Asmodeus* (that unclean spirit which suggests to animall Creatures the brutall desires of the flesh, whom the *Pagans* and *Poëts* made a Deity under the name of the Goddess of *Cypru's Son*) cast, like another *Simon* into *Troy*, such *Grecian* fires into the sulphurous hearts of the *Courtiers*, that divers of them beholding with too much attention the perfections of *Iphigenes*, and thinking him of a Sex conformable to his habit, entertained such base desires as ought not to enter into any thought, much less bee repeated. Thereupon som of them to accomplish their execrable pretentions, used means to seduce the young Gentleman to the licentious frequentation of loose Women; thereby (one vice calling on another) to draw him into more enormous abominations.

Here I might raise the trophy of our young Gallant's chastity with lines that would deserve to be exempted from Oblivion: But because the multitude of weak spirits, as well as that of the ill-advised, exceeds the number of the strong and prudent, not to offend the infirmity of those, wee will wean the ability of these. For as the light of the Sun is injurious to certain Eyes; So the truth is not always well received by all discreet hearers. But to believe that such horrible Imaginations could harbour in the *Kings* Breast, I should hold it a blasphemy to think it, yet they are Mortalls environed with frailties, and subject to failings: And who knows if any secret Malignity made the *King* conjecture, that under *Iphigenes* clothes was something more than *Man*? however his affection never went beyond the limits reserved to Modesty. But who can hinder Detraction (which carries the venim of *Asps* upon the lips)

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from ſpreading its poyſon upon the pureſt innocence? Perſons which are ſeated in the higheſt place upon the World's Theater, are commonly the ſubjects of obloquies, as the Butts and Blanks of Calumnie.

The *King*, beſides the merits of *Miſtas*, and the remembrance of his former ſervices, ſaw joyned with a raviſhing preſence ſuch remarkable vertues and perfections in his Son, that as a juſt, prudent and liberall *Prince*, hee could do no leſs than ſhew the eſteem hee made of ſo many rare qualities, which rendred him the ſpectacle and marvell of his Court. And as this life is a perpetuall Game, full of contrarieties and viciſſitudes, the diſgrace and falling of one being the advantage and raiſing of another; as in Heaven when ſome Stars riſe upon the *Horizon*, others at the ſame time ſet; when ſome are ſeen, others are hid, it being impoſſible that all ſhould appear to us at once: So at the Court ſeverall Favorites are incompatible, they ſtrive to thruſt each other out of their *Prince's* affection. This drew much envy and many quarrells upon the brave *Iphigenes*, but in all theſe conteſtations Hee came off with ſuch good ſucceſs and ſigns of courage, that as the files do poliſh and ſmooth the Iron by biting it, and the waters of the *Deluge* did raiſe the *Ark* by falling upon it; ſo theſe malicious oppoſitions did increaſe the value and reputation of *Iphigenes*. Inſomuch that the *King*, whoſe ſolid Judgment was able perfectly to diſtinguiſh the Precious from the Vile, and knew what extreme difference there was betwixt the Merit of that vertuous Gentleman, and the Demerits of ſo many others of his age (who loſt themſelves in gameing and deboiſtneſs) did an act worthy of ſo great a *Prince* to ſeat his favour in ſo good a place, withdrawing it from thoſe who had not purchaſed his countenance by Deſert but Art, imitating thoſe Women that paint, who make borrowed and ſuppoſed Beauties be beloved in them, rather than Naturall.

This tranſported with a deſperate fury a yong Noble-man, named *Auguſtus*, Son to the *Palatine* of *Vilne* in *Lithuania*. Hee having been bred Page to the *King*, had found the means ſo to inſinuate himſelf into His Majeſtie's favour, that hee had obteined a great Eſtate, of his gift, and a conſiderable charge in the Court, whereby hee was become ſo haughty and inſolent, that his humor was inſupportable. Seeing then that *Iphigenes* entring into Grace was likely to cauſe his Ruine, and that the *King* turning his Eyes from him, and fixing them on this new Object, hee ſhould bee ſupplanted; there was no ſort of *Bravado's*

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and Treacheries that hee left unattempted to provoke the patience of our innocent *Cavalier* : But his Diſcretion augmenting the Arrogance of the *Lithuanian*, whoſe abuſes drew one day ſome language from *Iphigenes* mouth, which gave him to underſtand that hee feared his Biting no more than his Barking. His frowns and threats, (lightning which preſaged a tempeſt neer at hand) were cauſe that the *King* interpoſing his Authority, cut off this Conteſtation in the root, by commanding *Auguſtus* to contein himſelf within the bounds of his devoir, or quit the Court. This put him into an exceſſive rage, judging by this Soverign Oracle, which way the *King's* Heart inclin'd. *Envy* which murthereth low ſpirits, cruelly gnawed this *Lithuanian's*; but becauſe this vice is ſo ridiculous, that it dares not ſhew it ſelf, hee bit his bridle in ſilence, feeling his heart pierced with a thouſand pricks, to ſee that his Competitor, high in the *King's* favour, acquired every day new honours, and that, (as when a pretious balſome is ſpilt) the good odour of his reputation dilated it ſelf into all parts. *Iphigenes* was never mentioned but with tearms of high commendation, as not ſeen without aſtoniſhment. If his Face was the glory and delight of thoſe Eyes that beheld him, his Actions full of vertue and winning gracefulneſs purchaſed him the quality (ſo rare in this age) not only of *Irreprehenſible*, but of the *moſt accompliſht* of Gentlemen. Hereupon *Envy*, who is ſick at other men's well being, made *Auguſtus* feel ſuch torment in his mind, as none of all thoſe invented by the barbarous Tyrants mentioned in Hiſtories could parallel. A juſt Vice in the unjuſt hatred it bears to Vertue, ſince it ſerves to torture him that gives it admittance into his ſoul. But the miſchief is, that as the winds incloſed a long time within the bowells of the Earth, at length burſt out with horrible Earth quakes that diſ-joyn the frame of nature : So the furies of *Envy* ſuppreſs'd a good while with ſilence, moſt commonly diſcloſe themſelves all at once by moſt tragicall ſucceſſes.

In all honorable Exerciſes wherein yong Gentlemen uſe to ſhew their activity and skill, *Iphigenes* always had the better. There were no Rings but for his Courſes, ſo exactly could hee command his Horſe and Lance ; At the tiltings his graceſull garb raviſhed all the ſpectators ; At dancings there were no Eyes but for him. And as the *King's* bounty to him was very great, his Expences, Sumptuouſneſs, Liberality and Magnificence increaſed proportionably ; No body was ſo handſomly dreſſed, ſo richly attired, ſo well attended, ſo well mounted, ſo well accompanied as hee, and all this with ſo much judgement

that it rendred his pomp doubly admirable. Hee was no Gameſter at all, neither was hee guilty of running into any unneceſſary Exceſſes, by which means hee was the abler to appear with the Nobler train. *Mieſlas* raviſht with the Vertues and prudent Conduct of his Son, became more reſerved and moderate in his expences, imitating him as much as might be poſſible; and although his credit was great with the *King*, it was nothing in compariſon of his Son's; For without entring into the quality of importunate (being very circumſpect in managing his Maſter's favour) Hee alwayes received of the *King* more than hee demanded, conteining himſelf within the compaſs of what hee might or ought to do, if hee had been a greedy ſeeker of his own advantage: But as the Shadow follows thoſe that fly it, ſo doth Proſperity thoſe that look not after it; In leſs than one year's time the *King* gave him a whole County with ſome Offices of *Caſtellaint*, and deſtined him alſo for a *Palatinate*, aſſoon as Age had furniſhed him with Experience and Authority requiſite. If Fathers were ſuſceptible of Jealouſie againſt their Children, *Mieſlas* had reaſon enough to conceive ſome againſt his Son, ſeeing the rarity of his beauty and diſcretion had thruſt into his Hands in an inſtant a Fortune, which his long ſervices could not attain; (but it is not with her as with a Goale, where thoſe that run faſteſt come the ſooneſt at it:) Hee was very glad to be ſurmounted in that by *Iphigenes*, after the cuſtom of moſt Parents, who deſire nothing more than to ſee their Children higher and more advanced in the World than themſelves.

The *Queen*, a vertuous and wiſe *Princeſs*, and who ſaw but with the *King* her Husband's Eyes, could not but eſteem him whom ſhee ſaw His Majeſty ſo highly prize, and cheriſh, and who poſſeſſed ſo great a ſhare in his Favour. For it is not ſeldom ſeen in Courts that Favorites have more power in effect, though not ſo much ſtate in appearance, than the *Queens*, and that to accompliſh their deſires in ſome caſes, theſe are glad to have recourſe to their mediation. In ſuch a condition a man had need have a good brain not to be made drunk with the fuming vapors of Favour, and a ſtrong ſight, not to be dazled with the ſplendor of ſo great a Light: for what Soul is there ſo reſerved that would not feele it ſelf puff't up, at leaſt ſomewhat more than glad, at ſuch a height of Fortune, as rendreth in ſome ſort inferior, a perſon who acknowledgeth no Superior but God? It was in this particular that *Iphigenes* made chiefly appear the Excellency of his Wiſdom, demeaning himſelf with ſuch moderation and humility

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towards the *Queen*, that hee was in a no less degree of favour with her than with the *King*, so far forth as to receive many considerable presents from her hand, not without some murmuring of the Ladies about her person, who wondered to see her bestow such liberalities upon a Man, contrary to her custom, and in their opinion, somewhat beyond Decency. But shee conforming her self to her Husband's humour, did onely shew by this imitation how much shee honored the *King*, seeing it was enough that Hee esteemed any one, to make her shew him the like respect and Countenance. Indeed it is probable, if shee had known all the mystery, or if the unbridled lusts of the *Orientalls* could fall into the imagination of the *Septentrionalls*, that Jealousie might have possest her with some ill thoughts of *Iphigenes*. But the incomparable Chastity and Modesty that appeared in all his proceedings, begat him so admirable an Opinion, that all the Men in the Court (and indeed without danger) would freely have trusted all their Wives to his keeping, as if hee had been the *Prince* of the grand *Signor's* Eunuches. There was never seen a Youth so discreet, a Beauty so chast, a Favorite so courteous, a Greatness so affable, a Fortune so reserved, an Elevation so moderate, a great Courage so humble, a Generosity so judicious; Hee was the Spectacle of astonishment, the Miracle of Grace, the Ornament of Nature, the Glory of his Country, the Joy of those that had dependance on him, the Honor of his Linage, and we may add the Flower of *Polonia*, the Eye of the Court, the Orient of Vertues, and the Occident of Vice.

At all the Justs and Turnaments made for publick rejoycings, where *Iphigenes* was of the answering Party, (and alwayes Conquerot) *Augustus* who studied nothing more than to meet with some occasion to do him an affront or mischief, made this Opportunity the Band of his base Design, like those Traytors who in a *Salve* of Infantry at a Trayning (where they should use none but Powder) do charge their Muskets with Bullets, to shoot at some particular Enemies. For whereas all Gentlemen did run with but slight Arms, because their Lances were only pegg'd purposely that they might break in pieces at the least touch, that exercise, having no other end than to delight the Spectators; *Augustus* being to run against *Iphigenes* furnished himself with a Lance plated with Iron and ground very sharp, intending to pierce him through, or at least to make him so rudely measure the ground with his Body that hee should serve for a laughing-stock to all that saw him. But the Powers who love Justice, hate Iniquity,

and above all do abhor Traytors, turned this malicious desire upon *Augustus* own head; For, missing his Rest his Lance slided along the smooth guilded Arms of his Adversary, who not failing of his aym, broke his all to shivers with a very becoming grace; but one of the splinters falling with the point downwards pierced *Augustus* thigh, which put him to an intolerable pain. The furious *Lithuanian* seeing his blood, was inraged with Choler that hee was hurt, and no less mad for Spight that hee had mist his thrust; Insomuch that without considering that his wound proceeded from Accident and not from *Iphigenes* will, as if hee had been highly offended in his honour, hee returned with full career, his Sword drawn, to revenge that affront upon *Iphigenes*; who protesting innocence, and declaring that hee was sorry for that chance, hee cryed out to him to draw or hee would kill him, vomiting against him a thousand injurious reproaches not becoming the mouth of a *Cavalier*. *Iphigenes* who was not used to such caresses, put himself in a posture to receive him and make him feel the punishment of his Arrogance. *Augustus* came full speed with his Sword's point towards *Iphigenes* to run him through, or bear him to the ground; But *Iphigenes*, who had more sleight than strength, putting by that thrust, charged him so home, that of a furious Assailant he had enough to do to prove himself a good Defendant. The *King*, who with the *Queen* was present at this shew, seeing this Quarrell begun by *Augustus*, who was the Aggressor, commanded them to give over fighting. But the inraged *Lithuanian* refused, saying, the *King* was Master of his Estate and Life, not of his Honour, which hee fancied was then highly interessed. This proud reply so incensed the *King*, that hee commanded his Guards to cut him in pieces presently; mean time the Combat continued, and notwithstanding diverse *Cavalier's* intervening to hinder them, *Augustus* being mounted upon a Horse as full of fire as his Master of fury, made himself passage in despight of all those that indeavoured to separate them: And being even ready to fall, like a hasty storm, upon his Adversary with a quick back-blow the dexterous *Iphigenes* slit the nostrills of his Courser, who foaming and breathing fire out of his mouth, reared up on end and flung so desperately with pain, that casting his Rider with his heels upwards, added to the hurt upon his Thigh, the breaking in pieces of a Leg. *Iphigenes* nimbly leaping from his Ginet to give *Augustus* the contentment to fight on foot also (though hee could have made his Horse passing and repassing trample out his guts) found him in no conditi-

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on to contend; So, without taking any other advantage than that of making him deliver his Sword, hee gave him his life before all that Aſſembly, notwithſtanding the *King* gave order he ſhould bee kill'd for having diſobeyed his Command. This done, *Iphigenes* proſtrated himſelf before his *Majeſty*, ceaſing not to ſupplicate untill he had changed his Indignation into Clemencie, and obteined Life for him who would have procured his Death. *Auguſtus* was carried to his own houſe, loaded with as much infamy and ſhame, as *Iphigenes* returned covered with the Laurells of triumph and glory: By chance one of his friends taking up *Auguſtus* Lance, found it made purpoſely to doe miſchief, being very ſtrongly plated with Iron and ſharp-pointed, ſufficient evidence of his unworthy intentions; This being told the *King*, hee baniſhed him the Court for ever, notwithſtanding *Iphigenes* employed all the credit hee had to procure his pardon.

The Sun is never without Shadows, nor Vertue free from Envy; yet among ſo many thorns ſome flowers may bee gathered. *Iphigenes* had ſo much quaintneſs and ſuch ſources of polite ſubtilities in his brain, was ſo dexterous and happy in captivating hearts, that he was called the Maſter of that Art. It is true that ſhadows do ſtill accompany the Sun, but they are very ſhort, when hee is Elevated to his *Apogee*, or the verticall point of the *Horizon*. So *Iphigenes* being arrived at the higheſt degree of favour, and (which is very rare) as pretious in the *King*, his Maſter's ſight, as in the *Queen*, his Miſtreſſe's, in this *Zenith* of Honour hee contemned the vaine vapors of Envy, ſeeing, as it were from the top of a lofty mountain, the rowling Thunder grumble, and the ſtormy clowds burſt under his feet. There are few that haunt Favourites but either very powerfull or inconſiderable perſons. For if the *Royalty* bee for them, is it not a Giant-like preſumption to offer to approach that Greatneſs? If the Gods of the Earth bee for them, who can ſurmount, nay, who dares contradict them? Yet as wee ſee, although the glory of the World's Eye bee never ſo bright, the leaſt Atomes and exhalations (like moats) do riſe to oppoſe and blemiſh it, but are as ſoon depreſt as raiſed, and no ſooner gathered together than diſſolved: So do preſumptuous ſpirits revolt and combine ſometimes againſt the Eldeſt *Sons* of *Fortune*; but their fruitleſs indeavours immediately do make appear the weakneſs, as well as the baſeneſs of their hearts, ſwollen and puffe up with Vanity, rather than filled with Courage. Such was *Auguſtus*, ſuch approved himſelf another Noble-man, named *Polignotes*, of whoſe vapouring and jealous *Bravadoes* I ſhall at

this present omit to make any further mention, esteeming it more to purpose, by mingling sweet with sower, to temper the animosities of these envious Antagonists, with the delicious amity of the innumerable friends, which *Iphigenes* had purchased by his most perfect Courtesie. This admirable knot of Friendship (which is the sweetest bond of humane Society) in its perfection is an Enemy to Multiplicity: A man may be Friendly to all, but should be Familiar with few, and in this Vertuous Familiarity consists that Communication, which giveth life and being to true Friendship. To establish an eminent Fortune and high favour, a man hath need, as of divers Supporters, of many Friends; But in regard *Favour* (no more than *Love*) can admit of no Corrivalls, it was *Iphigenes* industry so to manage the good wills of those, that expressed any affection towards him, that making them participant of his Riches, hee reserved the *King's* favour intire to himself. Thus do those that make presents of Fruit, keeping the Tree and the Ground still in their own possession: Thus may one distribute Water, and allow their Neighbours part, and yet retain the Spring in its wonted place.

Among others, of lower degree (I do not say for matter of quality, but affection) there were two particularly in favour with *Iphigenes*: One was a young Prince of *Polonia*, named *Cassin*, the other a Noble man of a very antient family known by the name of *Pomeran*; this was the Minion of his heart, and (as it were) the *Favorite* of the *Favorite*, for Hee loved with much tenderness the person of *Iphigenes*: The former (who cherished rather his greatness and quality, ardently embracing whatsoever had reference to his Interest and Glory) was as the *favorite* of the *Favor*; like *Hephestion* and *Craterus* the two friends of *Alexander the Great*, whereof one loved him as *Alexander*, the other as *King*. *Cassin* and *Pomeran* were the two Arms and Eyes of our young Count, as those that applyed themselves more particularly to what concerned him. *Pomeran*, being more disinteressed, considered nothing but the person of *Iphigenes*, for which Hee did feel passions, which would have been much more Violent, if hee had been as Skilfull to penetrate the secret of darkness, as Ignorance made him incurious. The Prince (who grasped at great Changes, and whose ambitious humour aymed at nothing but those Grandeurs, whereunto by his extraction hee justly might pretend, but could not yet arrive by reason of his too unripe age) accosted *Iphigenes*, as a *Jacob's* ladder, that hee might thereby clime to the top of his pretensions. His Mother (who shall likewise enter

ter upon this ſtage, under the name of *Reſpicia*) brought him into the World before Shee could fully reckon the third luſter of her age, her Husband (who had been one of the higheſt rank in the Kingdome) having left her a widdow in her five and twentieth year; And although Shee was owner of Beauty enough to make her bee beloved, and injoyed an Eſtate that might invite the greateſt in that Countrey to marry her, yet the affection Shee did bear to the memory of her deceaſed Husband, and the conſideration Shee had of her two Children, made her remain almoſt ten years in a conſtant Widdowhood, breeding with all the ſplendour and care imaginable, thoſe two pretious pledges of her former flames. However being one of the moſt conſiderable Ladies in the Court, and living in the height of delights (though then arrived at her five and thirtieth year) Shee found at length the death of her Liberty in the inevitable charms of *Iphigenes* Beauty. This *COKELUCHE* or *Court-Vertigo* had ſo turned her brain, that Shee forgot both the Idea of her Husband, the Affection to her Children, and the Care of her ſelf, expoſing her ſelf to the hazard of being the table-talk through the whole World, to the diſadvantage of that Honour, of whoſe preſervation Shee had always thitherto made ſo exact a profeſſion.

Thoſe Creatures that are ſignalized for the greateſt Wiles, when they are taken, do diſplay all their Shifts; ſo did this ſubtill-witted Lady, when Shee perceived her ſelf tyed by the Heart with ſuch delicious bands, that ſhee preferred this Servitude before her former Liberty. For, the better to diſſemble her wound, the more ſhee felt the ſmart, of all the Ladies in the Court ſhee was obſerved to ſpeak the ſeldomeſt and the leaſt advantagiouſly of *Iphigenes*, ſuppreſſing all her paſſion within her breſt without ſuffering it to evaporate at the paſſage of her mouth but by very ſlight ſparkles. But if ſhee ſaid little ſhee thought the more, and fancied no mean projects to accompliſh the deſign ſhee had to make her ſelf lawfully his Wife. Widdows, who have learned in their Matrimoniall obſervances the ſecrets of pleaſing Men, and how to intrap them, ſend glances from their Eyes ſo much the more attractive, the leſs they are innocent; And as the moſt ſparkling fire and hotteſt embers, are thoſe which are cover'd with aſhes; as the moſt ſhining flaſhes of Lightning are thoſe which proceed from the blackeſt Clouds: So the kindneſſes that come from under thoſe great Veils, are generally the moſt attractive; thoſe are the Fires that blaze in the midſt of Water, when from Eyes deſtined to Tears are caſt ſuch ſpeaking looks. Yet all theſe artificiall affectations were Vainly employed by this

this *Princess* to conquer or inveagle *Iphigenes*, whose Heart was no less susceptible of these flames, than his Body was capable of those legitimate Embraces to which shee did aspire. However *Iphigenes* did very much esteem her person, but it was in that manner as hee could and ought, not as shee desired. This cautelous Student in *Love's* Politicks had learned particularly by *Miesias* (the depth of whose thoughts shee had sounded by her sugred speeches) that the marriage of *Iphigenes* with *Modestina* was not consummated: Whereupon shee contrived a Plot, that will make appear the subtilty of a Wit refined by that Passion, which puts Invention into the simplest and most blockish brains.

Shee, who had a conceit that Marriage consisted only in the use of the Bodies, never considering that the Union of the Hearts and the consentment of the Wills, are the materialls whereof is formed the Essence of Matrimony, flattered her self that shee should easily disannul or untie that knot betwixt *Iphigenes* and *Modestina*, and put her self in *Modestina's* place; But fearing lest a repulse should make her the fable of the Court, and expose her to the people's scorn, shee thought best to bring her Daughter into play, and propose her to *Miesias* for *Iphigenes* with such advantages as were neither in the Fortune nor person of *Modestina*. This Daughter of her's, named *Simphoroza*, was yet very young, but did promise in the *Aurora* of her age great perfections of Beauty at her *Noon*. The *Palatine* of *Podolia* who devoured in his greedy thoughts all those high proffers of the *Princess Respicia*, (believing that *Rosuald's* Estate would however be intirely his own, by making *Liante* imbrace an *Ecclesiastick* life, and giving some slight Dowry to *Modestina*;) was easily induced to hearken to her propositions, considering (besides the great fortune shee promised to make her Daughter) the splendor of so Noble an Allaince; But this cunning Mother's designe was only to substitute her self in her Daughter's place (who was yet nothing neer Marriageable) and to supply with the luster of her Gold and immense Estate, what shee wanted in Beauty, or was superabundant in Years; Thus the *Father* was gained, which seemed no small advancement to our Pretendant's intentions, every one being apt to believe easily what they do desire. But the difficulty was in obteining the *Son's* consent, (who being advertised of this Design by *Miesias*, and knowing in his Soule that hee was no less unfit to bee *Simphoroza's* Husband than *Modestina's*, not to multiply his deceipts,) rejected the propositions, feining scruples of Conscience, much passion for

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his wife, and giving *Mieſlas* to underſtand that hee had proceeded further in the terms of Marriage with *Modeſtina* then hee imagined. The rigorous *Podolian* (who had in a manner ingaged his word to the *Princeſs*, thinking to finde more obedience in his Son's ſpirit) was ready to burſt into a furious fit of Choller at this reſiſtance, but conſidering that *Iphigenes* by his favour had all the power with the *King*, hee reteined the impetuoſity of his paſſion, giving teſtimony enough however of his diſpleaſure by the alterations of his Countenance. Notwithſtanding this refuſall *Reſpicia* gave not over her purſuite, feining, like a good Mother, to bee paſſionate for the advancement of her Children, for whom ſhee could procure nothing more advantageous than the Alliance with *Favour* (mean time it was her own intereſt made her act with ſo much ſolicitude:) According to the nature of her Sexe, which never ceaſeth asking untill they atchieve their end, ſhee prayed, purſued, preſſed in time, out of time, leaving no means unattempted; and it was partly her perſwaſion that made the *Prince Caſſin*, her Son, render ſuch devoirs to *Iphigenes*, which made him worthy of his friendſhip, wherein hee ſucceeded as is already mentioned. Thus did this crafty Spider ſpread her Web to inſnare the beautifull Adoleſcent, and make her ſelf wife to him, of whom ſhee might have been the Mother.

Shee had ſuch a hand over *Caſſin*, that this young *Prince* at her inſtance uſed all the arguments his Invention could ſuggeſt, to induce *Iphigenes* to marry his Siſter, to whom, for quality, *Modeſtina* was not comparable. But *Iphigenes* had the skill to divert his diſcourſe with ſuch modeſty and dexterity, that without giving him any occaſion of diſtaſt, hee amuſed his expectation, and by little and little made him relinquiſh that thought, which hee eſteemed unjuſt. It is an opinion that Batteries made Croſſe-wiſe are the moſt deſtructive; *Reſpicia* raiſed her's in this manner, and as if ſhee had been deſirous to ſink all her houſe (which was one of the moſt opulent of *Polonia*) into the family of *Mieſlas*, ſhee offered him to give her Daughter to his Son, and her Son to his Daughter *Clemencia*, and ſo make but one of both their Families. Which the *Palatine*, dazled at the ſplendour of ſo much honour, imbraced with both hands, not perceiving the hook that was hidden under this bait. Mean time *Reſpicia* covered ſo dexterouſly her *Love* under the maſk of *Ambition*, that whileſt ſhee was called a carefull and loving Mother, ſhee aymed at another Mark. Her importunities, together with the oppreſſing inſtances of *Mieſlas*, did ſhrewdly tempt

the patience of *Iphigenes*, who against all these assaults had no other defence than the rampier of the Fidelity which hee owed, & which hee had sworn to his wife *Modestina*, to whom, being pressed with these agonies, Hee wrote such passionate letters, that the most affectionate of Lovers could not express his imaginations in a style more Patheticall: Which kindled such a fire in the bowels of this Maiden Spouse, that the too much sense of Love deprived her of all sense. You may add to that Love, the Fear which is inseparable from those who fervently do affect, and the Apprehension of losing, by Change, that which is more precious than Life. For shee knew by the mouth of Fame, which hath a thousand tongues, and by letters from *Iphigenes* own hand, that hee was the common object of the Eyes and Hearts of all the Court Ladies, which bred a torment in her Mind, inconceivable by any Soul, that hath not experimented the just and incomparable affections that possess'd her heart. A thousand times shee was in the mind to go to Court to her Husband, and say to all her Rivalls, *What do you? hee is intirely mine, as I am solely his; Your pretensions are too unjust to find any access into his breast, who is nothing but Fidelity, who feeds amongst the Lillies of Purity, and the Roses of Honour: Your attractions are too slight to move so constant a Spirit; Your Passions, bee they fein'd or reall, are but weak Vapours before the Sun of his Reason. Why then with too licentious a desire do you indeavour to purloin a treasure, that belongs peculiarly to mee? withdraw your fond affections, banish those no less Vain than unanswerable pretensions from your thoughts, for* Iphigenes *hath ingaged his faith to mee by the indissolvable tyes of a most sacred* Hymen.

Thus did this loving Spouse entertain her troubled mind, but Shame opposing her Design (if there can bee any shame in the legitimate desires of a chast wife) or rather the impossibility of disengaging her self from under *Aretuza*'s wing, and the strict guard of the too severe *Perpetua*, made her seek in Patience the common Remedy of all her discontents. How often did shee please her fancy with the imagination of transvesting her self, and by the help of a Man's disguise deceiving the eyes of those that watched her deportments, to convey her self into the Court to her beloved *Iphigenes*? But that Honour, whereof shee was so Jealous, did choak this Resolution at its birth, considering that such an Equipage would not only make her the discourse of inconsiderate Censurers, but in stead of rendring her Husband a testimony of her Love, might perhaps attract upon her Innocence his Dislike. At length, not to do any thing unbeseeming her quality, shee resolved to hearken

to

to *Modesty*, and let *Discretion* prevail over all those Surges of *Passion*: Shee comforted her self with her letters from *Iphigenes*; the words in every line whereof were as many protestations of Constancy, and new oaths of Fidelity. The severall vertues shee had remarked in her dear Husband were as many Proofs, and those Proofs as many Assurances of his invariable Purity, whereupon shee reposed all her thoughts; And these thoughts, which often made her sequester her self into sad unfrequented places, were her most delicious recreations. The shade of woods, the coolness of Gardens, and the agreeable murmuring of Fountains fomented in her brest that humour which nourished it self with the dear remembrance of her adored Husband's perfections.

And if such were the resentments of this Turtle, being separated from the presence of her mate; Think not that *Iphigenes* felt any less discomfort amongst all his greatnesses, which hee would willingly have shared to his dear Friend and Wife, or, to have rendred the contentment perfect, have injoyed in their presence. His affection to *Modestina*, and the Love hee bare *Liante*, never suffered him to take any rest, notwithstanding the multitude of Felicities, wherewith the *King*'s favour had (in a manner) overwhelmed him. Thus in this world wee can have nothing perfect: Those whom wee do many times imagine (seeing them born up by the wings of the Wind of a *Prince*'s favour) to Swim in an Ocean of Delights, do find amongst the agreeable flowers of Pleasure, some secret prickle of Sorrow, which marreth the harmony of their Prosperity. Of so many Objects whereunto the Court did invite *Iphigenes* to affix his affections, hee saw as few that hee deemed worthy of the application of his thoughts, as Hee who looked for a Man with a candle, at mid-day, amongst a great Assembly in a publick place. Whether the want of Freedome and Vertue (which is great amongst Courtiers) made him meet with a scarcity of friends in that multitude which environed him; or whether (which is very probable) the first impressions of affection had so seasoned the new Vessell of his Heart, that there was no possibility of making it take any other tincture, or tast, than that which hee had relished in the conversation of *Modestina* and *Liante*, the sweet Objects of his education and most tender years: His Disposition being of an excellent temperature, and his Heart no coveter of Wealth, *Avarice* and *Vanity* (which are the two Bonds, the two Charms, and, as I may say, the two poisoned Tets of the *Courte-favour*) had very little interest in his Soul; And *Voluptuousness* (which

according to the saying of an antient Orator, hath no place of abode in the Kingdom of Vertue) could find no access in his Body, too Honest not to bee Continent: No wonder then if the fetters of the Court, though made of Gold and pretious Stones, were irksome unto him; and the sincere, chaste and true affection which hee bore those two absent Objects of his Love, made him in the midst of so many pleasures languish with the desire of their presence.

The passionate resentments of his Soul for this detested Separation, He feelingly exprest in severall letters to *Modestina* and *Liante*, which they interchangeably communicated to each other, according to the permission of their Overseers, & in order to *Iphigenes* particular injunction, who at his departure from them did earnestly intreat *Liante* to take, as intended to him, the affectionate letters hee should write to his Sister, protesting that the *Friendship* hee did bear him, was no less tender nor less ardent, than his *Love* to *Modestina* (as may easily be believed by one that knows the reason, whereof *Liante* as yet was ignorant.) One day (*Modestina* and her Brother having been allarmed, by letters from the faithfull *Iphigenes*, with the Princess *Respicia*'s design of breaking their Marriage, and giving him her Daughter to wife, whereunto hee had been Sollicited by *Miestat*, whom shee had gained; But that hee had rejected their propositions, chooſing rather to lose his life than his Loyalty) Hee received letters from them full of complaints and stinging resentments of Jealousie; *Modestina* feining to fear, or fearing in effect that the rare Beauties and great Honors, whereof the Court is the Element, would in time ravish from her the Mind as well as the Body of her *Iphigenes*; And *Liante* writing that the acquaintance of great Ones would perchance make him not value the friendship of meaner Persons, in which rank hee placed himself. Whereunto a Reply was speedily dispatcht, which conteining large expressions of a holy and reall affection, comforted a little those two tender hearts which languished one for her Husband, the other for his sincere Friend: But why do I say comforted? I should rather say, that it caused the same effect in the sorrow of their Privation, as water in a Smith's forge being cast upon burning coals, whose heat it doth increase; Or as those hot drops of raine extorted by the *Sun* during the ardors of Summer, which rather Scald than Wet. Indeed if wee measured their discontents for his absence, with the satisfaction they would have received by the presence and possession of *Iphigenes*, wee might judge of its extremity. However not to give *Iphigenes* any occasion to bee afflicted at their

suspitions,

ſuſpitions, they made him underſtand by Letters how great a confidence they had in his promiſe and conſtancy, acknowledging that thoſe honours which are accuſtomed to change the diſpoſitions of weak and vulgar Souls, are below the thoughts of them that place their honour in their Faith, and who are not Reeds of the Deſart in unconſtancy, but Pillars of the Temple of Stability.

By this reciprocall intelligence of Letters theſe three loving Hearts mainteined the harmony of their concord, that ſerved for Oyl to nouriſh the Lamp of their mutuall affection. Mean time *Iphigenes*, bleſſed with the dew of Heaven and Earth, was the true Child of Increaſe, and the Nurſling of *Fortune*, *Fortune* in him ſeeming to have loſt thoſe two qualities of *Blinde*, and being an *Enemy* to *Vertue*, ſince ſhee knew ſo worthily and ſo abundantly to acknowledge his Merit. The greateſt ſecret to gain *Fortune* is to be Juſt, to abſtein from Evill and do Good, for it is with Juſtice as with Wiſdom, all ſorts of felicity do attend her. The ſame ſucceſs doth not accompany thoſe, who by oblique and undirect wayes do ſeek to accompliſh their pretenſions, in imitation of Ships, who having but a bare quarter wind, do laveer and turn ſeverall wayes before they can arrive at their intended Port. The *Princeſs Reſpicia*, being ſtung with that Waſp that rob's Minds of repoſe, ſollicited *Mieſlas* without intermiſſion, to preſs *Iphigenes* to the rupture of his *non*-conſummated Marriage, and become Spouſe to her Daughter, *Simphoroza*; Which propoſition jumped with the Father's diſpoſition, being equally greedy after her Wealth and Honour, eſpecially the *Prince Caſſin* likewiſe promiſing to marry *Clemencia*. As for this laſt Marriage, *Iphigenes's* conſent was eaſily obteined thereunto, nay more, hee deſired it might be accompliſhed, to draw that thorn out of his foot, I mean, that point of Jealouſie, which ſticking at his Heart did cauſe him to fear, leſt *Liante* ſhould bee ſo deeply ingaged in *Clemencia's* Love, that Hee ſhould not be able to conquer his inclinations when the time for his Revelation and Metamorphoſis ſhould be expired: But for the other hee labored all hee could to hinder it, alleadging his Faith given, the Honour of his Word, his Affection to *Modeſtina*, and the Obligations hee had to the fervency of her Love, whom hee would have them eſteem as his Wife. All this *Mieſlas* (after the manner of great Perſons, who uſe to make and unmake Marriages according to their Intereſts) called Superſtitious and frivolous Scruples, telling his Son, by way of reproach, that hee was too Religious for a Courtier, and too ſtrict an obſerver of his word for a

Favorite. *At leaſt*, ſayd hee, *Do not oppoſe the advancement of your Siſter's Fortune by your too fond inclinations for* Modeſtina; whereupon *Iphigenes* ſodainly replying, promiſed, *That hee would contribute the utmoſt of his endeavours to further the Match between the Prince* Caſſin *and his Siſter* Clementia; and to that effect hee became a frequent Viſiter of *Reſpicia*, who did expreſs ſuch extraordinary kindneſs in her receptions, that *Iphigenes* might eaſily have perceived the full ſcope of her thoughts, and whereunto did tend thoſe Nets which ſhee prepared for him. For producing her Daughter before him, rather loaden than deck't with Jewells, beſides her Youth, being yet Infantine in a manner (an Age that hath neither Beauty nor Uglineſs) her deſign was to induce him to make a Change, and catch him in her own Trap by attracting his looks upon her ſelf. But *Iphigenes* being what hee was, ran no danger of being intangled in ſuch Snares, this Bait and Line were not proper for that *Fiſh*.

Love, how blind ſoever hee is eſteemed, hath *Linxe's* Eyes, which penetrate to the very thoughts. *Staniſlas Palatine* of *Vratiſlaiæ*, being a Widower in the ſtrength of his Age, and having no other iſſue than an onely Daughter, had caſt his Eyes upon the *Princeſs Reſpicia*, as the Party of all the Court moſt ſuitable to his quality. Shee through a vanity common to all Women, who take a pride in ſeeing themſelves Obſerved, Courted, and Adored, admitted of his Viſits, and by a tacite conſentment approved of his Suite in not rejecting it. For, yong Widdows, that ſuffer Men to accoſt them, that give ear to their offers of Service, and their proteſtations of Fidelity, do ſeem (as Miſtreſſes of their Motions) to give theſe Suiters ſome hold upon their liberty, or at leaſt to foment a hope in them that their Vows ſhall not be diſpleaſing. This Noble-man holding *Reſpicia* for his Miſtreſs, was not well ſatisfied to ſee her viſited by our Favorite, whoſe glory dazled all the World, and effaced the luſter of the moſt Eminent perſons. But his diſpleaſure was redoubled, when hee perceived by *Reſpicia's* actions and countenance, that ſhee participated of the *Court-vertigo* for this fair *Podolian*. At laſt hee grew beyond all temper, having intelligence of the Marriage which was projected betwixt the *Prince Caſſin* and *Clementia*; (for hee Marrying the Mother intended to match his Daughter to her Son, and by this double Alliance to draw the *Princeſſe's* vaſt eſtate into his own hands.) But when hee heard of the advantages that were offered to *Iphigenes*, if hee would take to Wife the *Princeſſe's* Daughter *Simphoroza*, this raiſed ſo furious a diſorder in his

his Mind, that hee believed the *Favour* would ruine all his pretentions, if hee did not ſpeedily rid his Hands of the *Favorite*. Already *Reſpicia* had no more any Eyes to ſee him, no Mouth to ſpeak to him, no reception for his Viſits; hee perceived nothing in her Actions but a cold Reſervedneſs, in her Countenance Diſdain, at his arrivall Sadneſs, at his departure Joy; apparent ſigns of his being in diſgrace, if hee prevent it not, all his hopes are vaniſhed. *Ambition* kindled his *Love*, *Love* ſuſcitated *Jealouſie*, *Jealouſie* hatched *Deſpair*, and *Deſpair* precipitated him into ſuch a rage as made him eſpouſe the wickedeſt of reſolutions, to Sacrifice to his *Revenge* the Innocent blood of him who thought nothing leſs than to ſupplant him in the *Princeſs Reſpicia's* Favour.

The

The Third Book.

ARGUMENT.

The Combate betwixt Staniſlas *and* Iphigenes. Staniſlas *killed by* Iphigenes. *The manner of his Death. The* Palatinate *of* Uratiſlau *given by the* King *to* Iphigenes. *The Envy of the* Courtiers, *and their Plots againſt* Iphigenes. *The* King *made jealous of the* Queen, *Shee no leſs umbragious of him, and both for* Iphigenes. Iphigenes *by the* King's *command is diſmiſs'd the* Court. *His generous deportment in this Diſgrace.* Perpetua *having diſcovered the intelligence betwixt* Liante *and* Clemencia, *advertiſeth* Aretuza *and* Mieſlas. Liante *made cloſe Priſoner by expreſs command from* Mieſlas. Iphigenes *obtein's leave of the* King *to paſs through* Podolia *into his* Palatinate, *under pretence of ſeeing his Mother, and taking his Wife* Modeſtina *with him.* Mieſlas *having indeavored in vain to diſſwade him, command's* Modeſtina *to be impriſoned and ſtrictly garded in one of his ſtrongeſt Caſtles. The* King's *and* Queen's *deportments when* Iphigenes *came to take leave of them. His ſpeeches to them at his departure. The manner of his retiring from the Court. The* Princeſs Reſpicia *having followed him into* Podolia *preſſes* Mieſlas *to make him repudiate* Modeſtina *in favour of her Daughter* Simphoroza. *His Evaſions.*

ONe Day *Staniſlas*, attended by divers Gentlemen beſides his ordinary Train on Horſe-back (after the *Polonian* manner) met *Iphigenes* accompanied like a Favorite; And it being in a publick place where the Noble-men uſed to take their pleaſures, Hee accoſted him, deſiring that Hee might ſpeak two or three words to him in private: *Iphigenes* (who for Courteſie had not his equall through the whole Univerſe) preſently left his company, and being retired

retired some little distance, *Stanislas* said to him in a fierce arrogant manner, *That hee perceived hee had a design to establish a fortune to his prejudice, which was a thing repugnant to the Laws of Chivalry and Honour, and that hee might find Wayes enough to advance himself about the* King, *without going to trouble or thwart his pretensions to the* Princess Respicia, *to whom Hee was Servant and ambitioned to be Husband, intending likewise, by Marrying her, to make* Cassin *his Son in Law; therefore hee wished him to desist from pretending to that Alliance, which (hee heard) was projected betwixt him and* Simphoroza, *and that betwixt* Clemencia *and the* Prince Cassin: *Otherwise Hee being obliged to resent so injurious an Affront, was resolved to revenge it with his Sword. Iphigenes* answered very mildly (but with a resolution full of generosity) *That Hee should be very sorry to make any advantage of another Man's detriment; That hitherto Hee had so managed his Fortune, that no body could frame any complaint against him for that respect; That Hee knew too well the honour which was due to His quality, and what Hee owed to his own Modesty to begin with Him to disoblige, by any prejudice, persons of such Eminence. That for his alliance with* Simphoroza, *it was not onely unlikely but impossible, and whereof hee never had nor should imbrace any thought (although it might be done without tentering his Conscience) his affections beeing already so ingaged to* Modestina, *that, if shee were not his Wife, hee never would have any other, And therefore hee might rest satisfied for that point: As for the Marriage of the* Prince Cassin *with his Sister* Clementia, *it proceeded rather from* Respicia's *own seeking, than any motion of his, and for that hee did appeal to the Testimony of the* Princess *her self, to whose Alliance hee did neither hinder him to pretend, neither would hee barr* Cassin *of the free liberty to choose his Daughter, or* Clemencia. Who could have answered with greater moderation, respect and sincerity? Yet the Savage *Sarmatian* drawing vanity from the sweetness of this reply, like Spiders which make venim of Roses, rudely thus retorted, *that it was not enough that hee pretended nothing to* Simphoroza; *but that* Clemencia *must not be Married to* Cassin: Adding (with a proud Bravado) *That there was not that Man living, that should dare to look upon her Mother, but should receive Death from his Hand.* At which words *Iphigenes* with an accent no less civill then resolute said; *My Lord* Palatine, *I have already told you that the Mother is left to Your self; That I pretend nothing to the Daughter, and as for my Sister shee hath never yet seen* Cassin, *neither hath shee any will but that of her Parents, who are discreet enough; the management of such matters belong's*

particularly to them, and they know best what they have to do; Marriages are free, and Violence ought to have no place in such Sacred ties. And I told you (replyed Staniſlas) *that that doth prejudice mee, that I am the first pretendant to that Alliance, and no Man shall come to tread in my steps, but I will make him repent it, let him be ne'r so much in Favour, and his quality ne'r so eminent.*

Hereupon *Iphigenes* presently made this answer, *It seeme's* Staniſlas, *by the word* Favour, *that you address your speech to mee, as if I were the Subject of your discontent: I wear by my side wherewithall to give satisfaction to persons of Honour, and you must know that I am no Man to suffer such out-braving Language. What I have said already ought to satisfie you, if you are reasonable; but if you are beyond that, I know the way to make you return to Reason.* The Proud *Palatine* who aymed at nothing but to pick a quarrell, perswading himself by the weakly proportion of body, and the unsouldier-like countenance of *Iphigenes*, that a stout Heart could not bee harboured under so fair a Face; besides seeing himself at that time not onely better Horsed, but advantaged with a great Sable or Cimeterr which hung by his side, replied; *There's too much said, Men of my Birth and Quality are not accustomed to bear such words, I must take thy Life, and so deliver* Polonia *from the Tyranny which thou dost exercise over their Soveraign.* Whereunto *Iphigenes* immediately thus: *I owe nothing to thy Birth, nor to thy Quality, they are both equalized, nay surpassed by mine, and since my Mouth could not satisfie thee with Reason, my Hand shall punish thy unreasonableness with Justice.* This said, they parted to give their Horses a turn. *Staniſlas* being mounted upon a stately Courser, came with his Sable in his Hand as if hee would have cleft *Iphigenes* to the twist, who riding upon a little *Hungarian* Nag, very swift and well managed, the nimbleness of the Horse, together with the dexterity of the Rider, rendred the direction of that Thunder bolt of no effect: And the Nag being very ready, answered the least motion of *Iphigenes* Hand, so that making a quick turn, hee presently gained the crupper of *Staniſlas*, and sheathed his Sword in his Reins, of which wound (being mortall) hee fell immediately from his Horse. The two Troops that attended on them a loof off, were no sooner come up to them, but *Staniſlas*, being at the last gasp, seemed to remain alive onely to acknowledge his fault, which declaring in all their hearings, hee demanded pardon of *Iphigenes*, and of the Heavens, after which hee expired, protesting that nothing was more just than Heaven, nothing more unjust than his Jealousie and Choler.

This

This incounter, as that with *Auguſtus*, highly augmented the glory of *Iphigenes*, even the ſame perſons that accompanied *Staniſlas* condemning the unjuſtneſs and blindneſs of his Paſſion.

The *King* hearing this, and fearing leſt this Temerity of *Staniſlas* might imbolden other envious perſons to attempt ſome malicious deſign againſt *Iphigenes*, commanded that the Proceſs ſhould be made againſt the memory of the dead Offender, and that his carcaſs ſhould publickly ſuffer the ſhame of an ignominious puniſhment. But *Iphigenes* begging upon his knees before His Majeſty, mitigated the ſeverity of his reſolution, deriving the fault upon *Love* which doth frequently over-maſter *Reaſon*, and blind the cleereſt *Judgements*. This increaſed the praiſes of *Iphigenes*, and made all his deceaſed Enemie's friends profeſs themſelves his ſervants. The *King*, though overcome by perſwaſions to pardon his Honour, would however make his Eſtate ſuffer, the confiſcation whereof hee gave to *Iphigenes*, but hee refuſed it, having not the heart to triumph in ſuch mournfull Spoyls: yet afterwards ſeeing the *King* would beſtow it amongſt his *Courtiers* (who, like Ravens or Kites, do fly greedily at ſuch preys) to preſerve it for the Orphaline, hee accepted it, and took a ſingular care of advancing the poſterity of him, who ſo barbarouſly ſought his Life, rendring, like a Flint, for unkind Blows, the ſparkles of Favour and Courteſie. The Shoulders of the *Princeſs Reſpicia* were eaſed of no ſmall burthen by this *Palatine's* Death; for (beſides that it lay heavy upon her, his purſuit being become not onely importunate, but odious to her, ſince ſhee had caſt her Eyes and affections upon the beautifull *Podolian*) ſhee fancied that, beeing watched now no more by that *Dragon*, ſhee ſhould have better opportunity to diſcloſe her intentions, and conduct them to the deſired end. The ſame Death raiſed *Iphigenes* to the degree of *Palatine* (which is the higheſt ſtep of honour amongſt the Grandees of *Polonia*) for the *King* requited his innocence, with the inheritance of his unjuſt Adverſarie's Authority. Thus the *Weights* which ſeem to depreſſe the *Palms*, do make them grow up higher; Thus the *Knife* that cut's the *Vines*, maketh them flouriſh, and is cauſe of their producing new Leaves, whoſe Bredth and Beauty do efface the luſter of the antient ſtock.

As great Tempeſts are preceded by little Winds, which curl the ſmooth-faced Waters, and make the Tree's Leaves tremble; As many little ſtones do tumble from an Houſe-top before the whole building falls; And as extreme Sickneſſes are fore-run by many ſlight indiſ-

positions: So in great *Prince's* Favorites the declining of their *Fortune* hath it's presages; and although oftentimes they feel the Thunder-bolt before they see the Lightning, yet, to those that have but indifferent judgements, it is easie to prejudicate that some sinister accident doth threaten them. When Pamphlets, Songs, Advertisements, Satyres, Poems, and Diffamatory Libells are dispersed abroad, it is, as when those white Birds are seen flying upon the Sea-coast, which are infallible fore-runners of foulweather. The beautifull Face of *Iphigenes* (which betrayed and almost accused his Heart) was the Rock whereon equally those that loved, and those that hated him were Shipwrackt. It's strange, that Hatred and Love should deduce their Origine from the same Principle. That which ravished his *Lovers*, made the *Jealous* burst with Spight; and when *some* praised exceedingly those perfections which charmed so many Eyes, the *Envious* would take occasion thence to blame him as being Effeminate: But as Iniquity commonly stop's its own Mouth, and give's it self the Lye, the two Incounters of *Augustus* and *Stanislas* shewed evidently enough the nullity of that reproach, and compelled those that called *Iphigenes* a cowardly *Paris*, to acknowledge that Hee was rather to be honoured as a brave *Hippolytus*, who could joyn *Valor* with *Beauty*. Some others (who knew that hee had been Married very yong, and that hee had not proceeded to Consummation, and besides, (although the *Ladies* generally were inamored of him) seeing that hee repayed their flames with such indifferency) accused him of Impotency; For *Courtiers* have that base quality, not onely to make little esteem of Continency themselves, but blame it in others. Besides, *Envy* is a False Glass, which changeth the Face of Objects, which makes the handsomest things seem ugly, and chargeth Vertue with the same defects that render Vices blameable. It is true, *Iphigenes* the better to conceal what really hee was; would sometimes play the *Courtier* amongst the *Ladies*, taking pleasure to foster in their Brests a Disease, whereunto hee was incapable of applying a remedy; and perceiving that divers amongst them, layed Snares to intrap his Liberty, hee delighted in cutting them out Work, and paying them in the same Coyn. What Jealousies, Quips and petty Quarrels did hee raise amongst that Sex, who are naturally inclined to Self-conceit and Envy? Their hearts were all as Brimstone to the fire of his Eyes, all as *Heliotropes* or *Turn-sols* to the Luster of his Presence. For, besides the advantage of being the *King's* Favorite (which is the *North-Star* of those, whose hearts are touched with

the *Loadſtone* of the Court) hee was poſſeſſor of ſo many amiable qualities, that as ſoon as hee fixed his Eyes upon any Lady, ſhee preſently imagined ſhee had caught him, when hee had taken her; and this Opinion raiſing her Fancy to the skies, ſhee thought to triumph over all her Competitors, and be *Queen* of the *Bean*, although ſhee had no part of the *Cake*. For *Iphigenes* changed his diſcourſe ſo often, and knew how to amuſe them all with ſuch dexterity, that although hee loved none, hee ſeemed to conſume at every fire hee approached. This gave Occaſion to ſome malicious Spirits, Jealous of his Glory, to blaſt with their *Satyricall* invectives the bloſſome of his Reputation.

Whileſt theſe ſnarling Curs, who cannot bite *Iphigenes*, do bark after him, caſting ſtones at him without diſcovering their Arms, and making Libells flie about, which the Authors durſt not own but to their ſureſt friends: Others more dangerous, like to the worm that eat's into the *Root* of the green *Ivie*, did ſet their wedges to the *Root* of his *Fortune*, to make the Tree fall down, and ſtruck their Pick axes into the Foundation, to undermine the Edifice. Hee that hath been an Homicide from the beginning, hath in all times been buſie in forging Calumnies, and indeavoured to eſtabliſh *Lyes* in the place of *Truth*: Hee hath alwaies ſowed Darnell amongſt the good grain, and mingled in the pure Gold of the moſt generous Actions, the Ruſt and Skum of falſe Reports and Detraction. The wheel of *Fortune* (like the Potter's) is in perpetuall Motion, alwaies framing new Veſſells, ſometimes of Ignominy, ſometimes of Honour, and ſeem's to raiſe thoſe, on whom Shee confer's Dignities, meerly to daſh them in pieces by their fall, as Eagles deal with Tortoiſes. This fickle Step-dame (conſtant in nothing but Inconſtancy, and who hath nothing certain but her Incertainty) favoring the deſigns of the malicious Enemies of the innocent *Iphigenes*, whom ſhee had till then been elevating to the higheſt point of her Circle, ſuggeſted to their Envie the Invention, if not to work his utter Ruine, at leaſt to make him bee diſcarded from the Court, and ſo, by a Diſgrace, to precipitate him down the hill of his declining Greatneſs. Thus was their Plot, which they ſo cunningly contrived, that thoſe who were ſurpriſed in the ſame ſnare never did perceive it. Some Divelliſh Spirits, by means of certain Women (good workers of ſuch wicked Stratagems) buzzed into the *Queen's* ears Imaginations, that ought not to enter into the thoughts of ſo diſcreet and ſo vertuous a *Princeſs*, perſwading her that the *King*, in his friendſhip to *Iphigenes*, by an *Orientall*

Licentiousnes did passe the terms of *Honour* and his *Devoir*. This was to touch the *Queen* on the Apple of the Eye, and wound her in the most sensible place about her: Insomuch that as those Meats which most delight our appetites in health, are the most loathsome to us being Sick; so the very name of *Iphigenes*, on whom shee looked so favorably before this false report, hereupon became odious unto her, and his presence insupportable. The matchless Civilitie, Modestie, and chast Demeanure, which formerly shee had with leisure remarked in this beautifull Youth, vanished all in one moment out of her Mind, and the place of Truth was presently usurped by false Reports and vain surmises. How easie it is in a Woman's heart to supplant the Innocent!

They had a fairer game to play with the *King*: For the familiarity and free access which *Iphigenes* had to the *Queen* and the other Ladies, more than ever was permitted to any other *Favorite*, presently cast dust in the Eyes of his *Reason*; And as for the most part wee are the last that know what is sayd of us, they made his *Majesty* believe that every one's mouth was fill'd with the ill deportments of *Iphigenes*, to whom moreover they attributed the insolence of boasting of Favors, which (though hee had received) hee ought to have kept secret; But this (they said) they could not bee induced to believe of a *princess* so Vertuous, & who had alwaies led so exemplary a life as the *Queen*; Nevertheless that *Greatness* was not *Goodness*, neither could her *Dignity* hinder her from being a *Woman*, that is, like Christall, the more brittle, the more it is resplendent. This is the usuall procedure of all envious Back-biters, they draw their Arms backwards, like Archers, to make their shafts enter deeper, feigning not to believe themselves, what they indeavour to perswade others: their soothing words are as the Oyl, wherein Surgeons use to dip the end of their Lancets to render the point more piercing. The *Bed* and the *Throne* admit of no Competitors; in these, *Suspicions* are *Oracles*, and *Shadows* seem Lights of *Truth*. Nevertheless the *King* (who had by long experience known his Companion, and who did not only believe her, but knew her to bee all white with purity and innocence; besides, not finding that the most venimous nails of *Envy* could make the least impression in the polished Ivory of *Iphigenes* actions, as far as hee ever could discern) like a prudent and equitable *Prince*, would not decide a cause of such importance upon that bare report, lest hee should thereby fall into Accidents as scandalous as full of injustice; Much less did hee think it sutable to his *Majesty*, to inform himself more

more particularly in such ticklish matters, it being an Act of little discretion to seek too curiously after that, which one would bee aggrieved to find. But judging (and rightly) that a business of this Nature ought rather to bee hushed up than published, not to offend his own honour, nor give occasion to any other to bee scandalized, Hee thought it more convenient to unsow gently, than rend in pieces Violently: Knowing that if that relation were but a fiction, *Time* (the Father of *Verity*) would discover it's *Vanity*; that if those affections were then but beginning, *Absence* would deracinate them (like young plants) before they took too deep root; at the worst, that it was but casting Earth upon that Fire, that is, interposing a good distance of ground betwixt them, *Love*'s power remaining effectless in the privation of the *Object*. The expedient which *Prudence* suggested to him, was to send *Iphigenes* from his *Court*, under pretence of taking possession of his new *Palatinate*, where being, Hee would command him to stay to acquire credit amongst his Subjects, and take account of the *Castelliani*, without returning to the *Court* untill further order, which in good tearms is called an Honourable Banishment.

The Storm fell all at once upon the faultless *Iphigenes*, by the Eclips of the *Gemini*, the favourable looks of their two *Majesties*; and, which was very strange, the treachery was designed and effected so artificially, that hee could not devise who should bee the Artificers, nor, which afflicted him the more, knew the Cause of his disgrace: In that respect more miserable than those Criminalls, who by hearing their Indictment read, are at least informed of the reason of their punishment. But what was most of all to be admired, was, that neither the *King* nor the *Queen*, who both agreed in this relegation, did communicate to each other their Thoughts, which by different projects arrived at the same End. Those that have purchased *Favour* by Merit, not by Subtilities, have a certain generosity not common to all *Favorites*, by vertue whereof they descend with as much Glory as they were raisd, like a Lyon as bold in his retreat as in his Sallie, and as *Cesar*, who feeling himself Stabbed in open *Senat*, took care to adjust the folds of his Robe, that hee might fall honourably, as is remarked by his own Historian. *Iphigenes* without inquiring further into the Occasion of his being thus on a sodain discountenanced, not to irritate their *Majesties*, and without preventing their Commands by a predemanded leave or any feined distast, was willing without reply to subscribe to the *King*'s Will, which his obedience held to be a sufficient Reason. As hee was

just

juſt upon the point of fitting his train for his journey into his *Palatinate*, not complaining as commonly thoſe do, who know themſelves not guilty, or thoſe that leave their Fortunes with Regret; nor ſeeking to juſtifie himſelf, which had been to accuſe his Maſter of Injuſtice, in regard that before *Kings* (in that, *like God*) no juſtification can ſubſiſt, their Diſgrace only being capable to render the moſt Innocent Culpable. It was not without ſome remorſe on the *King*'s part, ſome diſcontentment on the *Queen*'s, and the univerſall ſorrow of the *Court*, that this fair Star was Eclipſed from that Climate, which ſeemed to borrow more leſs-luſter from his preſence, than it received from the ſplendor of the *Royaltie*. But Miſchiefs, which ſeldome or never come ſingle, attended *Iphigenes* by the way, to make him alter his Courſe, and try his patience in more than one manner. Being ready to depart, a Meſſenger brought him news of a diſaſter befallen Him, who was the light of his eyes, and for the poſſeſſion of whom hee would not only have left his *Favor* at the *Court*, but willingly have reſigned Scepters and Crowns, which are but Vanities, as Onerous as Honourble. *Liante*, the Object of his thoughts, was made priſoner in one of his Father's Caſtles, and ſo ſtrictly garded, that hee was hardly permitted the liberty to take the Air; which impriſonment was impoſed upon him for the reaſon which you ſhall hear.

Whileſt *Iphigenes* was ſwimming in the full ſtream of *Favor* at *Court*, being the Torment and the Delight of all Eyes & Hearts, and the *Minion* of *Fortune*; *Liante* plunged in the depth of an inconceivable Melanchollie, as well for the abſence of his dear friend, as to ſee himſelf conſtrained (like *Siſyphus*) to rowl an unpleaſing Stone without any relaxation, I mean to wed himſelf to a vocation, which (though honorable in it ſelf) was however odious to him, had no other means to divert his diſcontented thoughts, nor any other poſſibility of releaſing himſelf out of that thraldome, than by flattering his fancy with the the alliance of *Clemencia*; who burning in a mutuall flame for him, did daily (with all the civill reſpects and diſcretion, that could bee deſired of a modeſt and well educated Virgin) render him moſt fervent teſtimonies of her chaſte affection. Although *Love* loveth ſecreſie as the Violets do the ſhade; yet it is eaſie to follow it by the track, and, if it be honourable, to ſmell it a far off by the odour of its parfumes; if it bee otherwiſe, the blackneſs, the ſtinking ſmoak, & the ſhamefull Events that alwaies do ſucceed illicite deſires, will at length make it known. *Perpetua* ſleeping in ſecurity as for *Modeſtina*'s part by reaſon of *Iphigenes*'s

abſence,

abſence, applied all her care to obſerve the deportments of *Clemencia*, in whom (like a ſubtile Matron) having perceived either by her Complexion, in her Eyes, or her Actions the Tokens of an *Heart* diſtemper'd and taken with ſome Object, like a cunning Hound ſhee followed the ſent ſo cloſe, that in ſhort time ſhee found where the *Hare* had made her *Form*, and diſcovered on which ſide *Clemencia's* Pulſe did beat. The more knowledges hee gained of this ſecret intelligence 'twixt her and *Liante*, the more ſhee feined ignorance, like Fiſhers who let their Angles looſe, the better to draw the Fiſhes to them, or drive them gently into the Leaps, there to make prey of them; Or like Fowlers who ſeem to go away, when they would have the Birds come into their Nets. Indeed how witty and inventive ſoever young heads are, it is hard for them to deceive old People; for if their Bodies be decayed with Age, their Spirits beeing refined by Experience, do lead the others to the School of Prudence. In a word, this old Governeſs was too quick-ſighted for our young Lovers; Shee, like an *Owle*, could ſee by Night, that is, in the moſt obſcure corners of their retreats; Shee underſtood the Language of their Looks; Shee could Divine the meaning of their Hearts; Shee clearly ſaw the complacency of their converſations, whether in the Houſe, ſitting alone in the Gardens, walking in the Fields, or in company; Shee perceived that *Modeſtina* was likewiſe of their intelligence, and that Shee contributed what ſhee could to the unity of theſe two Hearts, for the contentment of her Brother, whom *Iphigenes* had recommended to her above all things (Alas! with a quite other intention.) But that which made this *Lynx* penetrate into the depth of this Myſtery, was the diſcovery which the reſtleſs old Ferret made of a private place, where our young Lovers were accuſtomed to put their Letters, and ſo interchange their correſpondence without beeing perceived by any. This crafty Female finding them, peruſed them, and then put them into their place again, for they had no other ſeal than a little band of Silk; in regard they were to paſs through no third hand, the ſecrecy of the place ſuffiſed to keep them cloſe. Although *Perpetua* found by a long file of circumſtances, that there was nothing but what was chaſt and honeſt in their pretenſions, ſince all their deſigns did aym at that great *Sacrament*, whoſe ſacred end doth in ſome manner juſtifie all the wayes that do conduct to the accompliſhment of it: yet knowing the deſign of *Mieſlas*, which was to make *Liante* eſpouſe an *Eccleſiaſtick* life, thereby to draw all the Eſtate to *Iphigenes* by the right of his Wife

Modeſtina, and beſides, being advertiſed of the Match, which was in agitation at *Court*, betwixt the *Prince Caſſin* and *Clemencia*, Shee thought it no leſs than her duty to acquaint *Aretuza* with the ſecret affections of her Daughter and *Liante*, to the end they might be crop't in the Bud, and that ſuch remedies might bee applied as ſhould bee thought moſt convenient. *Aretuza* (who had other thoughts in her mind, knowing that *Iphigenes*, according to the hopes ſhee her ſelf had given him, pretended to *Liante* with a more than ordinary paſſion) was glad of this advice, and being deſirous to break this intelligence, to preſerve *Liante* for *Iphigenes*, Shee forthwith gave *Mieſtas* notice, as alſo did *Perpetua*.

Mieſtas (who was Rigour and Barbariſm it ſelf) commanded immediately to ſeparate thoſe two Lovers, (as if *Hearts* could as eaſily be diſ-joyned as *Bodies*) that *Liante* ſhould be kept ſo cloſe Priſoner in one of his Caſtles (with onely his Tutor and ſuch Servants as were requiſite) that hee might have no poſſibility of continuing his correſpondence with *Clemencia*, whom hee had promiſed to the *Prince Caſſin* and the *Princeſs Reſpicia*, and would have the Marriage concluded with all expedition. This command was no ſooner received but executed, and to the end the Proceſs might be made by Evidences that could not be denied, *Perpetua*, like an hungry *Kite* wheeling too & fro, having pryed out the Cabinet where *Clemencia* kept the Papers ſhee received from *Liante*, one day ſhee fell upon it, and finding the Neſt full of young ones, ſhee ſeized on them with her greedy claws. *Liante* was the Father, and *Clemencia* the Mother of them, ſince (as Hens do their Chickens) ſhee kept them under the ſhelter of her Wings. The loſs of thoſe dear Pledges of Affection was reſented by *Clemencia* with ſuch ſorrow, as you may imagine a vertuous Virgin would conceive being ſurpriſed in that manner. *Liante's* Tutour having received inſtructions from *Perpetua* did the like to his Pupill, which caſt him into ſuch a perplexity, as no words can expreſs; And to heap up the meaſure of his ſorrow, hee ſaw himſelf debarred of the preſence of Her (whoſe ſweet Diſpoſition and Fidelity Hee had more reaſon to love, than Her beauty, whereof *Nature* had been but ſparing to her) and not onely that, but confined to a Priſon, which was no leſs odious to him, than the cauſe of his impriſonment was unjuſt. *Iphigenes* received intelligence of all theſe paſſages from *Aretuza*, who knew that if this rigorous treatment did diſlike him in one reſpect, it would be pleaſing to him on the other, ſince it did put an obſtacle to that Alliance, which might have been

been prejudicall to his design. But *Iphigenes* (who was grown so Rich and so Great, that the advantage of *Rosuald's* Inheritance was nothing considerable to him, and who loved *Liante* with a Love of perfect Friendship, that is, with an affection so free from Interests, that it aymed at no other end, than the good of the person beloved) though glad on the one side to see that *Miestas* so played his Game, as to stop the current of *Liante's* and *Clemencia's* correspondence, was much grieved on the other for the captivity of his dear Brother-in-law, whose liberty hee resolved to procure some way or other, though to the hazard of his own contentment. This was the occasion, that before hee went into his own *Palatinate* of *Vratislaü*, hee demanded leave of His Majesty to go first into *Podolia*, under pretence of taking his Wife along with him into his Government; which request was so reasonable that there was no Probability of its beeing subject to a Deniall.

Miestas knowing of his Son's Design to go into *Podolia*, and fearing, amongst divers other things, the Consummation of his Marriage with *Modestina* (which hee had least reason of all to apprehend) and lest by the importunities of his Wife, Hee should be constrained to give *Liante* his liberty, and not onely that, but also to confirm the Match betwixt him and *Clemencia*, as hee had formerly seemed to desire; All which was extreamly contrary to the Resolutions, which hee had made with the *Princess Respicia*, concerning the double alliance of their Children. Fearing, I say, all these events severally, and much more, beeing put together, Hee employed all his Power and Rhetorick to dissuade his Son from going into *Podolia*, counselling him punctually to obey the *King's* command, which was, to retire into his own *Palatinate* of *Vratislaü*: But his hopes were, that hee beeing far distant from *Modestina*, Time, the great Worker of Oblivion, might purge his Heart of that Passion, and dispose him to the Nuptialls of *Simphoroza*: But all his Intreaties, all his Perswasions could not induce *Iphigenes* to change his Determination; And although divers times, according to his haughty humour, hee would thunder out some imperious Language, and express himself in tearms that witnessed his Displeasure, yet hee durst not attribute too much to his Fatherly Authority, his Son beeing (according to the World) as Great, and in some respects Greater and Richer than himself. But what did hee? whether according to the dictates of his own Disposition (as Cruell as Covetous) or whether instigated by the suggestions of the crafty *Princess Respicia*, to prevent

the miſchief which Hee apprehended, Hee ſent with all expedition a command to commit *Modeſtina* cloſe Priſoner in another of his Caſtles, (but far ſtronger than where the afflicted *Liante* was) to hinder his Son, even to the extremity, from enjoying that Wife, which hee was reſolved to take from him, and place *Simpheroza* in her room, under whoſe Infantine Countenance *Reſpicia* did hide her own full-grown deſires.

It is a generall Maxime at *Court* as well as in *War*, that a Man fails but once, as Hee can fall but once that tumbles from an high precipice (for at the firſt falling one's ſure to break his neck;) the *Favour* of *Princes* holding ſomewhat of the Nature of the bone in an Horſe's Leg, which being once broken can never bee well ſet again. For *Monarks* do imagine that they never do any body wrong, and that the moſt innocent are culpable, if they conceive but the leaſt ſuſpition againſt them. That if by evident proofs they are brought to acknowledge their unjuſt precipitation, inſtead of repenting (as if they were impeccable) they perſwade themſelves, (although by a re-eſtabliſhment they ſalve the ſore of the offended party) that the Cicatrice will yet remain, which leaves a ſenſe of the injury, like that of the *Goddeſs Juno*, irritated by the judgement of *Paris*, who could never be reconciled. But all theſe *Axiomes* were contradicted in this diſmiſſion of *Iphigenes*; for never was any Diſgrace more Gracious, Diſfavour more Favorable, Misfortune more Fortunate, nor Exilement more Gentle. Oh! how highly would hee have obliged the *King* (if *Kings* can be obliged) whoſoever could have deviſed ſome honorable expedient to retein *Iphigenes*! But the Plot was contrived againſt him with ſuch ſubtility, that neither the *King* nor *Queen* (though they had deſired it) knew which way to motion it. For although they both perceived the innocence of *Iphigenes* as clearly as the Sun is to be ſeen at Noon-day (if there had been no other proof than his leaving the *Court* with ſo little ſhew of diſguſt;) yet their Honours were equally ingaged to ſuffer his departure, to remove the reciprocall umbrages of ſuſpition, wherein the malice of his Enemies had ſo cunningly involved them, that the *King* knew not that the *Queen* had any Jealouſie of him, neither did Shee imagine that Hee had any diffidence of Her; for neither of them made the leaſt ſhew of any diſcontent; their Tongues beeing, as it were, Inchanted with the charm of *Calumny*, could not communicate the conceptions of their Hearts. But when they conſidered that the *Crown* was in a manner falling from their heads, *Iphigenes*, the *Soul* or (as I may ſay) the *Court*

of

of their *Court*, beeing to take his leave, they could not but reſent the compunctions of ſorrow for that ſeparation: however they ſwallowed that draught not ſo much to pleaſe their taſtes, as for their health, ſince that *Abſence* was to be the Medicine to cure their diſeaſed *Minds*, and ſerve as a Touch-ſtone to the Truth, to diſcern Impoſtures.

Never was any departure ſo glorious as that of *Iphigenes*, you would have ſaid that hee went to put the *Court* into a Sepulcher, and that it was the Funerall of the publick Joy; if the Mourning appeared not in the apparrell, it was in the People's Hearts, which is far more eſſentiall. The *King* himſelf, (when hee came to kiſs his Hands) diſcovered in his Countenance moſt evident ſigns of Sorrow, not as repenting that hee had raiſed his *Fortune*, but that hee had ſo diſcarded him: And taking him aſide, he ſpent ſome time in Diſcourſe, guilding that Pill, & Sugring that *Ruburb*, to make him ſwallow it with the leſs difficulty, Telling him *That hee muſt give way to the Torrent of Envy, for fear it ſhould ruine all that oppoſed its fury; That it was a part of Wiſdom to yeild rather than to withſtand it; That indeed hee had many Detractours, but all their reports did make no more impreſſion in his thoughts, than a Stone in a running Water.* Hee promiſed to recall him er'e long, proteſting *That it grieved him to ſuffer him any time out of his preſence, however hee would have him think that it was not to diſparage him, but to authorize him the more, giving him the means to purchaſe Credit and Eſteem in his Government, which might one day bee uſefull for the ſervice of his Crown; That hee uſed him like a Father, that ſend's his Son to Academies in ſtrange Countries, to learn the Art of living in the School of the World, and return with more knowledge Home.* Moreover, in token of his reall Affection, hee gave him as great Preſents, as ever hee had done formerly, commanding his Treaſurers to defray all the charges of his Journy, and giving his *Courtiers* to underſtand, that thoſe who would accompany *Iphigenes* in Complement out of the City, would do him a Pleaſure, and thoſe that would attend him all the way, would do a Service as acceptable as if rendred to his own Perſon.

To all this *Iphigenes*, confounded with ſo many ſignall Favours, could make no diſtinct anſwer; yet the confuſion of his Speech, and the throbbing of his Heart, with the colours of *Vertue*, which rendred his Face more beautifull than that of *Aurora*, when ſhee riſeth under a ſerene Sky, furniſhed him with a Diſcourſe that ſurpaſſed the Eloquence of any Tongue; whereunto if you add that moving and fluent Language, which iſſueth out of the Eyes, when bathed with Tears, there

is no charm in all the Art of *Rhetorick* can parallel this manner of Expression: for 'tis the Heart that speaks in bleeding through the Eyes. What *Iphigenes*? do you play the *Woman*? Ha! Are you not afraid to bee discovered? certainly *Ulisses* knew that *Achilles*, under a *Woman's* habit, was a *Man*, by Tokens less evident. At length Sighs & Sobs having made way for Words, hee thus replied; *Your* Majesty *looking on mee as a Creature of your own making, would be sorry to undoe the work of your Hands, therefore you are pleased to surcharge me with so many Favours, and heap such multitudes of benefits upon mee, that in despight of my Gratitude I must die Ingratefull to your exceeding Munificence; but that spot can be no blemish to mee, seeing that it is the Will which acknowledgeth Obligations, and payeth in some kind by Desire, what it cannot in Effect.* Sir, *you know how often I have beseeched you to moderate the Favours and Graces (wherewith your Liberality over-loaded mee) not to offend the malevolent Eye of Envy, who not measuring Presents by the Greatness of the Giver, but by the Meanness of the Receiver, cannot endure that* Kings *should exalt those who have the happiness to gain their Favour, to the prejudice of their Capricious Humours, which make them find nothing to their minds. As Envy is displeasing to all the World, so all the World displeaseth it, all hands are against it, and it's hand is against the most innocent. I should take glory in its Malice, for thence I might derive an occasion to presume of having some vertue, since that is the common Object of its malign practises; But I must confess that in separating mee from the presence of Your* Majesty, *it hath found the means to wound me in the most tender part, and discovered the secret to put my Patience to the harshest triall that I could imagine. For there is no* Grandeur, *no Riches that I would not trample under my feet as Dung. So that I might but remain neer Your* Majesty, *and all is but Dirt and Ashes to me in your absence. The Colours which they have chosen to banish me from your* Court, *are very specious; This is to pursue me with Roses and Flowers, to persecute mee in casting Oranges and Vialls of sweet Waters at mee; It is to cut off my Head with a Blade of Gold, or strangle mee with a Silken Halter. I do not question, Sir, the reason of my Exile, it suffiseth, that it is your Pleasure, to perswade mee that it is Just; if you would command mee to go meet Death, you should see mee run headlong to obey you, although I were most certain that I had not deserved it. Were it in my choyce, I should freely say to your Greatness, Bee pleased to take from mee what your immense Liberality hath hitherto powred upon my head. But since your Ordinance is otherwise, and that, burthened with Benefits, I must leave the Source for the Rivulets, and bee removed hence for the*

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advancement of your affairs and ſervice (without conſidering the diſadvantage to my Honour, or the joy, I will not ſay, of my enemies, (for I have indeavoured as much as in mee lay not to purchaſe any) but of thoſe that are jealous of the Graces I have received from your Goodneſs) I am willing to deprive my ſelf, as long as your Majeſty *ſhall pleaſe, of the glory of your preſence, in teſtimony of my extream Obedience and Fidelity, proteſting that I had rather Die at your feet, than Live far from you in all the honours and delights Imaginable.* This diſcourſe interrupted ſometimes with Sobs, and accompanyed with Tears, as pittifull as the Grief, which produced them, was reall, ſo moved the *King's* generous Spirit, that hee was almoſt in the mind to repeal *Iphigenes* Baniſhment. But humane Prudence, for the reaſons already declared, prevailed above his Affection; ſhewing therein his great vertue by ſubduing himſelf.

Iphigenes after this, (with the *King's* permiſſion) went to take leave of the *Queen*, who (like a woman,) knew better how to diſſemble her regret, but not retein her tears, whoſe flowing betrayed her Countenance, which ſhee had framed to Gravity and Diſdain; So that at length ſhee was inforced to leave off that borrowed Viſard, and ſhew openly enough to *Iphigenes*, that ſhee loſt in him (not without reſentment) the richeſt Ornament of her *Court*, but that the *King* making her hope that his abſence ſhou'd not bee long, ſhee comforted her ſelf with the expectation of his return, wiſhing him all happineſs in his Journey, and recommending him to continue in the fidelity, which hee had alwaies expreſt in his *Majeſtie's* ſervice, who had obliged him thereunto by ſo many gracious favours. Whereunto *Iphigenes* with a cheerfull and confident look, replyed, MADAM, *Since after ſo many glorious dayes ſpent under the heaven of your* Court, *in the preſence of your Favour, I muſt plunge, or rather bury my ſelf alive in the obſcurity of a tedious abſence: my Reaſon more powerfull than my Senſes, forbid's mee to complain, and denying utterance to my Sorrow, rendreth it ſo much the more miſerable, the leſs it dare's diſcloſe it's Agonie. Since after ſo many graces received, and ſo many others that I hoped to receive from your* Royall *Beneficence, there is a neceſſity of my experimenting the Rain after the fair Weather, and Thorns after the Roſes, I can do no leſs than extoll the high* Providence of Heaven, *which deſtinying mee to Misfortune after ſo many humane Felicities, hath ordeined that my Chaſtiſement proceed's from the ſame hands that have made mee what I am, and from whom I have received greater benefits than I was ever able to deſerve, If my Affection to ſerve your* Majeſties *ſupply not the place of Merit. Indeed the Excellency of the Cauſe,*

make's

make's mee rather applaud than condemn the Rigor of the Effect. If the extremity of Sorrow may be allowed to utter Words rather free than desperate, permit mee, MADAM, *to say With all due respect to your* Majesty, *that if I have any Way failed in the Honour or Fidelity that can be required from the most humble Subjection and Servitude; If I have deviated in the least from my* Devoir, *after the reception of so many Gratifications, there is no torment cruell enough to inflict upon such a Monster of Ingratitude. Banishment is too Mild, & such a one as is procured mee, too Honourable for a Punishment which ought to bee more Exemplary. But Why do I speak, having protested to suffer in Silence? I belye my own proposition, and fly into complaints, which cannot appear just Without doing injury to your Prudence and Equity. Excuse,* MADAM, *the vehemencie of my Sorrow, since, seeing my self torn from the* King, *my Master, Whose presence and favour I esteem more than my life, I feel my Heart rend in pieces, and my Soul seperate from my Body. What Trophies will my Enviers raise to their Malignity, seeing their designs Which aym at nothing but my ruine, take effect? What Vanity Will puffe up their poisonous Minds, that they have had the power to infect such clear Judgements as your* Majestie's, *making their Calumnies prevail against my Innocencie? But it suffiseth that it is your Will, I most humbly submit to the absolute Power you have over my Life, my Death, my Honour and my Fortune; for, being your Creature you may dispose of mee, as the Potter of his Clay, forming mee, according to your own pleasure, into a Vessell of Magnificence or Ignominie. I am ready to condemn my Innocency, Whensoever you shall pronounce it guilty, and to subscribe my accusation Without replying: And if you please to dictate the Sentence of my Death, I Will Write and sign it With my Blood, and Willingly fulfill your decree With the loss of my Life: For, preserving it for no other end, than to employ it in your* Majestie's *service, I cannot lose it more honorably, nor more advantagiously than to content you. But since your* Majesties *have otherwise determined, and that I am reserved to live, that my Life may be as a lingring Death to mee, I Will yeild shamefully to those Who procure my Disgrace, choosing rather to faile by a faint-hearted Obedience, than defend my self with a rebellious Generosity. Perhaps one day the Light may shine through the Darkness, and that* Time, *Which maketh evident the most hidden things, drawing Truth out of the bottom of the Well, may render mee Worthy to appear again before your* Majesty *with so much Advantage, that my present Dammage Will seem as the seed of my future Prosperity.*

Imagine you if the *Queen*, being a vertuous and mercifull *Princess*, and a Woman, of a tender Disposition and susceptible of Compassion,

could

could hear this long diſcourſe without being ſomwhat moved. So, for his farther ſatisfaction ſhee gave him to underſtand, *That ſhee had been informed by the* King, *that this ſending him into his Government was not intended through any diſlike of theirs, but for reaſons which regarded the* State *and the ſervice of their* Crown: *Aſſuring him that for her part ſhee had no prejudiciall opinion of him, not ſuffering her ſelf eaſily to bee carried away by ſlight ſuppoſitions and falſe reports, (which like importunate Waſps are alwaies buzzing at the ears of* Princes;) *that hee might remain aſſured, wherein ſhee could procure him any advantage, or do him any good office to her Husband and* Sovereign, *that ſhee would indeavour it with a ſincere affection.* To theſe *words*, which were worth mountains of Gold, ſhee added no *preſents*, becauſe *thoſe* paſs away, but *theſe* remain, and being more materiall give more occaſion of Suſpition, from which ſhee deſired to keep her ſelf as free as ſhee was from Crime. Thus *Iphigenes* in an unheard-of manner, was diſmiſſed from *Court*, with extraordinary Careſſes from both their *Majeſties*, and (which was admirable) not diſſembled. To demand permiſſion to paſs through *Podolia*, to take his wife thence with him into his *Palatinate*, and to obtein it, was all one. The Courtiers, thoſe *Prothenſſes*, who change according to the inclination of their *Prince*, made (in imitation of the *King*) a thouſand compliments to *Iphigenes*, and large expreſſions of ſorrow, when ſome of their hearts leaped with joy at his departure.

The falſe accuſers of *Socrates*, *Anitus* and *Melitus*, ſeeing the univerſall mourning of the *Athenians* for the death of that great *Philoſopher*, being haunted with *Furies*, and tortured with the remorſe of their own Conſciences, became their own Executioners. The Calumniators of our *Favorite*, were upon the point of giving themſelves over to the like rage; but they did more wiſely to reſerve themſelves to a better end by repentance. Thoſe who thought to have pleaſed their *Majeſties* in not accompanying *Iphigenes*, found themſelves deceived in their opinions, receiving as little Countenance from the *King*, as they ſhewed little Courteſie to him: And thoſe who did that civility to him, were favourably looked upon at their return: But how were they eſteemed and applauded that rendring themſelves his conſtant followers, became partakers of his adverſe, as well as of his favorable *Fortune*? They inverted the ſenſe of this common ſaying, *The Fortunate are oppreſſed with Multitudes, and Solitarineſs enviroueth the Miſerable.* Some *Flies* & now and then a *Swallow* is ſeen in *Winter*, and their rarity maketh them the more remarkable. Thoſe who abandon not their friends when *For-*

tune knits her brows, shew they are not led on by interest, but that affection to the persons beloved doth attract them. This apparent disgrace of *Iphigenes* did nothing diminish the ardent flames of the passionate *Princess Respicia*, all that troubled her was his ominous Journey into *Podolia*, which seemed to threaten the shipwrack of her pretensions. What will not a heart resolve being touched with that fire, which breeds the greater torment the more it is concealed? To hinder the Consummation of his Marriage with *Modestina* (which *Miesla* had already prevented) shee determined to follow *Iphigenes* and *Miesla* into *Podolia*, under pretence of affiancing the *Prince Cassin* with *Clemencia*, and to indeavour to perswade *Iphigenes* to marry her Daughter *Simphoroza*, though there was nothing more far from her intention than the latter. If *Modesty* had permitted, shee would have put her self amongst that troop of Courtiers that accompanyed *Iphigenes*, amongst whom the *Prince Cassin* was the first in quality and in rank, taking this occasion to assist his future Brother-in-law, and see his Mistress. The brave *Pomeran*, inviolably wedded to the fortune of *Iphigenes*, was likewise of the number: As also *Argal* and *Pisides* (who being a Lord *Castellain* in the *Palatinate* of *Vratislavia*, and of an antient family, resolved to employ all his own means, and use the utmost of his friend's power to serve *Iphigenes* after his arrivall in his Government;) Besides a great train of other Noblemen and Gentlemen of *Podolia*, that returned from *Court* with *Miesla*. *Iphigenes* in this pompous retirement was like a certain sort of Tapers, which composed of *Aromaticall* ingredients, exhale not so much sweet odor burning, as when extinguished, or *Incense* which smoaketh not untill put on the coals, and spices that render no sent untill they are beaten. This I say, because the reputation of *Iphigenes* was greater in his absence than in his presence, Privation making the injoyment of him more valuable. And as a Beard grows thicker after shaving, so his Renown increased under the Razor of Detraction.

Miesla being entred into his *Palatinate*, made his Son bee received with the greatest delights and honours that hee could devise, but it was to make him taste Gall after this Honey, & give him an *after-course* not conformable to this *first-Service*, for, being arrived at the place of his residence, hee neither found his wife *Modestina*, nor his Brother-in-law *Iphigenes* with *Aretuza*, whereat hee expressed no slight discontent. And although by an especiall providence of *Heaven*, *Miesla* had inclosed *Modestina* in a place inaccessible by any force (which might serve for a specious pretext to *Iphigenes* to keep hid the defect which hindred him

from

from acting the husband really) yet hee feined to bee very ſenſible of the injury they did him in debarring him of the poſſeſſion of Her, whom hee could not injoy in that quality hee pretended, by reaſon of the obſtacles which *Nature* had impoſed at his Creation. His Mother to whom hee communicated all his deſignes, could not enough admire with what grace and induſtry hee concealed his condition, and dazled the Eyes of ſuch quick-ſighted overſeers. Whileſt hee fumed and raged to have his Wife releaſed (towards whom, if they had granted his requeſt, hee knew not how to behave himſelf as a Husband) *Mieſlas* oppoſed the rigor of his Fatherly Authority, alleadging, That *his Marriage was made before the time*, that *the conſentment of the parties at ſuch tender years could bee but imperfect, and therefore hee held it as nothing*; that *the face of things being changed, hee did revoke the conſent which hee had given to that Contract, having ſince ingaged his word to the* Princeſs Reſpicia. Then, being further importuned to ſet *Modeſtina* at liberty, hee threatned his Son with fearfull maledictions, if ever hee took her as his Wife. Hereupon *Iphigenes*, handſomely feining Scruples of Conſcience, ſeemed to apprehend leſt his Father's curſes ſhould light upon his Poſterity, and abſolutely ruine his Fortune, which already was ſhrewdly ſhaken; Inſomuch that *Mieſlas* perceiving that this battery made breach in *Iphigenes* Soul, mounted no other Artillery, and employed no other Thunderbolts to reduce all his indeavours unto aſhes.

In the heat of theſe conteſtations arrived the *Princeſs Reſpicia*, bringing her Daughter *Simphoroza*, whoſe age being yet too neer Infancy, was incapable, for certain years, of bearing *Hymen*'s yoke. At her coming (as at the appearance of *Porpoſes* a Tempeſt is obſerved to follow) *Mieſlas* began again to ſtorm and torment *Iphigenes* to marry *Simphoroza*. Hee alleadged for excuſe his Faith given to *Modeſtina*, that whom *God* hath joyned, men could not ſeparate, that nothing but *death* ſhould break the Bands that united his heart to her's; beſides, hee would have perſwaded them that hee had in a manner paſſed to a perfect Conſummation, and that ſhee was not only his wife by words but in effect: But this was contradicted by *Perpetua* and *Modeſtina* her ſelf, whoſe innocent depoſition declared that ſhee never knew what Man was. *Reſpicia* knowing, that as in Naturall things the Corruption of the one, is the Generation of another; So in affairs, the Rupture of one, is the Accompliſhment of another, urged nothing ſo eagerly as the Diſſolution of this firſt Marriage.

The Fourth Book.

ARGUMENT.

The Reſult of the Divine's *Conſultation concerning the diſſolution of the Marriage betwixt* Iphigenes *and* Modeſtina. *The* Court-*Maxime.* Iphigenes *objects the ſame Reaſon for not marrying* Simphoroza, *as was alleadged by the Caſuiſts againſt* Modeſtina. Simphoroza *being excepted againſt for her too tender years,* Mieſlas (*by* Reſpicia's *inſtigation*) *propounds the Mother in the Daughter's place.* Iphigenes's *anſwer to his Father.* Clemencia *refuſes to marry* Caſſin. *The fury of* Mieſlas *for her Obſtinacy.* Caſſin *having left* Podolia *diſcontented indeavour's all hee can at* Court *to hinder his* Mother's *marriage with* Iphigenes. Liante *being eſcaped out of his Priſon by means of his dear Brother-in-law* Iphigenes *is ſecretly conveyed into his* Palatinate. Iphigenes *retiring to his own Government leaves* Aretuza *as full of ſatisfaction, as* Mieſlas *of Perplexity for the Croſſeneſs of his Children.* Reſpicia, *accompanyed by* Mieſlas, *returns with ſmall contentment to the* Court. Liante *being arrived in the* Palatinate *of* Plocens *diſguiſes himſelfe in a Sheepheardeſſe's habit under the name of* Almeria. Iphigenes *loſeth his company in Hunting to meet with his* Almeria. *Their Diſcourſe. The Reaſon why* Liante *made uſe of that Diſguiſe.* Merinda *Daughter to* Celian, *in whoſe Houſe* Liante *concealed himſelf, fall's in Love with the feined Sheepheardeſs. Shee diſcover's her affection to him. The Character of* Courtiers *and* Countrey-*People.*

THere are in the World certain Divines *à la mode*, who can adapt the Scripture and the Fathers of the *Church* ſo dexterouſly to their own Fantaſies, and to the palates of thoſe that conſult them, and whoſe paſſions they deſire to flatter; that they faſhion that Water of ſaving Wiſdom to the form of the Veſſell which receive's it, planting the *Canons* of the *Church* againſt ſuch opinions as they liſt, and Levelling them in ſuch ſort as they Demoliſh, Edifie, root

up

up and ſet as they think fitting; Like Pilots who direct their Rudders in a ſtrait and Oblique line according to the Motion of the Waves that agitate their Ships. *Iphigenes* to whom all women were indifferent, for the reaſons already declared (making no other Intrenchment than within the Fort of his Conſcience) had that ſcruple cleared by a Conſultation of *Church*-men appointed by *Reſpicia* and *Mieſlas*; The reſult whereof was, *That* in regard the Infantine age of the parties Contracted, being added to ſome kind of force uſed by the Contracter, *Mieſlas*, rendred their conſentment invalide, ſince the uſe of Bodies had not intervened, they eſteemed that Obligation voyd, and *that* without offence they might proceed to another Marriage; not conſidering, that as Contracts made by perſons in Minority, do become valid when they do ratifie them in their Majority, whereby an imperfect Conſentment is made perfect and of full force, when at an age more mature and capable of approving it, It is confirmed and renewed by mutuall promiſes: which had held undeniably in this caſe, if *Iphigenes* had been of a condition to take a wife, for as much as by divers letters written to *Modeſtina* and received from her, they had made a thouſand and a thouſand Oaths to each other of an inviolable Fidelity. But this *Maxime* is ſo ſtrongly eſtabliſhed at *Court*

(*the Powers above*
Laugh at the Oaths pronounc'd in heat of Love)

that when *Iphigenes* alledged Proteſtations beyond number, both verball and under his hand, which hee had made to *Modeſtina*, never to have any other wife but her, they ſcoffed at his words and letters as if they had been engraven on the Wind, and written on the Water. But they were to ſeek what to reply, when to their confuſion their deciſion rebounded in their own faces; For, *Iphigenes* readily preſented to them that *Simphoroza* was of years, not only incapable to conſummate the marriage, but to give a full and perfect conſent, without which (according to their own argument) that knot could not be rendred indiſſoluble. Hereupon the *Princeſs Reſpicia* made appear the ſubtility of her wit, feigning, what ſhee deſired with impatience, to Subrogate her ſelf in the place of her Daughter. This ſhee intimated to *Mieſlas* with ſo much Artifice, and ſuch Prodigious advantages for *Iphigenes* (for the moſt part of the Eſtate came by her) that the *Palatine* of *Podolia*, naturally deſirous of wealth to maintein his exceſſive expences, was preſently induced to hearken to her perſwaſions. On that ſide the buſineſs was as ſoon concluded as propounded; but they foreſaw much

difficulty to make the young Gentleman bite at this Golden Bait; for his own Estate was so plentifull, and his Honours so great, that how vast soever the Fortune of *Respicia* could bee, and how illustrious her Alliance; if the Appast (which youthly Palates do relish with most greedines) composed of *Beauty* and *Pleasure* were wanting, it must needs bee imagined that hee would not easily be drawn into that Marriage, as unequall for years on the one side as on the other: For, as *Simphoroza* was too young, and her tender Beauty, being not yet full blown, did promise no great matter in the Bud; So her Mother was too old, though not so aged as to bee rejected for ugly, nor so young as to bee rank'd amongst the Beautifull: Shee was in that Point as Women begin to leave the Attribute of *Fair*, to enter into the Predicament of *Good*. But beeing very Artificiall, shee had the Industry (without discovering that shee Painted) advantageously to repair the dammages which Age had done to her Presence, and doting upon her own Perfections, Shee gave such credit to the false Reports of her Looking-Glass, that shee fancied her self to bee the most lovely Creature breathing.

IPHIGENES making a Buckler, against his Father's Importunities, of the Child-hood of *Simphoroza*, *Miesias* said unto him, *And if I find you another Match Richer than shee, and of mature Age, will you accept of her?* Hereupon *Iphigenes* (to whom all Women were alike, for anything hee had to do with them) to counterfeit the obedient Son, declaring out of Compliment, *That* hee had no other Will then his, so that hee would please to give him time to know before hee Loved, there beeing nothing in the World so hard to do by *Force*, or in respect of *Duty*, as to *Love*. *Miesias*, ravished with this Act of Obedience, after acknowledgement of the Immortall Obligations Hee would do him, if hee would leave *Modestina* to marry one of the noblest and most opulent Ladies of *Polonia* (beeing lessoned before hand by the subtile *Respicia*) proposed by a thousand crafty circumlocutions the *Mother* in stead of the *Daughter*; and setting out her *Beauty* (like flattering Painters) with the Pensill of his Tongue, and magnifying her *Riches* with the Eloquence of a mouth of Gold, hee indeavoured to provoke *Iphigenes* appetite to relish that stale Fruit, and make him take a commodity that was not for his utterance. A modest blush covering his delicate Cheeks at the recitall of this Proposition; *What?* sayd Miesias, *you do like those foolishly nice Virgins that are dasht out of Countenance, when one speakes to them of a Husband. Indeed your Enviers at*

Court

Court *were miſtaken in the tearm, when they called you Effeminate, ſince you make ſo little account of Women, as to bluſh with ſhame when they are but mentioned. Truly* Sir, replyed IPHIGENES (the Bloud riſing faſter in his Face, becauſe his Father had taken notice of that Girliſh Action) *me think's (as that Ancient who would not be perſwaded to marry, anſwered thoſe that urged him thereunto in his youth, that it was yet too ſoon, and in his old Age, that it was then too late) I may freely ſay,* that *as it is not yet time for the* Daughter *to dream of Marrying, ſo it is more than time that the* Mother *ſhould leave ſuch thoughts; the one is too young, the other too far advanced in years (for the word Old is injurious to that Sex,) and both of them (if I have any Judgement) are very unfit for mee: I have Riches and Honours more than I need, & beeing by favour of Fate begotten by you, the alliance of a Wife can adde nothing to the nobleneſs of my Extraction, nor of my Poſterity. In Marriage is required not onely an augmentation of Fortune, but the equality of Age and Humours.*

This Diſcourſe ſo diſpleaſed the arrogant *Mieſtas*, who invoking Heaven and Earth againſt his *Son*, loaded his Rebellion with Imprecations, and fulminated a thouſand execrable curſes againſt his Diſobedience; *Iphigenes* feigning to be affraid of thoſe Threats and terrible Thunder-claps of his *Father's* wrath, beſeeched him to pardon him, if hee had declared his ſenſe ſo plainly, knowing *that* the firſt *Ideas* are generally but little Judicious, and *how* the firſt Motions are not in our Powers. *That* Reaſon did oblige him to acknowledge the Beauty, Nobleneſs, and Eminent advantages of the *Princeſs Reſpicia*; but that the *Senſe* ſurpriſing for the moſt part the *Judgement*, it arrives oft-times *that* upon ſecond thoughts wee deſire with ardour, what at the firſt we too inconſiderately rejected: *That* He knew Matrimony to be ſo ſage a Bargain, that therein was not to bee given ſo much acceſs to *Appetite* as to *Prudence*; *That* great Perſonages ought to hearken thereunto more out of *Maxim* of *State*, than for the conſideration of *Fleſh* and *Blood*, and *that* hee did deſire onely ſome time to reflect ſeriouſly thereupon, and give his reſolution. This ſatisfaction being ſpeedily applied to the wound in *Mieſtas* his cholerick breſt, took away all the pain and inflamation in a moment.

When *Iphigenes* had the full liberty of his thoughts, I give you leave to Judge what his Imaginations were of *Reſpicia's* Deſigns, all whoſe deportments repaſſing through his Memory, hee eaſily gathered by her former Diſcourſes to him at the *Court*, that beeing inamored of the Beauty which appeared in his Face, ſhee had diſguiſed her *own* Pretences

tences under the Marriages of her *Son* and *Daughter*; and then making reflection further upon the weakneſs of a Sex accompanied with ſuch cunning Plots, hee regretted that *Nature* having indued his *Mind* with ſuch a Maſculine Courage, had ranked his *Body* in ſo miſerable a Condition: At laſt, reſolving never to deceive any other Woman than *Modeſtina*, and in regard if hee married *Reſpicia*, his Secret would ſoon bee divulged, hee thought it moſt conducing to his purpoſe, to thruſt back *Time* by the Shoulders, and amuſe her with delayes. This Deſign hee imparted to *Aretuza*, who much approved his ingenuity; and you may gueſs, if knowing (as they did) the truth of *Iphigenes* Diſguiſement, they had not occaſion enough to make their Paſtime of the *Princeſſe's* Pain: Who being full of Vanity, ſeeing her ſelf Courted by *Iphigenes* with ſome little ſhew of Paſſion, conceited preſently that, *Baſilisk* like, ſhee had wounded him in the Eyes; which Opinion tranſported her into follies more extravagant than can bee imagined; But I will leave them at the end of my Pen, not to verifie this ſaying of a certain Author, *That there is nothing more ridiculous than a decrepite Souldier and an aged Lover.* Mean time *Iphigenes* protracted the determination of his reſolution, having his brains more troubled about procuring the liberty of his dear *Liante*. To demand that grace of his Father upon the nick of *Clemencia's* Marriage to the *Prince Caſſin*, were to put him quite off the hooks; beſides, to break that affection between his Siſter and that beloved Brother-in-Law, hee thought it materiall, firſt to let that Alliance betwixt the *Prince* and her bee fully concluded, wherein *Mieſlas* did labour all hee could.

Wee have already ſaid that *Clemencia* injoyed not ſo much outward Beauty, as inward Vertue; and that if *Liante* had any Inclination for Her, it was, becauſe Obliged by her Affection & Cordiality to him. But *Caſſin*, who had ſeen ſo many objects at *Court* more worthy to ſtay his thoughts, did look upon her meerly to pleaſe his Mother, and to ſatisfie the ambitious Deſire Hee had of raiſing himſelf to high Commands by the ſupport and favour of *Iphigenes*, who beeing then retired from the *Court*, which is the *Country* of Occaſions, and the *Field* where Dignities are reaped, this made the *Prince* more cold in his purſuit. Nevertheleſs having imbarked himſelf in that Voyage, and being advanced to offers of Service to Her, and Tearms of Agreement with *Mieſlas*, there was no poſſibility of his receding, without offending the *Palatine*, who had given Him his Word, and to whom Hee had reciprocally paſſed His. Beſides that, His Mother, who was entred into ſome hope of poſſeſſing

Iphigenes

Iphigenes (which Shee kept cloſe enough from His knowledge) egged Him daily on to finiſh that Treaty. *Iphigenes* on the other ſide (beeing importuned by *Miſſias* to the re-ſearch, or more properly, the Acquiſition of *Reſpicia*) found an expedient, (for his own reſpect) to procraſtinate that buſines; which was thus.

His Marriage with *Modeſtina* had been celebrated publickly and with Solemnity; therefore for his own Juſtification, and the good of his Poſterity, it was requiſite that it ſhould bee declared void by publick Authority; for the effecting whereof they muſt have recourſe to *Rome*, Hee beeing of Opinion that in mean time they ſhould proceed to the accompliſhment of his Siſter's Marriage to *Caſſin*. *That ſhall be no hinderance*, replied Mieſſas, *if that be all*: And *Reſpicia*, more glad than if ſhee had gained an Empire, could not hold her Heart from Dancing for joy aſſoon as Shee heard this news flattering her ſelf that to Demand and Obtain that Diſſolution was but one and the ſame thing. Whileſt the Meſſenger was poſting to *Rome*, the Parents laboured to effect the Marriage of the *Prince* and *Clemencia*: But the mutuall conſent of the Parties, beeing that which faſten's the Knot, it was traverſed by the reſiſtance of *Clemencia*, who refuſed to ſubſcribe that Contract, declaring freely to her Father, that *her Heart was* Liante's, *and that ſhee would bee wedded to a Cloiſter with her Elder Siſters, or have him for her Husband*. Judge you what an impetuous ſtorm of indignation roſe in the *Palatine's* tempeſtuous Spirit, ſeeing himſelf contradicted by a ſimple Girle in two things which were extreamly ſenſible to him: The one, that *Liante* ſhould leave his *Eccleſiaſticall* Vocation (which hee had forced him to embrace) to Marry his Daughter without making him acquainted; The other, that ſhee ſhould deny a *Prince*, who in his Opinion did her too much Honour, and to whom hee had ingaged his Promiſe. His *Fury* grew to ſuch Exceſs, that Hee ſpake of nothing but dipping his Hands in her Blood, to puniſh her for a *Rebellion* which hee deemed worthy of no leſs than *Death*. And in effect if ſhee had not been withdrawn out of his Preſence, probably hee would have committed ſome notorious ſcandall. Hee curſed and fumed againſt thoſe that hindred him from tearing her in pieces, and turning himſelf with Eyes caſting Flames of Rage towards *Arenuza*, *Thus* (ſayd hee) *you bring up your Daughters: Go, and if you make her not change her Note, and crave pardon for her obſtinate refuſall, hope for nothing from mee but moſt rigorous uſage, and to end your Days by ſome memorable puniſhment. Ile teach you to obey mee, or Ile make you meaſure the*

Ground with your extended Corps. Thus did the irritated *Podolian* vent his Choller, whilest the *Prince Caſſin* without uttering one Sillable did loſe himſelf in the confuſion of his thoughts. *What?* ſayd hee within himſelf, *Am I come ſo far to receive an Affront, to gather the Reliques of a dying* Favour, *and ſuffer a repulſe from a Creature that hath neither* Beauty *nor* Riches *capable to attract my* Love, *that ſurpaſſeth mee neither in Birth nor Breeding; and muſt I return to ſerve for a Fable and Laughing-ſtock to the Whole Court? Oh* Mother! *In what a buſineſs have have you imbarked mee? Oh* Ambition! *upon what Rocks of ignominy doſt thou precipitate mee?*

Reſpicia on the other ſide was no leſs perplexed, this preſaged no good to her Pretences; for, as Shee believed That one of theſe Alliances beeing accompliſhed, might bee a means to further the other, So, ſhee feared that the diſſolution of *This*, would bee the deſtruction of *That* which ſhee moſt deſired. At length *Clemencia* proved like a Leaf, that is moved with every breath of Wind. For, *Aretuza* knowing the ſecret of *Iphigenes*, and ſeeing into what Extremities *Paſſion* was likely to tranſport *Mieſlas*, if Shee perſevered in that Diſobedience, Prayed her, Preached to her, and tormented her ſo much, that in the end ſhee tore a kind of Conſent from her, like to the ſecond *Myrrhe*, which drops not from the *Tree* but by violent Scratching and Raking with Teeth of Iron. *Caſſin* who would not poſſeſs the *Body*, when another injoyed the *Heart*, not to joyn (as it were) the Living with the Dead, carried himſelf with extream coldneſs in this Treaty, which hee ſigned onely out of compliance to his *Mother's* Will, who never ceaſed conjuring him; And *Clemencia* (with a thouſand Tears, witneſſes of her unwillingneſs) did the like, by the abſolute command of her imperious *Father*. Theſe were very diſcordant Accords, and which (if no other *Tone* were added) will never make any good *Muſick*. But that which ruined all was, when *Caſſin* came to the knowledge of his *Mother's* Affections to *Iphigenes*, and how ſhee managed the Accompliſhment of her own deſires under the Name of *Simphoreza*; For, judging how ruinous her ſecond Marriage might prove to him, according to that Maxime, which ſaith, *That Shee who re-marrieth, declareth War againſt the Children of her firſt Bed*; Hee reſolved to return to the *Court*, and uſe all poſſible means by his Intereſt and Credit with His *Majeſty* to hinder that Marriage of *Iphigenes* and His *Mother*. So, leaving *Mother*, *Miſtreſs*, *Mieſlas* and all *Podolia*, hee poſted away to the *Court* without acquainting any of them with his Departure. In

what

what confusion *Respicia* remained, you may better Imagine than I Describe, when shee saw her Practises Discovered, which shee had, till then, carried on with such circumspection. *Iphigenes* hereupon had a fair pretence to personate the *Male*-content, and defer those Matrimoniall Ceremonies untill better opportunity, alledging *that* during his Exile (so hee tearmed his Retirement from *Court*) hee esteemed it not fit to Talk or Think of *Marrying*, no more than to wear *Green* for mourning; besides, *that* his Enemies might take occasion from thence to possess the *King*, that hee made little account of his Disgrace, since, hee passed the time in Feasting, Magnificence and Jollity.

That which made *Iphigenes* fullest of Care and Pensiveness, was *Liante's* Imprisonment, the inlargement of whom Hee Resolved to procure by some Invention or other, or to perish in the attempt. What need is there of Strength, or Stratagems? *Gold* doth all. There's no Place impregnable to him that shoot's *Golden* Bullets; no Castle so strongly fortified, but is Accessible and Penetrable by a Mule loaden with that metall, as said a certain *King* of the *Macedonians*. With these *Suns* of Darkness, hee dazled the Eyes of *Liante's* Keepers, and made him Escape away so handsomely, that it seemed to have been rather by his own Industry, than through any Negligence of their's: And by the intercourse of *Bolestaus*, his faithfull Foster-Father, underhand hee conveyed to him all things necessary for a Journey into his *Palatinate*, where hee gave him a secret *Rendez-vous*, and followed him some few dayes after, leaving *Aretuza* full of Consolation to see him so well educated, and yet in mervellous perplexity of Mind, knowing that shortly all the Mystery, which had so long been concealed, would be discovered: But shee was somewhat eased by the assurance which *Iphigenes* gave her, of beeing carefull above all things to preserve his Honour, which was no less Recommendable to him than his *Life*.

Miestas, who formerly did so rail at *Aretuza*, now (like a Cupping-glass) had drawn all the trouble upon himself: For, the *Prince Cassin's* going away Discontented; *Clemencia's* Passion for *Liante*, which (as shee witnessed by her Sighs and Tears) was unremovcable; *Liante's* escape out of Prison; *Iphigenes's* Displeasure for *Modestina's* severe confinement, who could no more be thrust out, than *Respicia* or *Simphoroza* be received into his Heart; the *Princesse's* affliction for all these confused Imbroilments: And lastly, the apparent Disgrace of his *Son*, having lost the *King's* Favour and Presence; All these hapning upon

the Neck of one another, put his Wisdom to seek a Determination. After long Raving, and not finding any Thred to draw him out of this *Labyrinth*, Hee resolved to return with the *Princess Respicia* to *Court*, to see how his *Son's* business stood there, and to hinder *Calumnie* from prevailing so much against his *Innocency*, as to cause the time of his Relegation to be lengthened, knowing well that those Regions which are most remote from the *Sun* are both Cold and Barren, and that by the long continuance of Frost, the Ice turn's into Chrystall, which the Rayes of the *Prince* of the Stars are not able to dissolve. *Kings* are commonly like Nurses, who care for their Foster-Children no longer than they are hanging at their Brests; For they cherish their *Favorites*, but while they are in their Sight: Absence with its insensible Sponge effaceth them by little and little out of their Memories.

It is so ordinary a thing for Children to complain, when their Mothers fly to a second *Hymen*, that it is no wonder if *Respicia* at her return found all the *Court* possessed with the news of her new Flames, which by her usuall subtilities shee indeavoured to smother: And to stop the Current of that Opinion, shee sayd, *That the putting of her self in her Daughter's place, was onely to amuse* Iphigenes, *and to gain the time which was necessary for the annulling of his Marriage with* Modestina, *and that having him sure by an Agreement, it would be easie for her*, Simphoroza *being grown to a competent Age, to remit her in her place to accomplish the Contract with* Iphigenes, *blaming her Son for taking with the Left-hand her Right intentions.* This Excuse shee covered with so much Art (as shee plastered her Face with Painting) that as *this* made her seem Beautifull though shee was not, so *that* gave her Speech an apparent shew of Truth, though in effect it was clean contrary. That in private shee rebuked with vehemency the *Prince*, her Son, *threatning to deprive him of the Succession of her Estate, for having indeavoured to cast dirt in his Mother's Face*, I make no difficulty to believe: for, such vain and haughty Spirits, as her's, suffer not without resentment the least Affronts or Obloquies. And Hee, who desired no better than the publick Declaration which shee made, of not pretending to break her Widdow-hood, made her all the Satisfactions his filiall obsequiousness could suggest, which shee included all in this one Condition, *That hee should not disclaim the Agreement made with* Clemencia; For, holding him fast tied with the Band of that Alliance, it would be more easie for her (shee conceived) to recover the Track of her former Chase. As for *Miesias* hee was received into the same Rank hee had before

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in the *King*'s Council, and his *Majeſtie* communicated his deſigns more particularly to him, to the end hee might underſtand thereby, that the diſmiſſing of his Son *Iphigenes* was not any Diſgrace, but a Remedy rather to diſſipate the clouds which *Detraction* had ſuſcitated betwixt *Him* and the *Queen*.

A *Courtier* Inured to the tricks and Policies practiſed in *King*'s Palaces, hath incomparable Induſtries and wayes to pick open the Secrets of the Mind's Cabinet. *Mieſlas* did ſo much by his Inqueſts & cloſe following, that he diſcovered the *Match*, and by the *Train* found out the whole *Mine*. It being an ordinary thing amongſt Traitors to appeach one another, ſome of the malicious *Cabal* of *Calumniators*, thinking to inſinuate with *Iphigenes*, (whoſe credit in *Court* they ſaw was nothing diminiſhed by his abſence) revealed to *Mieſlus*, to the prejudice of their Companions, the whole Impoſture concerning his Son, and what Stratagem they had uſed to work him out of the *King*'s favour. *Mieſlus* having heard all the paſſages from point to point, evidently perceived, by the ſeverall diſcourſes which hee had obſerved to fall now and then by piece-meal as well from the *Queen*'s mouth as the *King*'s, that his Informers did not amuſe him with fopperies, but touched the matter home.

Iphigenes in mean time arrived in his *Palatinate* of *Uratislaii*, with a Train and Equipage little Inferiour to the *King*'s, not unlike to thoſe vaſt *Rivers* which overflowing their banks carry away all they meet in their *Courſe* through the Vallies, or thoſe Maſſie pieces of *Rock* which falling from the ridge of a Steep Mountain, tumble before and draw after them a multitude of other ſmall Stones. A great number of the Gentry of *Podolia*, conducted him to the Confines of *Uratislaii*, where hee was received by the *Lords-Caſtellains* and Gentlemen of his own Government, with ſuch applauſe and joy, that it was plainly to bee ſeen his *Favour* was not Extinguiſhed neither in the opinion of the Nobles nor Common-People. The *King* had by expreſs letters commanded all the Towns in his *Palatinate* to render him the ſame Honours as to his Royall perſon, promiſing to acknowledg and gratifie thoſe that reſpected him, whom Hee eſteemed.

Among all the Noble-men and perſons of note about *Iphigenes*, *Pomeran*, *Argal* and *Piſides* appeared like great *Planets* among the ſmaller *Stars*, which in a Serene Night are ſeen twinkling in the *Firmament*. Nevertheleſs *Courteſie* and *Civility*, (which poliſh the Spirits of *Courtiers*, and make a Viſible diſtinction betwixt them and the

Country Gentry) were held in such recommendation by those Gallants, that in stead of Slighting or Scoffing at those who were so much their Inferiours, they treated them with such endearing Affability, that they made a Conquest of Hearts for the *Palatine*, so considerable, that within very short time hee had a most absolute power in his *Province*. In a select place whereof *Liante* having made his retreat, expecting an opportunity to confer with *Iphigenes*, judged it his securest way to avoid all sort of suspition, to disguise himself in the habit of a *Country* Wench: of which design hee advertised the *Palatine* by Letters, who applauded much the Invention.

Liante having left all those of his attendance in a neighbouring Town, retired himself to a Country Farmer's House in a little Village within the Forrest, (having first dazled the Clown's eyes with that Metall, whose Power dimmeth the clearest sights, and makes tongues Silent, or speak what the giver listeth) where hee took the charge of his Cattle in quality of a *Shepherdess*. And *Iphigenes* (after hee had received the first Honours of his Charge, and that by severall Magnificent Banquets, Balls, Turnaments, and other publique rejoycings, those of that Province had expressed the contentment which they received in seeing themselves subjected to so sweet a Government as his) for his ordinary divertisement made choice of the pleasure of Hunting, which is generally affected by great persons, because in Peace it make's them see some shadow of their profession of Warre, and entertain's their high Spirits with more Generosity than any other recreation: The *Towns* seemed *Prisons* to him, the *Fields* and *Woods* a *Paradise*. For, being deprived at one time of both those *Luminaries*, which enlightned his thoughts, *Love* and the *Court*; I mean, the two Objects of his *Ambition* and *Affection*, the *King* and *Liante*, Hee became like a *Flower* without the *Dew*, and the *Earth* without *Water*; Insomuch that it might easily bee gathered by the alteration of his Complexion, that there was no small disturbance in his Mind. And to confess the truth, if either of those Passions alone bee sufficient to trouble the firmest brain, what disquietness will they cause being joyned together? The pain which proceed's from the desire of *Glory*, and of possessing the most eminent *Dignities*, is a great Torment to a generous *Soul*; And if you add the Interest of *Riches*, which are as the Bones and Sinews to sustein that Greatness, you will render the sorrow for the privation of these two things very vehement: But amongst people of no mean Judgments, the grief which the absence of a beloved Object doth ingender in the minde,

minde, is esteemed the least supportable. You may imagine then in what a Tempest was *Iphigenes* Spirit agitated, having before his eyes neither of those favourable *Stars*, which only could procure his Calm, the *Royalty* of his *Prince*, nor the *Loyalty* of *Liante*, *Liante* the *King* of his *Affection*, nor the *King* the *Object* of his *Ambition*. But where *Love* presides, all other Passions must give place: The loss of *Iphigenes*'s hopes in *Court* was less sensible to him in the obscurity of this Exile, injoying *Liante*'s presence, than the want of his beloved sight was in the midst of all his Honours and Delights at the height of his *Favour*.

BOLESLAUS, the faithfull Depositary of all his Secrets, who was not Ignorant of the just pretensions hee had for *Liante*, (wherein as in all other occurrences, ayming at nothing but his contentment, hee disposed himself to serve him) by his frequent comming and going to the *Hamlet*, where *Liante* (under the name of ALMERIA) kept himself concealed, prepared an Interview for these two dear friends. By whose directions *Iphigenes* went so many times a hunting that way, that at length in despight of all his followers (who never lost sight of him) hee happily lost himself to find out the *Canton*, where his *Shepherdess* fed her gentle Flock. Let all those, who are not Ignorant of the Effects of a sincere Friendship, bee Judges of the resentments of those two Souls at this meeting, so Long expected, so Ardently desired, and effected no less Successfully than contrived with Dexterity. For, to relate you here all their indearing speeches in entertaining each other, would be perhaps to say much to little purpose, and fill these Pages, which are not destined (as not desired) for any other end, than to represent the Event of their Adventures. Only in two words I may say, that their Minds discharged themselves in each other's Bosome of that weighty Burthen of Thoughts, which they had been breeding ever since their Separation. *Iphigenes* first giving *Liante* an account of the divers Traverses, that *Fortune*, sometimes Kinde, sometimes Cruell, had made him Undergoe at *Court*, which is the Theater, whereon, to the View of the whole World, shee doth expose her most Extravagant actions. There hee displayed the severall successes of the *King*'s Favour; the *Queen*'s Courtesie; the *Envie* of the *Grandees*; the *Calumnie* of Maligne Spirits; the *Passions* of the *Ladies*; the *Jealousie* of *Augustus* and his being Banished; his Incounter with *Stanislas*, whose *Palatinate* hee injoyed, having taken his life; the subtle deportments of the *Princess Resplicia*, his being dismis'd from *Court*, by a Plot which had been discovered.

vered to him by *Mieſlas* ſince his arrivall at *Uratiſlaü*; In ſumm, hee gave him an abridgment of every paſſage mentioned in this *Narration*, with divers other particulars which were too tedious to rehearſe.

LIANTE reciprocally acquainted him with the miſery and diſcontents which he had received by his abſence, the *bitterneſs* whereof he was in hopes ſomewhat to mitigate by the *ſweetneſs* of the affections, which hee had caſt into his Soul for the amiable *Clemencia*, whoſe Goodneſs, Conſtancy, and fervent *Love* hee felt himſelf obliged to cheriſh, beſides the paſſionate Ambition hee had of having a double relation to him, by the *alliance* of his Siſter *Modeſtina* (for whoſe ſake hee highly applauded his withſtanding ſo many aſſaults) and by *that* which hee deſired to Contract with *Clemencia*; whereunto, if hee were not incited by that Glory, Hee ſhould however eſteem himſelf ingaged (unleſs hee would incur the Repute of the moſt Ingratefull amongſt Men) for the firme Reſiſtance which ſhee had made, notwithſtanding all the Rigours of her ſevere Father, ſhewing the Excellency of her Courage, in that (to maintein the Faith which ſhee had ſo many times ſworn to him) ſhee did refuſe a *Prince*, who in Birth, Quality, and Eſtate, was far more conſiderable than hee, to whom the violent uſurpation of *Mieſlas* had left nothing but *Alexander's* Portion, Hope. From this *Paſſion* which hee expreſſed for *Iphigenes's* Siſter, and which ſerved as a Charm in his Melancholie reſtraints, Hee fell to the *Treaſon* of *Perpetua* and his Governour, (ſo hee tearmed the diſcovery of his Letters, under whoſe Aſhes they diſcloſed his Fire;) thence to the *Caſtle*, where the Cruelty of *Mieſlas* had kept him ſo cloſe Priſoner, and from which hee owed his releaſement to *Iphigenes*, whom hee ſtyled his *Deliverer*, his *Brother*, his *Maſter*, the *Star* of his *Hope*, with as many other ſweet Appellations as an Intire Friendſhip could ſuggeſt, which made his Friend clearly ſee the Profound Reſentments of his Soul for this laſt Obligation, which was the greater, in regard Liberty is ſweeter than Life.

Whereunto *Iphigenes* replyed, That *that was but the dore of the building of that great* Fortune, *whereunto Hee intended to raiſe him, if letting lye dormant for a while his Pretenſions to* Clemencia (*wherein hee ſaw ſo many oppoſitions*) *hee would give eare to his Counſells, by which hee would render him the greateſt man in* Polonia. *Iphigenes* ſaid this, becauſe, as ordinarily wee are apteſt to put our hands upon the place that paine's us moſt, the ſtrong Inclination which *Liante* revealed for *Clemencia*,

bred

bred a jealous Apprehension in his Breſt, leſt his Heart being prepoſſeſſed, could not admit of his Affection in that juſt manner hee deſired, and you may eaſily Conjecture. As a great Light doth dimm a leſs, and (according to the Proverb) one Nxile drives out another: So it is ſeldome ſeen that two Violent Paſſions do reign together in one Heart, the Bed is two narrow to receive them both. Where *Love* hath the Empire, *Vanity* muſt yeild: For that Quality which cauſeth *Love*, hath little *Ambition*. But where that aſpiring *deſire* of *Honours* hath the *Aſcendant*, *Love* muſt deliver his Arms. And whatſoever the Fable telleth us of the Aſſociation of *Mars* and *Venus*, it is hard to finde them together, as *Vulcan* did, without rendring them ridiculous; Theſe *Planets* in their Aſpects have never any favourable Conjunction; for, how can one joyne two things ſo directly contrary, as the Exerciſes of *War* and *Peace*? The Judgement of *Paris* doth ſufficiently demonſtrate, that the Apple could not bee divided, but that either *Glory* (which is denoted by *Pallas* and *Juno*) muſt give place to *Pleaſure*; or that *Delights* muſt yeild to the *Deſire* of *Honours*: For, as there is no entrance into the Temple of *Honour*, but by the dore of *Vertue*, ſo there is no admittance into the Temple of *Vertue*, but through the Porch of *Labour*. This I ſay, becauſe *Liante*, who was more *Ambitious* than *Amorous* (quite contrary to *Iphigenes*) catched with both hands at his Brother's propoſitions, promiſing him not to think of *Clemencia* any farther than his Commandements or Permiſſion ſhould allow, remitting his *Fortune* ſolely to his Conduct, and eſteeming it a great happineſs to attend on him in quality of a Servant, and depend abſolutely upon his Will. O *Iphigenes* how ſweetly did theſe laſt words flatter thy Imagination, ſince this Shaft hit ſo directly the *Blank* of all thy thoughts?

As *Iphigenes* had even upon the Brink of his Lips the diſcovery of his Project to advance *Liante* in the World, (which was the point that tickled moſt his generous Heart, therein not unlike *Virgins*, whoſe Senſuall Tempeations are the more preſſing, becauſe they fancy the Nuptiall pleaſures to be far greater than they are:) *Fortune*, like the Sea which never keep's its face long Calm, thwarted the impatient deſire of our diſguiſed *Shepherdeſs*, to make her know *that* in this tranſitory dwelling wee have nothing perfect, *that* the faireſt dayes are followed by Nights, the ſweeteſt flowers environed with Thorns, and no Hony to be gotten without ſome Stinging. For, as he had aſſembled all the faculties of his Soul in his Ears, to hear what his Brother had deſigned for his Promotion, the winding of the *Hunter's* Horns, making the Foreſt

resound with a thousand *Ecchoes*, gave them notice that the Game was not far off. So that, not to bee surprised together, they were inforced to part not without promising to meet again with the first convenience. The Hunts-men, who were more in pain for the straying of their *Master*, than their missing of the *Stag*, whose Strain they could not finde, all their Hounds being at a loss, seemed to ask news with their *Horns* and *Hollowes* of the *Palatine*, who rushing through the thickets to the place of the noyse, found his Men, but no Game; With whom hee returned as much contented that hee had seen *Liante*, as little satisfied for having discovered that hee reteined yet so much Passion for his Sister *Clemencia*.

The Reader perchance will think strange why these Brothers should use such Circumspection in their Interviews, in regard *Iphigenes*, as well as other *Palatines*, being very powerfull, and in a manner Soveraign in his *Palatinate*, might have made *Liante* of his Train, and protected him in his own Pallace. But what safegard or Protection can shelter a man from Traitors, and secure him from the hands of those who Persecute him by waies the more dangerous, because least known? you are then to take notice, *that* as soon as *Liante* had made his escape out of Prison by means of his dear Brother-in-law, *Miestas* (whose Rigour and Cruelty passed the quality of a *Sarmatian*, and who from the beginning did express an unheard-of malice against this Innocent Youth) gave Commission to severall murtherous Villains, who bound themselves by Execrable Oaths to bring him back to Prison, or if they could not take him alive, to bring him his head, and in case they could not accomplish this by force, *that* they would make use of *Policy* and *Poison*. In this Barbarisme the Salvage *Podolian* had two ends; One, to hinder *Liante* from pretending to his Daughter, and that being out of the World his consideration should be no hinderance to her Alliance with *Cassin*, which hee exceedingly desired: The other, to gain his whole Inheritance to himself, by muing up in a Monastery with his other Daughters the unfortunate *Modestina*. *Iphigenes* having got an inkling of this accursed Conspiracy, gave notice thereof to *Liante*, which obliged him to conceale and Disguise himself, as is said. For if hee had been known, how could hee have secured himself from the Ambushes of Murtherers, who founding their Fortunes upon his Death, would alwaies have been Levelling at him, and held him in continuall fear? Was not this apprehension, together with the difficulty hee had to accost *Iphigenes* (who was his only Solace and Refuge) enough to afflict this

this young Spirit, but the Fates must persecute him with further Disasters, and assail him with unsavory Rustick importunities in his Disguisement?

The *Country-man*, in whose House hee had retired himself, beeing a Widdower, committed the managing of all his Husbandry and Household to the charge of a Son, yet unmarried, and two Daughters ready to be Married; the Elder whereof (named *Merinda*) hee was constreined to acquaint with the secret of *Liante*, telling her *that* hee was a young Man, who having committed a Murther, was fled for shelter in his Cottage, and *that* to avoid the hands of Justice, hee was advised to disguise himself: therefore hee willed her to help him to a Country Wenche's habit, and hee would entertain him to keep his Cattell in nature of a Shepherdess; Injoyning her to bee silent under pain of his Displeasure, and making her understand besides, the great profit they should gain thereby, hee beeing a Rich Man's Son, and who might bee very beneficiall to them. *Merinda* put this *Coal* into her bosom, I should say, this *secret*; but it is all one for a Maid to hold the one or the other: yet I spake in some kind more properly than I was aware. For, Judge you, if it was not to put a *Coal* (and of the hottest too) in the bosom of a lusty Lass, the giving her a handsome young Man for a constant Companion. In summe, the Face of the feined *Almeria*, insensibly made impression in *Merinda's* Heart, which put her in the like Condition as those that are stung with a certain venimous Creature, known in *Italy* by the Name of TARANTOLA, whose pricking, because not to bee perceived upon the skin, the affected place is never discovered by any swelling, untill the venim hath possess't the Heart and become remedileſs; *Sight* and *Conversation* are the two Wings of *Love*, which beating the Wind make the flame kindle. *Merinda* was all on fire, and reduced almost to Ashes, before her little wit perceived the Burning.

Fire is hard to take in great pieces of Wood; but if it bee once lighted, it is not easily quenched. This Element is so active, that it Penetrate's and melt's the hardest Mettalls, it calcine's Stones, no substance is able to resist its vivacity: But that which causeth *Love*, is yet far more subtile. For it is so generally spred through the whole Universe, that the Antient *Philosophers* esteemed it the *Soule* of the *World*. Therefore the *Poets* did Marry *Olympus* with *Rhea*, intimating that it was the Ligature of *Heaven* and *Earth*. It burn's the *Fishes* in the midst of the *Waters*, the *Birds* cannot avoid it in the *Aire*, and much less the Crea-

tures that are more Terreſtiall. Flints have ſecret ſparkles in their hard Bodies,and if Mankinde were repaired by them, according to the fabulous Invention of *Deucalion* and *Pyrrha*, yet ſhould they be ſenſible of the Motions and Heat of *Love*. What wonder then if *Merinda*, who was not compoſed of Marble, did feel the Effects of this all-conquered Fire,beeing taken with the Graces of the amiable *Liante*? I will not ſtand to deſcribe the Symptomes, whereby his quick-ſightedneſs read her Diſeaſe; but if Shee was forbidden to communicate to any other the Diſguiſement of *Almeria*, without Diſguiſement Shee manifeſted her own Paſſion to him with as few Words as much Sincerity, telling him *that ſhee loved him*. I might give the Reader ſome Recreation here, if I would extend my ſelf in her Homely and Naturall Expreſſions; For,as her Face (beeing no leſs expoſed to the inclemency of the Air than the Shephard's Tabernacles, or the Skins of *Salomon*) was without Painting; So her Diſcourſe was without any Artificiall Contexture.

What pleaſure, do you imagine, was this to *Almeria*(thus wee muſt call *Liante* as long as hee ſhall continue in his Shepherdeſſe's Weeds) to ſee her ſelf Courted in this manner by her whom ſhee called Couſin? (for *Celian*, *Merinda's* Father, commanded his Daughters to uſe that tearm to her, ſaying hee was her Uncle, as *Liante* had deſired him.) This pleaſant humour contributed not a little to the diverting of the Melancholly, which otherwiſe would have overwhelmed his Heart in that ſolitary Reſidence,eſpecially beeing in a Condition, which was as ſtrange as difficult to him, to perſonate a Sex whereof he never had ſtudied the Deportments.However theCaſſack,which hee had been forced to wear, made him the ſooner acquainted with the long Coates, and the Modeſty which had been taught him afforded ſome Decency to his Transformation. *Almeria* thinking onely to make a paſtime of *Merinda's* abſurd Paſſion, peſtred her ſelf in the greateſt intricacy imaginable; for,as there is no great difference betwixt *Folly* and *Fury*, nor far from *Fury* to *Deſpair*, that little Spark was enough to cauſe a furious Flame. For, ſuffering the innocent Wench to intangle her ſelf in her Nets, and feining to hearken to her Reaſons,imbarked her ſo deep in the purſuit, that ſhee could not live without the converſation of this new Couſin.And as the Fire doth refine Iron untill it becometh Steel, ſo *Love* ſharpning the Wits of thoſe whom it poſſeſſeth, gives them more Penetrating Reaſons, then are obſerved to proceed commonly from cold and raw Judgements. Which if you will have confirmed

firmed by Example, heare what *Merinda* ſayd one day to *Almeria*, as they were ſitting alone under the ſhade of a great Elm-tree, whileſt their Sheep were feeding.

Although I am a Woman, do not you think, good Sir, *that I can keep a ſecret no more then a Sive hold Water, for I would rather indure my Soul to bee torne out of my Body, than ſuffer that to come out of my Mouth, which my Father hath committed to my Silence. You may aſſure your ſelf, that never any diſaſter ſhall befall you through fault of my fidelity, I would rather imbrace death a thouſand times, than harbour ſo unworthy a thought. And to let you ſee, for all I am but a Country-Girl, that my Soul is ſeated in a good place (and indeed it is well-ſeated, ſince it is wholly fixed to your Perfections) I pray hear what project is come into my Fancy, and which I will freely put in Execution, if you are ſo contented. You can pretend nothing more in the World, ſince, having killed a Man of greater quality than your ſelf (as my Father hath informed mee) it is to bee ſuppoſed that all your Eſtate is confiſcate, all your Hopes loſt, and that the* Juſtice, *which is ſo rigorous in this Country, hath not pardoned your Memory, but hath done ſome publick ignominy to your Effigies, not beeing able to light upon your* Body *to puniſh it according to the Laws. Therefore as you have covered your ſelf with my Cleaths to ſecure your Perſon, give leave to the Paſſion which I ſuffer for you, that I may make uſe of yours (which I have carefully lock't up) to venter my Life by going to take down that ſhamefull Picture, which without doubt ſerving as a ſpectale to all Paſſingers, tarniſheth the luſter of your Reputation and diſhonoreth your Glory. I believe you did not commit that Homicide treacherouſly, but that it was in your own Defence, or in running half the Danger; the Deportments which I have remarked ſince I frequent your Company, give mee a ſtrong confidence that you have too much Gallantry in your mind, to do an Act unbeſeeming a Man of Honour. If I ſhould be ſurpriſed in this Exploit, which will offend the* Juſtice (*the torments, that I ſhall indure beeing a Teſtimony of my Affection to you*) *I ſhall expire contented: for, not beeing worthy enough to live to, and with you, I ſhall be glad to die for you, and make you ſee by my conſtancy that in a ruſtick Body there is ſome ſpark of Generoſity.*

Almeria hearing ſuch Language fall from that Silly Country-wenche's Tongue, was no leſs aſtoniſhed than *Eſop's* Cock, that ſcraped a Pearl out of a Dunghill; or to ſpeak more Religiouſly, than the high-*Prieſt*, when hee found the Sacred Fire in the Mud. But why ſo amazed *Almeria*? Do not you know *that Love* is the true ſource of

Hippocrene, the true top of *Parnassus*, *that* the Extasies of this Passion are as many *Enthusiasmes* which raise the Soul above it self; and *that* as a Squib flieth from the Earth into the Sky, assoon as the Fire is applied to its Train, So the clowniſheſt Bodies do become gentile, and the dulleſt Spirits ſubtilized, when once they are touched with this fire? Can you imagine a more Naturall and a more generous mahner of diſcovering an ardent Affection, or of demonſtrating at the ſame time that one loveth not verbally, but in effect, and the moſt ſignalized of Effects (which is to expoſe one's Life for the party Beloved) than that which *Merinda* uſed to manifeſt to *Almeria*, the Fire, which ſhee had ſome time kept hidden under the Aſhes of Diſcretion? Indeed there are ſome Productions of *Nature* ſo admirable, which all the Art in the World can never reach with imitation. At *Court* they talk of nothing but *Deſpair*, poure out ſuch deep Proteſtations, as make the Hearers tremble, and *Death*, whom one of the Antients called the *Diety* of *Lovers*, is invoked every Moment; There it is ordinary to threaten to caſt themſelves away; to thruſt their Souls out of their Bodies at a Sword's Point; they exclaim againſt Rigours; call *Honour Cruelty*, and the Impatience of Deſires an inſupportable Torment; their Tears are feined, their Tearms Specious; But all that is but vain babbling, a motion of the Lips, not of the Heart, an idle Reſignment, no reall Reſentment; They ſay enough, but ſee who perform's: *Fidelity* is onely in their words, *Infidelity* in their Actions; *Loyalty* in their profeſſions, *Treaſon* in the Execution; *Purity* in their Tongues, and baſe *Deſigns* in their thoughts; In ſumme, *Fraud* and *Duplicity* are the Paſtimes of *Courtiers*, but their end is the ruin of *Hearts*, and the Poyſon of *Souls*. Amongſt Country People it is clean otherwiſe, their Cloaths, Diet, Lodgings, Induſtries, all are plain and ſimple, So are their ſayings and their meanings; what they have upon their Lips come's from the profoundeſt of their thoughts, not belying by their proceedings the Union which *Nature* hath made of the Root of the Tongue with the Heart. So that *Almeria* eaſily perceiving the reality of *Merinda's* Paſſion, and being moved with Compaſſion to ſee that Shee fruitleſly aymed at an Object beyond her Port, and that her Deſires were ſupported more by the Wings of *Love*, than of *Ambition*, thought herſelf obliged to eſteem her Courage, and repay her Affection with this Anſwer.

Dear Merinda, *I fear I ſhall never bee able to do any thing for you, that can countervail the Obligations I have to you already, without adding this in-*

incomparable Testimony of your Affection, offering to expose your Life for the defence of the Shadow of my Honour. It would bee too sensible a displeasure to mee, that you should employ your Body for a Fantome, *for so I call the Execution of an* Image, *or rather imaginary Revenge, which the Rigour of* Justice *may exercise against mee in my absence: as for my true Honour, it is out of all danger, in regard it was rather to defend than offend, that I did kill my Enemy: But his Kindred are so powerfull, that they will weigh down the Scale of* Justice, *and reduce mee to the greatest extremity, that disasters can compell an unfortunate Man to undergoe. Therefore I pretend to nothing now in my Country, nor to my Estate, but shall think my self happy enough if with preservation of my Life, I can secure my Person from those igneminious Torments, which my Adversaries would make mee suffer, if I fell into their Hands, who seek to glut their revengefull Spirits with my Blood. This is the Reason which made mee have recourse to the Fidelity of your Father and you, not contenting my self to embrace a Condition so much below that, unto which by the Favour of Heaven I have hitherto been educated, but by changing my Habit to render my self under this Disguise less Subject to the strokes of Fortune. As for the service you proposed to do mee in tearing down my Effigies from an infamous place, I believe that indeavour will bee needless, for my own Kindred interessed by that dishonour to their Family, have doubtless e're this used means to take away that disgracefull Remembrance. But wherefore do I call it disgracefull, since the Infamy is in the Fact, not in the Punishment? So that not feeling any remorse in my Soul for* that, *I ought not to esteem* this *any Disparagement; quite contrary when I recall to my memory with what valour I prevented the Assassinate which was intended to my Person, and how I behaved my self in the Combat, the Gibet whereon they have hung mee in* Effigies, *Seemeth to mee as an* Obelisk *or* Pyramide *erected to the Glory of my Vertue. Nevertheless I cannot but acknowledge a singular Obligation to you, for that worthy Office which your Friendship perswaded you to render mee, and I will indeavour by all possible devoirs to ascertain you, that Ingratitude hath no harbour within my Breast.*

Merinda, who was not so well acquainted with the Art of placing her words, but who had very reall Resentments of Affection for *Almeria,* replied after her manner, *That what shee had proposed, was to let him see by the little esteem shee made of her Life, that thence forwards shee never would imploy it, but to Honour and Love him, to the end, that, if her mean Birth did render her unworthy of possessing his Favours, her Humility and perfect Submission might supply the place of Desert.* But why.

why do I ſtand to diſguiſe the Language of a ſimple Shepherdeſs, in whoſe Mouth polite words would ſute as ill as Painting upon her Cheeks? I might have onely ſaid, That *Shee freely diſcloſed the Deſign ſhee had to Marry him, if he pleaſed, and follow him to the World's end, imagining, as the Helmet of a Valiant Warrier is ſometimes changed into a Bee-Hive, and Chambers that have been hung with the coſtlieſt Tapiſtries, become Work-houſes for Spiders, the beautiful Adoleſcent, diſguſted with the trouble in Cities and glutted with the Grandeurs of the World,* (*like that Antient* Emperour, *who reſigned his Scepter for a* Gardner's *Spade*) *would perchance bee glad to reduce himſelf to a Paſtorall Life, and endure ſome hardſhip after his ſweet Delights.* But *Almeria* was far from any ſuch thought, her *Ambition* which aymed at nothing but Governing *Provinces*, & commanding *Armies*, could not deſcend to follow ſilly Sheep. Her dear *Iphigenes* (who had put a Flea in her Ear, and by his large Promiſes had left a thouſand ſtrange imaginations in her Brain) gave her other *Ideas* than this poor Shepherdeſs did conceive Shee harboured.

The

The Fifth Book.

ARGUMENT.

The Ruſtick's *Labyrinth, and their generall miſtake of* Almeria. Manile Celian's *ſecond ſon, thinking* Liante *in a Shepherdeſſe's habit to be really a* Woman, *fall's in* Love *with* Him. Lupicin *Eldeſt Son to* Celian, *and Husband to* Belida, *ſeeme's to be taken likewiſe with the Beauty of* Almeria. Fleurial *Brother to* Belida, *and* Antalcas *Suitor to* Merinda *become Rivalls to* Manile. Remonda *younger ſiſter to* Merinda *is inraged with* Jealoſie *againſt* Almeria, *becauſe her Lover,* Polemas, *left her to make his Addreſſes to the gracefull ſtranger.* Belida *no leſs incenſed becauſe her Husband made ſhew of Affection to* Almeria. Iphigenes *returns to his* Shepherdeſs, *Who inform's him of all the Paſſages of her Country* Lovers. *Their Plot to increaſe the Country-People's Errors.* Merinda *is brought into ſome ſuſpition of* Almeria's *condition by* Iphigenes *ambiguous ſpeeches.* Almeria, *at* Merinda's *importunity to diſcover her* Sex, *make's her believe, that ſhee was really a* Woman. Merinda's *diſtemper at this Relation. Her ſpight in accuſing* Almeria *to her* Father *and* Brothers *to bee a lewd* Woman; *to* Belida *and* Remonda *ſhee affirmed ſhee was a Wicked* Man *that had attempted to raviſh* her. *The* Men's *ſeverall Reſentments of this Information.* Belida *and* Remonda *take* Merinda's *turn, having changed their* Hatred *to* Almeria (*as a* Woman) *into* Love, *thinking her a* Man. Iphigenes *his ſpeech to* Pomeran. *His Reply.*

BUt as there is a certain imperious Inclination predominant generally in our Souls, which maketh us immeaſurably affect to render our ſelves amiable, and bee admired as well as beloved, without regarding by whom; this ſauce beeing ſo delightfull, that it make's all Meats go down: Inſomuch that wee feel a complacency and contentment to ſee our ſelves followed and fawned

on by brute Beasts, as Sheep, Dogs, Cats, Birds, Fishes (witness the *Murena* of *Crassus*) and although they have neither beauty nor handsomness, their applying of themselves to us doth gain insensibly our Affections, and maketh us cherish them: *Almeria* to divert the melancholly of that uncouth Life, and to recreate her fancy with the pleasure of *Merinda's* pain, took an humour to ingage her further in that Passion, by opening her the Gate of *Hope* with such quaint and cunningly framed Tearms, as (like Arrowes dipped in Oyl) they presently pierced through her Simple Heart. *Merinda*, like the generality of Country People, took *Almeria's* Words of Compliment and Civility for reall Obligations, and those Sparks grew to such a Blaze in her Brest, that it seemed as if nothing but the Ashes of the Grave could quench it, whilest the feined Shepherdess hugged her self with delight to see her so intrapped in her Snares; a pleasure, I must confess, very malicious, but marvellously delicious.

But Shee was not the onely prey that fell into the Nets of the gracefull *Almeria*, rather shee served as a *Decoy* to draw other silly Birds unto the *Tunnell*. For, as the *Sun* at his rising upon our *Horizon*, doth fill all places (where hee shewe's his Head) with the glory of his light and heat; So *Almeria* had no sooner illustrated that solitude with her Presence, but all Eyes (capable of considering her Worth) were fixed on her Face, as if it had been a *Load-stone*, or a piece of *Amber* for those Hearts, which may bee said to bee of *Iron* for their rude unpolishednes, and of *Straw* for their simplicity. *Merinda* had a Brother, named *Manilo*, who lived in the same House, and had the overseeing of his Father's Husbandry; This Brother having divers times seriously contemplated the not ordinary complexion of *Almeria*, was ravished as with the aspect of an *Angell*: and from this over-curious Sight proceeded the loss of his Liberty. Hee was certain that this lovely Stranger was no Neece of his Father's, and besides hee perceived by her garb that shee was born to some better imployment than following of Sheep; in a word, this imaginary *Servant* became the reall *Mistress* of his Inclinations. One day, Hee inquired very earnestly, who that Maid was, of his Father *Celian*, who beeing unwilling to discover the Mystery of *Almeria's* Transfiguration, payed his curiosity with a Tale which hee invented on the sodain, making him believe that shee was a Gentlewoman of a Citty not far thence, who beeing fallen into some fault of Frailty, was fled thither to avoid her Friend's Fury, and that (the better to keep her self concealed) shee had transvested her

self

ſelf like a Shepherdeſs, notwithſtanding ſhee was deſcended of an Honourable extraction. This caſt *Oyl* in abundance into the *Fire* that was kindled in *Manile's* breſt; for, this Imagination preſently mounted to his brain; *If Almeria were a light Huſwife, hee ſhould eaſily Induce her to ſatisfie his deſires; if otherwiſe, however ſhee might bee perſwaded to bee his Wife, not caring though hee wedded a Diſgrace, ſo hee might cure his Love.* Thereupon hee forged theſe Reaſons, apparently charitable; *that* taking her to Wife hee ſhould withdraw her from Lewdneſs, Save her from the Shipwrack of her evident ruine, Protect her from the Fury of her Irritated Parents, Repair her Honour by that Sacrament; fancying to himſelf that Honour conſiſting in nothing but Opinion, ſhee would rather condeſcend to take *Sanctuary* in his Arms, and live with the Repute of an honeſt Woman in a Country Village, where her miſchance was not known, than in the Citty where ſhee would be ſcorned and upbraided by every body, and where (what pennance ſoever a poor Maid doth after ſuch a ſcape) the *World*, that Inexorable *Judge*, will never reſtore her to the ſweet ſavour of her reputation.

Full of this confidence hee accoſted this feined Kinſwoman, and after a little time hee bluntly made her underſtand, *that* not contented with that Alliance (which was but imaginary) hee pretended to a ſtraiter band, namely, that which of two *Bodies* makes but one *Fleſh* by the ſacred Lawes of *Hymen*. *Almeria*, laughing within her ſelf to ſee that with ſuch falſifying blows ſhee made ſuch reall wounds, contributed all ſhee could to ſtrengthen *Manile's* error, and having learned of *Celian* with what opinion hee had poſſeſt his Son concerning her, ſhee was prepared ſufficiently to jeer at that Dolt's ſimplicity; which having commmunicated to *Merinda*, you need not ask how they (being in the Fields together) did ſolace themſelves with the conceit of his being ſo handſomely deceived.

If *Love* be not the Mother, it is the Daughter of *Idleneſs*; and an antient Author calleth it, the Exerciſe and Occupation of *lazie* perſons. *Manile*, being Love-ſtricken, found many excuſes to leave his Plough, to ſeek out his miſtreſs *Almeria*, who with *Merinda* followed the Sheep to Paſture, and there hee diſcovered the depth of his Pretenſions. *Almeria* accommodating her Speech to the Lye which *Celian* had made of her, cunningly feined to bee very Penitent for her paſt Folly, and to reſolve to become wiſer for the Future; which kindled more flames in that Swain's rude breſt, than the Treacherous *Sinon* did caſt into *Troy* to conſume that ſtately City. It would be too tedious a thing

thing to relate particularly the ſubtill Inventions of the witty *Almeria* to augment her *Lover*'s diſtemper: One while ſhee attracted him with her Refuſall's, another while ſhee charmed him with her faire Language; now ſhee would heighten his deſires to the higheſt pin, then kill all his hopes, repreſenting ſometimes to him by way of demand, if hee would bee contented to marry a crack't maid, or if hee did not fear that might bee a diſhonour to him; ſometimes againe faining to be fearfull her ſelf, that after their Marriage hee would bee apt to caſt that in her diſh upon the firſt diſlike: By theſe ſeverall motions (which might bee compared to the Ebbing and Flowing of the Tyde) ſhee put his Mind ſo out of frame, that hee knew not whereunto hee ſhould apply his reſolution. But *Love* alwaies gained the Aſcendant over his other Conſiderations; Inſomuch that deſpairing to gaine any thing of *Almeria* but by Marriage, hee reſolved to Conquer her that way; to which the feined Shepherdeſs oppoſing new difficulties, did like Smiths in their Forges, who with light aſperſions of Water increaſe the Ardour of their Fornaces. Hee, ſeeing his own Courtſhip prevailed nothing, took his Siſter *Merinda* apart (who hee perceived had ſome Credit with *Almeria*) conjuring her to bee favourable to him, and perſwade her Companion to accept of him for her Husband. *Merinda* being ready to burſt with laughing, had all the pain in the World to keep her Tongue from blabbing, and diſſemble what ſhee knew; but the fidelity which ſhee had ſworn to *Almeria*, forbad her to undeceive *Manile* by declaring the truth of the Story, only ſhee adviſed him to withdraw his thoughts from that Object, repreſenting to him *how* vaine and indiſcreet a thing it was for him to ſeek his Pleaſure to the prejudice of his Honour, *that* marrying one who formerly had lived looſely, it would be a perpetuall Reproach and Confuſion to him, if ever it came to bee divulged; *Beſides*, *that* Hee could not but bee in a continuall Jealouſie, and Apprehenſion leſt ſuch a wife ſhould return to her former lightneſs, and *that* the humours of Maids bred up in Citties were very hard to bee diſcerned, in regard they concealed as many crafty devices in their heads, as a *Leopard* diſcovereth ſpots in his skin. Yet all theſe Remonſtrances made no Impreſſion in *Manile*'s minde, being determined to have *Almeria*, or periſh: All this was but the beginning of the *Labyrinth* in which thoſe Country-Spirits did finde themſelves involved.

It hapned one day, as *Merinda* was looking for ſomething in her Trunk, that *Remonda*, her younger Siſter, came unexpectedly into the Chamber,

Chamber, where ſeeing a *Man*'s apparell, which ſeemed to her very coſtly, Curioſity (an accident inſeparable to the Nature of that Sex) egged her to inquire to whom thoſe Cloaths belonged. *Merinda* ſurpriſed a little at her demand, remained ſome time without replying; at length being urged to an anſwer, her affection (which had ſharpned her wit) ſuggeſted her to pay the other's Importunity with this ready Evaſion; *Theſe are the Cloathes*, ſaid ſhee, *which* Almeria *wore when ſhee came for refuge hither. How* Almeria? ſayd Remonda, *Theſe are Men's Cloathes*; *That's granted*, replyed Merinda, *for ſhee diſguiſed her ſelf in this habit to avoid the fury of her Parents, who would have Perſecuted her to Death. Why ſo?* anſwered the inquiſitive Remonda, *what had ſhee done? mee think's there is nothing more Sweet, nor faire conditioned than Shee.* Then *Merinda* related to her the ſame Fiction wherewith *Celian* had fed the curioſity of *Manile*, with charge not to ſpeak of it for her life; which afterwards occaſioned a ſtrange confuſion. For, People of that Nature have never a greater itch to bee Tatling, than when they are commanded to be Silent, and the greater the danger is, the more are they tempted to reveal it. This was not all. *Celian* had another Son marryed to the Daughter of a rich Husbandman not far off, who ſince his Marriage lived in his Father-in-law's Houſe. *Lupicin* (ſo was this Elder Son called) coming ſometimes to viſite his Father, had no ſooner Inviſaged *Almeria*, but asking who ſhee was, *Remonda* told him all ſhee knew, and added of her own what her Imagination did dictate. Whereupon hee, being not very fond of his Wife, (whoſe diſpoſition was none of the meekeſt) entertained preſently a conceit that hee ſhould render her more carefull to pleaſe him, if in her preſence hee ſhould make ſhew of ſome inclination to *Almeria*; but the Event was otherwiſe, for ſhee grew horn-mad with Jealouſie.

Flurial (brother to *Belida*, *Lupicin*'s wife) had no ſooner obſerved this new Star on that Horizon, but hee was touched with her Influences, and became *Manile*'s Rivall. *Merinda* and *Remonda*, before *Almeria*'s coming, had both of them Servants, that is, Young-men of their condition that made Love to them; But as in the preſence of a *Diamond* the *Loadſtone* loſeth the Naturall Vertue it hath of attracting Iron: So ſince *Almeria*'s Arrivall, they loſt all their attractions, and were as little minded as Stars at Mid-day, there were no eyes but to gaze upon the handſome ſtranger, ſhee was the *Rock* whereon they all ſuffred *Shipwrack*, or rather the *Altar* where they Sacrificed their *Vows*. *Merinda*, who ſaw all this Maze, and laught at the ſeverall

paſſages with *Almeria*, was little troubled for the Inconſtancy of *Antalcas* (who was her pretendant) having higher thoughts than hee, according to the hopes wherewith *Almeria* fed her Fancy. But Jealouſie tranſported *Remonda* into ſtrange fits of Fury, ſeeing her ſelf robbed of the Eyes, Heart and Converſation of her *Polemas*, who (before hee had ſeen *Almeria*'s face) expreſſed ſo much affection, and ſealed his Proteſtations to her with ſo many Oaths. Whereupon this ſpightfull Female fell into ſuch tearms of Precipitation againſt *Almeria*, that ſhee did render her the moſt Infamous Creature under the Heavens, adding to the Story *Celian* had framed, ſo many other horrid Circumſtances, that it ſeemed *Heaven* had not Thunderbolts enough, nor the *Earth* Puniſhments ſufficient to expiate the Imaginary crimes of *Almeria*, which ſhee publiſhed every where for truths. If her Father chid or threatned her, that did but irritate her ſpleenfulll appetite of ſcandalizing the Innocent ſtranger. Yet for all this her Sweet-heart looked no more after her, his Paſſion for *Almeria* either ſtopping his ears againſt the injurious Reproaches which ſhee vomited againſt him, and this new Object of his thoughts, or elſe making him believe that it was meerly *Calumnie* proceeding from the *Envie* which poſſeſſed her, for being fruſtrated of his Services. *Merinda* who gave her the Lie at every turn, and who ſaid as much in defence of her Companion, effaced by her commendations the malicious detraction of her Siſter: and in reſpect wee are apt to believe what wee deſire, that troop of Rivalls ſuffered themſelves to bee perſwaded by her that ſpake advantageouſly of the Common Object of their affections, rather than by her, whoſe invectives diſcovered ſo viſible a Paſſion, that had ſhee ſpoken truths, they would have ſounded in their Ears but as fictions.

But as when bluſtering *Boreas* and the *South* wind are in contention, the Air and Sea are filled with Storms and Tempeſts, in ſuch ſort, that it ſeem's as if thoſe two Elements would exchange their Centers: So when *Belida's* Jealouſie together with *Remonda*'s railing, came to joyn, or rather to oppoſe & give the ſhock to *Merinda*'s juſtifications of *Almeria*, it made as foul an Houſe as can be imagined to bee amongſt vulgar Women that quarrell, where all Speak and none Heare, Reaſon being baniſhed from their Pratling. Who ever ſaw a Company of Birds gathered together about an Owl, ſome pecking it, ſome admiring (as it were) it's form, and all crying after that Night-theef, hath ſeen a ſhadow of this Medlie of Paſſions for one poor Subject, ſome of *Love*, ſome of *Envie*, others of *Jealouſie*, and all as fooliſh as diſorderly.

derly. And indeed what elſe can be expected from *Ruſticks?* Amongſt whom *Fleurial* was one of the moſt eager, who not knowing that his Brother-in-Law *Lupicin* made ſhew of love to *Almeria* for any other end than to reduce his Wife to Reaſon by ſome prick of *Jealouſie*, caſting Oyl upon the Fire of his Siſter's Fury, ſet her a Vomiting againſt her Husband ſuch outragious ſpeeches, as no diſcreet Woman would have been heard to utter. But her quality excuſed her ſomewhat, beſides a ſlight Impoſition of Hands which *Lupicin* made upon her Face, trying to ſtrike Dumb that Evill *Spirit* which made her ſcold with ſo much Inſolence. But when ſhee perceived that *Fleurial* was infected with the ſame Diſeaſe, and that hee began to talk of Marrying *Almeria*, ſhee expreſſed no leſs Impatience and Extremity of *Choler* againſt him, ſeeing hee would bring into their Family one, whom ſhee wiſhed under ground, or at leaſt at the World's end. What ſhee did and what ſhee ſaid to hinder that deſign, which ſhee foreſaw, would bee the Baniſhing of her from her Father's houſe, and the continuall Object of her *Fear*, or rather of her *Fury*, is needleſs here to mention.

Mean time *Almeria* managed her Deportments and Favours with ſuch Induſtry and Modeſty, that Shee was the *Idoll* of all thoſe Peaſant's hearts, who Adored her as if ſhee had been a Mortall *Goddeſs*. But as it is impoſſible to force *Nature*, ſo it is hard to bend it and make it ſo pliable that it diſcover not ſome tokens of its reall *Beeing*. *Achilles* diſguiſed in woman's habit could not forbear handling of Weapons, beſides, his gate and diſcourſe did oftentimes betray him: onely *Iphigenes* was able to appear directly other than what ſhee was, for, having been alwayes bred as a *Man*, and been poſſeſſed for a long time her ſelf that ſhee was ſo, *Education* had taken the place of *Nature*, and reteined almoſt all her qualities. It was not ſo with *Almeria*, for ſometimes unawares and not heeding the perſonage ſhee was to repreſent, ſhee did let fall ſome generous words, and performed actions more Vigorous than ordinary Females are guilty of undertaking; which after ſome obſervation made *Fleurial* & *Belida* likewiſe harbour a ſuſpition, that ſhee was a *Youth* in *Woman's* cloathing. Yet conſidering the ſweet attractiveneſs of her countenance, and the delicacy of her complexion, they returned to their former opinion, thinking that ſhe was really ſome Gentlewoman, and that perchance thoſe that had their breeding in Cities (for what may not people imagine of a manner of life whereof they have no knowledge?) were as dexterous and Valiant as *Amazons*, and no leſs capable of conquering with their Hands than with their

Eyes.

Eyes. At length *Belida*, whether by the inevitable inſtinct of *Nature*, (whoſe ſecret vertues wee are not able to comprehend) or whether through the ſuſpition of that ſuit of Cloaths which *Remonda* had diſcovered, did feel certain motions, ſometimes of Hatred againſt *Almeria*, as believing her a *Woman*, and ſometimes of Affection, as fancying the contrary. Thus this Feaveriſh Paſſion which agitated her thonghts, made her fall from Heat to Cold, and from a chill Shivering, into a ſcalding Sweat. To relate what thoughts ran through the Brains of the four Pretendants, *Manile*, *Fleurial*, *Antalcas*, and *Polemas*, were to no purpoſe: As for *Lupicin*, his deſign, as you have heard, was rather to puniſh his Croſs-grain'd Wive's perverſneſs, than for any other pretenſion. Only *Merinda* and *Celian*, who knew the ſecret, did participate with their new Kinſwoman of the Divertiſement ſhee had in this pleaſant Cozenage. Which *Almeria* longed to communicate to her dear *Iphigenes*, as the moſt agreeable Paſtime that could be imagined: And to the end the Comedy might be exactly perfect, *Celian* and *Merinda* muſt likewiſe be brought into the *Labyrinth*, which was thus, but not without an extream Intricacy.

Iphigenes having once more loſt himſelf to finde out his *Almeria*, met *Merinda* with her (who ſtirred no more from that beloved Companion, than the Shadow is ſeperated from the Body;) He was ſo advantagiouſly Apparelled, that the ſilly Shepherdeſſe's eyes were dazled at ſuch extraordinary Gallantry; but, if ſhee was amazed to ſee him, hee was no leſs ſurprized to meet her, for hee knew not how to bee rid of her, that hee might diſcourſe more freely with *Almeria*. At laſt hee told them that hee was one of the *Palatine's* followers, who had loſt his way and Company in Hunting, but hee had reaſon to rejoyce at his beeing ſtrayed, ſince hee had found ſuch honeſt Virgins as might give him ſome directions. *It muſt be my Siſter then*, replyed *Almeria*, *that muſt render you that good office, for I am Ignorant of the waies in this Forreſt, beeing a ſtranger, and arrived but very lately in theſe parts.* *Iphigenes*, who asked no better than to fall into talk, without taking notice that he knew *Almeria*, ſaid, *So mee think's Vertuous Shepherdeſs, for your Language is far different from that of this Province, and by your Face one may judge, that you are as unuſed to that habit, as unacquainted with the waies of the Country; if all Shepherdeſſes were like you, the Citties would become Deſarts, and the Deſarts bee quickly fill'd with People, many Young Gentlemen would leave the* Court, *where nothing but Miſchief and Envie is practiſed, to apply themſelves to ſuch agreeable Objects and ſo worthy to bee beloved.*

beloved. Here *Merinda* imagining that *Almeria*'s eyes had wounded the Gentleman's heart, as well as the Country Swain's, partly out of Jealousie, partly out of Simplicity, briskly thus answerd, addressing her Speech to *Almeria*; *In good earnest, Cousin, I think the Gentlemen will fall in Love with you as well as the Plough-men, and that in the end you will set Fire in every place, if you take not heed. But you are too wise to hearken to such* Gallant's *words, who so much contemn us Country-maids, and never commend us but when they think the contrary, of what they say, or if they do speak as they mean, it is but to abuse us. And you,* Sir, continued shee, turning her self towards *Iphigenes, should do better to pass on your way, without suffering your Mind to stray amongst us, as your Body hath done in these Woods, that you may not lose both together, and like an ill Hunts-man in stead of taking, bee taken your self.* The brave *Palatine* was not a little Astonished at her Language: For, besides that hee expected not such clear *Reasons* from so gross a *Soul*, hee feared lest by replying he might catch himself, and discover that hee had a better part than shee in the acquaintance of *Almeria*, who made him Signes with her Fingers and Eyes not to take notice of her. Nevertheless not to remain absolutely without answering, hee thus said; *Sweet-heart, You answer according to your own fashion, that is, uncivilly, to one that treat's you with Courtesie; your Companion is better taught, and whether shee bee a Citizen, or hath had her Education in some Citty, as her Countenance, her Speech, and her Carriage do testifie, shee would have had more Civility than to have returned such an answer. The sweetness which doth polish those that are well bred, is esteemed amongst you Rusticks Treachery; for, you are Naturally so Distrustfull, that when a man speaketh kindly to you, you think hee will betray you. You must not deal so ruggedly with a poor* Gentleman *that is Strayed, and who desire's to bee put again into his way, the rather, that hee may bee rid of such rude Conversation as yours. In sooth that shall not hinder you* (replyed Merinda) *from leaving us in Peace, follow mee and I will set you in the Way that shall lead you to the next Village, Where you may bee farther informed of those whom you seek.* This said, shee advanced to direct him; But *Almeria* (who was unwilling to let slip this occasion, the visits of her *Iphigenes* being very rare) drew her back, and whispered softly to her; *Sister, What is your meaning? I know this Gentleman, hee is one of my best Friends, and who may bee very usefull to mee as my business now stands, doubtless hee doth not know mee in this habit; but if you please to retire your self into yonder Copse whilst I Discourse a little with him, you will oblige mee infinitely.* *Merinda,* who desired nothing more

than to pleaſe *Almeria*, thought her ſelf able to make no better excuſe on the ſodain than to ſatisfie her demand.

Shee beeing thus ſeparated to give the two Friends liberty to talk freely together, it cannot bee expreſt what pleaſure *Iphigenes* took in hearing from the Mouth of the Feined *Almeria* the Relation of thoſe Flames which ſhee had kindled in thoſe Ruſtick Souls, and the uncertainty wherein they were of her Sex, by reaſon of the different Tales already mentioned. Whereof beeing willing not onely to take ſhare himſelf, but to make ſome of his Favorites participant likewiſe, that they might recreate themſelves with the ſimplicity of thoſe *Swains*, they conſpired ſo to lay their Plot, that the *Gentlemen* might bee abuſed as well as the Clowns. Great Perſons would not eſteem their pleaſures, if they were not ſingular; for, as their Condition raiſeth them above the Vulgar, their Entertainments, their Occupations and their Divertiſements ought not to bee Common. *Greatneſs*, like Bodies o're-charg'd with Fat, draweth ſo many Inconveniences after it, that thoſe that are in important Charges, and elevated to high degrees of Honour, are glad ſometimes to pack up all that Baggage of *Vanity* which environ's them, to lead by ſtealth a low, popular and obſcure Life, mingling themſelves amongſt the Lees of the People, and abaſing their Dignities to the condition of the loweſt Subjects, of whom the Plough drivers march in the laſt Rank, beeing (as it were) the Earthen Feet of that *Statue* which the *King* of *Aſſyria* ſaw in his Dream.

Almeria, whoſe ſpirit *Ambition* much more diſquieted, than theſe Recreations delighted, deſired *Iphigenes* in mean time to tell her how hee would diſpoſe of her after thoſe Rurall Merriments were paſt; Whereupon *Iphigenes* (who aymed at nothing but to divert the affection ſhee bare to *Clemencia*) propoſed the Deſire hee had to raiſe her to a great Fortune (this was to feel how her Pulſe beat, by the pretention of *Glory*) by Marrying her to *Simphoroza*, or the *Princeſs Roſpicia*, her Mother, to the end hee might divert her Paſſion, and hinder her from breaking off his own Marriage with *Modeſtina*, in the Continuation whereof *Liante's* honour did ſeem to be ingaged. But if all that failed, Hee promiſed to give her his Ward, *Leonora* Daughter to *Staniſlas*, whoſe Eſtate hee might have injoyed as well as his command of *Palatine*, if hee had liſted, the *King* having given him the confiſcation. All theſe Propoſitions were as many ſpecious Ports to let *Liante* (hidden under the name of *Almeria*, and with the veil of a Shepherdeſs) forth of that odious condition, wherein *Alieſtus* had enthralled

thralled him, and gave him at the ſame time entrance into *that* of *Wealth* and *Honours*, after which hee ſo ardently did thirſt. But all this diſguiſed Nymph could do during the ſhort ſpace of their Interlocution, was to remit the conduct of all her *Fortune* into the hands of the beloved *Iphigenes*, to whom ſhee needed not to have made ſo ſtrict a Recommendation, ſince therein Hee laboured for his own Intereſt.

In mean time they reſolved to play the *Country-men* the pleaſanteſt Trick that could bee imagined : for ground whereof they agreed that within few dayes *Iphigenes*, accompanied by ſome of his Friends, diſguiſed like Peaſants, ſhould come to a certain Neighboring Village (where a Wake or ſome ſuch Solemnity was to aſſemble a multitude of *Country-People*) and that they ſhould make ſhew of beeing in love with *Almeria*, to ſee what mettle *Jealouſie* would put into the four *Rivalls* already mentioned. And to leave the ſeeds of ſome ſuſpition in *Merinda's* Soul, they thought it would not bee improper, that *Iphigenes* taking leave of *Almeria*, ſhould now and then miſtake himſelf, ſpeaking ſometimes as if ſhee were a *Man*, and ſometimes as if ſhee were a *Maid*, in ambiguous tearms promiſing to aſſiſt her ; ſometimes to cover her ſhame, as if ſhee had been a defloured Virgin; ſometimes to obtain her Grace, as if ſhee had been guilty of Homicide, which the ingenious *Iphigenes* carried with ſuch dexterity, that *Merinda* knew not where ſhee was, but thought ſhee had been inchanted. And indeed what with the Doubts and Suſpitions, 'twixt which her ſpirits ſwam, beſides the diſcourſe which ſhee heard, there was enough to diſturb a much ſtronger Brain than her's.

Iphigenes having left them to their own liberties, *By the Faith of a Maid!* ſayd *Merinda* to *Almeria*) *I know not what to think, whether you are* Fiſh or Fleſh; *to my ſenſe you are like the* Otters *of our* Marſhes, *which are both Terreſtriall and Aquatick Creatures, or like our* Geeſe *which live in both Elements ; for, if I conſider the Lineaments of your Face, they are ſo attractive, and your Complexion ſo delicate, that I do not wonder, if in the Opinion of all our young Men you paſs for a* Maid ; *On the other ſide, when I look upon your ſtoutneſſe of Heart, and vigorous activity of Body, I cannot but perſwade my ſelf that you are of the Sex of that Habit which I have in keeping for you : But, When I recall to my thoughts the reſervedneſs of your carriage to mee, who yet have never ſeen you do the leaſt Action, nor ſpeak the leaſt word that ſhewed you to be a Man, that makes mee conceit that you are like mee, and whileſt I laugh to ſee others deceived*

in their pursuits, I am frustrated my selfe of my Expectation. Therefore without holding mee any longer in suspense, you will oblige mee very much to deliver my minde of this Perplexity. Almeria (like *Hunts-men* and *Fowlers*, who glad to see the innocent Creatures fall into their Gins, in stead of untangling them doe ingage them further in their Snares, letting them struggle and torment themselves untill their own wearinesse make's them consent to their taking) in stead of easing *Merinda* of her pain, led her about with so many ambiguous Circumlocutions, that after a tedious Discourse shee left her no less unsatisfied than before, casting her by those intricate Explanations into a greater Obscurity, than that of her former uncertainties. Whereupon said the trouled *Merinda*, *Thus the City-Wits, more slippery than Lampreys, riggle from us when wee think to grasp them: but in short, I have onely one question to ask you*, Are you Man or Woman? Then *Almeria*, who took pleasure in this confusion, told her, *That shee was extreamly sorry that shee had so long deceived her, in saying shee was a* Man, *for in effect shee was an unfortunate* Maid; *that thinking to tell her Sister a lie, shee had told her Truth, like a blinde Man that shooting at a Mark doth sometimes hit it by chance, Hazard supplying the defect of Addresse. However shee intreated her, if shee was thereby deprived of her Affection, that shee might not lose her Friendship, which shee saw was very necessary for her Preservation, not resolving after her fault to cast her self into the precipice of her totall ruine, hoping that* Heaven *taking pity of her repentance, would create in the Heart of him that had abused her, the desire of repairing her honour by Marriage, by which means shee might bee re-established in her Estate, and regain her Parent's Favour.* To describe the astonishment, together with the regret which seized on *Merinda* at this confession, is beyond my ability: for this Truth was not a little odious to her, and had not *Compassion* taken the place of the Ashes of *Love*, whose coals were deaded on a sodain, shee had made foul Work.

This Counter-point hurried her into the participation of *Remonda's*, and her Sister-in-law's Jealousies, and her Scoffing and Laughing at those young Men, who expressed such Passion for this stranger, returning to her memory, put her into strange distempers. I need not repeat the Reproaches shee made against *Almeria*, in regard her *Anger* was like to a storm, which after much Thunder and Rain, leave's nothing but Dirt and Vapors: for, *Almeria* had such an Art to pacifie her, that shee pardoned her that Deceipt, considering that broken *Maids* would do what they could to hide their Faults, there beeing nothing

so

so naturall as to shun shame. For the better effecting whereof, shee prayed her to spread a rumor under-hand amongst the People of the Village, that shee was a *Man*, to the end shee might remain unsollicited, and likewise *Remonda* and *Belida* bee cured of their Jealousies. Whereof *Merinda* would not have failed, though shee had not been intreated, there beeing but one point which obligeth a *Maid* to keep a business secret, that is, *when shee her self is interessed*; take away that *Flood-gate* and shee will disgorge like a full Mill-Dam. Besides, *Merinda* had reason to foment this supposition, to repeal *Antalcas* to his former observance of her, and cure her self of the reall jealousie which shee might conceive, if hee continued his Courting of *Almeria*: whom shee had no sooner left, but, like a person who sodainly shakes off a Coale that flie's upon his cloaths, shee ran to acquaint her Father with the Discovery, telling him *that* Almeria *was indeed a* Maid, *who under* Man's *cloathing had escaped from the fury of her Parents, who would have washed in her Blood the Honour, which shee had stained and ravished from them.* This startled the old Man at first, believing his Daughter might have had some proofs, which those of her *Sex* might gather with more Certainty and Modesty than *Men.* But (when hee perceived that her drift was to perswade him *to turn her speedily out of dores, otherwise hee would nourish a Viper that would be his Destruction, and keep a fatall firebrand which would reduce his whole Family into Ashes, besides the Dishonour which he would reap by harboring an idle light Huswife in his House*) he stopped her Mouth with a Multitude of Arguments in *Almeria's* Defence, feeling the profit sweet which hee got by her, his Heart beeing of the Composition of those mercenary Spirits, who for an Ounce of *Gold* would give an hundred weight of *Honour.* *Merinda* seeing that her Speeches availed nothing with her Father, to excite him to dismiss her, whom shee feared as much, believing her to bee a *Maid*, as shee loved, whilest shee thought her to bee a *Man*; besides, considering that in stead of apprehending that *Manile* would Marry her, hee seemed to hold the imaginary Ignominy of that Alliance too great an Honour, not believing that (although shee was a Fugitive) shee would condescend to any such Bargain; at length, shee let him alone, and turning her course, shee resolved to disperse the uncertainty of her Condition among her Brothers and Sisters, not so much to oblige *Almeria*, (as shee had promised) as to satisfie her own spightfull Humour.

To her Sister *Remonda* (as if shee had escaped some great danger)

shee related, *how shee had thought to have undon her self by frequenting* Almeria's *company, believing that shee had been really a* Maid (*as shee had possessed* Celian *and* her) *but that shee now had found that Hee was a wicked* Man, *who having committed some Villanous Action, to avoid the hands of the* Justice, *was fled to hide himself in those Woods, and not thinking himself yet sufficiently concealed, unless hee denied his* Sex, *he had covered his Knavery under the Habit of a simple Shepherdess. If I should tell my* Father *or my* Brother, *What violence that* Traytour *offered to mee* (continued Shee) *I believe they would tear him in a thousand pieces, unless my* Father *bee too much blinded with the Gold which hee hath cast into his Eyes; for old Folk generally are of that Disposition, that Lucre makes them neglect all Honour.* How do you think was *Remonda* affected with this Discourse? In stead of continuing in her former frenzy, which *Merinda's* intention was to resuscitate, shee felt on a sodain all her *choler* vanish, and gently slipping into it's place an agreeable sweetness, like unto that delightfull poyson which is called *Love.* The winning Graces of *Almeria* (as a *Man*) represented themselves to her Eyes in a more lovely form than ever, and turning her *Passion* in an instant, of a Mortall *Enemy*, shee became a voluntary *slave* to her, whom *Jealousie* had made her hate. Oh how shee than repented that shee had spoken so unworthily of the worthiest Subject in the World! How much shee apprehended lest her brawling and invective Speeches might bee an Obstacle to the Conquest, which shee projected of that Golden Fleece! Shee transplanted all her *Rage* and *Malice* into her Sister's Brest, and having in exchange imbraced her Affection, in stead of blaming *Almeria* for the violence, which shee thought shee had offered to the pudicity of *Merinda*, perchance shee would rather have excused than accused the like attempt upon her self.

Merinda made the like Relation to *Belida*, who presently felt her self eased of that *Head-ache* which troubled her, by reason of her Husband's shew of affection to *Almeria*, and in stead of seconding *Merinda* in that *choler* (wherewith shee feined to bee transported against that disguised Ravisher) shee told her, *that to make any further Complaints would bee but a needless trouble, and that it was better to turn into laughter the Passions of those Men, who were so inamored of that supposed* Maid, *and cast in their Faces the confusion of having neglected the Legitimate Objects of their reall* Loves, *to run after* a Shadow. So *Merinda* finding no more Disposition in her Sister-in-Law, than in *Remonda*, to back the Design shee had of chasing away *her*, whom shee could not

love

love as a *Maid*, (perchance because shee had disclosed something, which shee then wisht shee had concealed, and which shee feared would bee discovered by the frailty of her *Sex*, whom shee knew to bee in the impossibility of silence) shee resolved to continue her Plot, and beget a belief in her Brother *Manile*, and by his means in the rest, that *Almeria* was a *Man*, whom some heynous crime had obliged to take that disguise, thinking thereby to make them hunt her away, lest beeing discovered by the Justice, they might bee brought in question and imprisoned as harborers and complices of his crime.

If *Belida* was glad to hear this *Maid* was a *Man*, changing her *Gall* into *Hony*, and the sharp prickles of her *Hatred* into the sweet flowers of *Friendship*, *Manile* was no less afflicted at this news; for, it was the burying of that amiable *Passion* which inlivened him, and which fed his imagination with the most agreeable Fancies, that ever hee had experimented. As if a Thunderbolt had swept the ground under his Feet, and a flash of Lightning sealed up his Eyes; or, as if hee had received a great Knock with a Club upon the Head, so hee stood amazed for a good while without any motion of Body or Tongue. At length, as, although the Fire bee out, the Ashes yet remain warm; So *Pitty* assuming in the Heart of this Rustick the place of *Love*, which was quite extinguished by this Relation, Hee answered, *That however, they ought to have compassion of those that were in affliction, and not to commit so base a Treachery as to betray a poor criminall, who did what hee could to shelter himself from the rigour of* Justice, *that it would bee a very unworthy part for Protectors to become Sergeants, that the Sanctuary should prove the Ruine, and serve as a Prison to those that fled thither for refuge, thinking to find their Liberty and safeguard; those Harbors beeing very unfortunate where vessells were cast away.*

The spightfull *Female* seeing hee made no more account of her complaints than the rest, repaired to *Lupicin*, who was very glad of that advertisement; for, having no other end in following *Almeria*, than to torment his Wife, he thought it might be a means to make her see her folly, when that verity should come to bee divulged. *Fleurial*, *Lupicin's* Wive's Brother, was no less astonished than *Manile*, when it came to his ears, Oh! how hee wished it had been false, although hee believed it was too true, *Merinda* had the skill to relate it with such resentments of a Virgin, the treasure of whose integrity (shee pretended) *Almeria* would have ravished. Onely *Antalcas*, *quondam* servant to *Merinda*, had a conceit, that what shee alleadged was a meer supposition, invented to con-

confound him, for forsaking her to Court the strange Shepherdess: for, hee carryed the perfections of *Almeria* so deeply ingraven in his breſt, that hee needed a more Authentick proof than a bare report to disabuse him, so, hee sent her away very ruggedly, telling her *that hee was not so Credulous, and that shee spake out of Envie.*

In summ, whilest all those eyes, like so many *Argusses*, were watching and observing every particular gesture of *Almeria*, shee had the wit so Dexterously to hold the Ballance in this Ambiguity, that shee led those Rusticks (as they say) by the *Nose*, like *Bears* that are Blind and Muzled. For, the *Men* by her *Womanish* behaviour, which shee acted to the life, were confident shee was of that Sex; And that to avoid their Importunities, shee had made *Merinda* publish that Lye: But *Belida* and *Remonda* applying their Observations more particularly to those Actions that spake her, as they desired her, had a conceit that *Merinda* had invented that Stratagem to preserve that prize to her self, in imitation of Nurses who lay Mustard upon their Nipples, when they have a mind to wean their Children, to make them shun the bitterness in the same place, whence they Sucked the sweet nourishment of their lives. Thus *Remonda* taking *Merinda*'s turn, declared without much Ceremony her Passion to *Almeria*, telling him that shee had seen his Cloathes, and that shee knew his Condition; And *Belida*, who would pay her Husband in his own Coyn, and make his Brains crow another while, began to make extraordinary caresses to *Almeria*, which were much less supportable than her *Envie* and *Detraction*. And *Merinda*, (though shee studyed to shun the sight of *Almeria* with no less care, than shee had formerly desired it with eagerness whilest her sense made her hope for some satisfaction) could not forbear looking backwards (like the woman that was Metamorphosed into a pillar of Salt) and to call some Scruples into her mind, that perchance *Almeria* to bee rid of her importunities, made her believe that shee was a *Maid*, when shee was otherwise. The importance of all this was, that every one champed on his Bit in Silence, and out of the *Mass* of divers thoughts, could not draw one *Drachm* of resolution.

These Rustick's heads being thus Intoxicated, a Solemnity in a neighbouring Village invited the Country-people to assemble there; *Almeria* seeming to bee unwilling to go thither, out of fear of beeing known, augmented by her backwardness the desire of her Suitors to see her appear amongst the other Lasses, like the *Moon* neer her full amongst the smaller *Lights*, which the *Night* displayeth in the *Firmament*. At length,

length by much wooing and intreaty, ſhee ſuffered her ſelf to bee perſwaded to bear *Belida* and *Remonda* company, who left her the leaſt they could; *Merinda* likewiſe, beeing deſirous to ſee the paſtime, was forced to joyn with them, and re-accoſt *Almeria*, who caſt ſuch glances upon her as penetrated her very *Soul*, and without ſpeaking a word, reproached openly enough her unworthineſs. Whileſt they are upon the way, let us take the time to relate the plot which *Iphigenes* layed to render inviſible to the eyes of his friends the *Paſſion* which hee intended to make viſible to *Almeria*, but in ſuch a manner as I want words to expreſs it.

Pomeran beeing his boſome-friend, Hee took *him* into his Cloſet, where hee thus diſcloſed his mind unto him: *Dear friend, can I conceal any thing from thee that come's neer my* Heart, *ſince thou takeſt ſo much part in my joyes or Diſpleaſures? No certainly, unleſs I would offend thy Friendſhip, which obligeth mee to an Intire confidence.* Alas! *At our laſt Hunting, whileſt you having the* Hart *at a Bay, were making a Prey of him, I doubly loſt my ſelf in the* Foreſt, *and have Inthralled my* Heart, *but in ſuch a Bondage as I eſteem above any Freedome*; Love *hath made booty of my* Liberty, *by the Incounter of a Shepherdeſs, who doth ſo much reſemble the only Object which delight's my Soul (that is, my Wife, my dear* Modeſtina*) that at firſt bluſh I thought ſhee had been eſcaped out of the Priſon, where the Cruelty of my Father reteineth her, and had concealed her ſelf in theſe Woods, diſguiſed thus, purpoſely to accoſt mee, and learn the reſentments of my* Soul. *But by her Converſation I perceived it was not ſhee, though this hath a good Wit for a* Country-*girl, accompanyed with an Incomparable* Modeſty: *I have ſhewed thee ſometimes her Picture, which I alwaies wear next my* Heart, *where her* Idea *is ſo lively Ingraven; by that thou wilt diſcern their likeneſs when thou ſeeſt this ſweet Object of my Divertiſement: For, really I muſt confeſs, ſince I have met with this living* Copy, *that* Picture *hath ſemed dead to mee, and if I have Strayed ſometimes in the* Foreſt, *I may tell thee, it hath been to ſeek out this* Image *of my only* Joy, *the* Originall *whereof is deteined from my ſight, by the Imperious command, I dare not ſay* Cruelty *of my Father. And although I confeſs there is an extream difference betwixt the Merits of my* Lady *and this* Shepherdeſs, *yet this deceipt is as ſweet to mee, as that of an agreeable dream, which when wee awake makes us ſorry it laſted no longer. I wiſh* the Heavens *may never pardon mee, nay contrary, I deſire that my head may ſerve for a Butt to all their Thunderbolts, if in this pleaſing imagination I have any deſign that is not con-*

formable to Vertue. I know what I owe to God *and my own* Soul, *what I owe to the Glory of my Birth and Quality; I know what the inviolable* Fidelity *is, which I have sworn to my* Wife, *and I should bee the ungratefulleſt Creature breathing, if I did not correſpond to the ſincerity of her* Affections *to mee: thou mayeſt believe mee, were I to dye a thouſand times, and by a thouſand ſorts of new torments, I would rather undergoe them all, than commit an act of* Diſloyalty *againſt* Her, *or with* This *of whom I ſpeak. For I hold, that to* Love *without* Honour, (*beſides that it is an* Infamy) *is rather* Pain *than* Pleaſure, *and thoſe Siniſter intentions are for the moſt part ſhamefull, and abhor the light; Which is quite contrary to mine, for I do not only declare unto you my* Paſſion, *but I deſire, if you pleaſe, to make you participant of my* Pleaſure. *Thoſe that aim at nothing but ſuch delights, as are common to us and Brutes, cannot endure any companions in their injoyments, being covetous to poſſeſs alone what they deſire with as much* Impurity *as* Impatience: *But chaſt* Love *is not ſubject to any of thoſe Frenzies, it's* Jealouſie *look's no farther than the* deſire *of rendring it ſelf more perfect, more amiable, more accompliſht; to bee beloved, not alone, but better than others.* Reaſon *is the Conductor of this pure* Affection, *whereas ſhee is baniſhed from all illicite* Paſſions. *All that I pretend in this Divertiſement, which I am about to tell you, is only to amuſe that concupiſcible Faculty which is Naturall to us, (and which cannot bee void, that is, uſeleſs in us) in giving it an Object, Whoſe Simplicity can no waies leſſen or cauſe any alteration of the Sincere affection which I bear* Modeſtina: *Let the* Heavens *ſo proſper mee, as I Honour and am Faithfull to* her, *& may I injoy no longer* Life *than I preſerve my* Loyalty *to* her; *But, as in ſtead of beeing offended, I am ſure ſhe would be well pleaſed to know that in her abſence I ſhould love and make a thouſand careſſes to her* Picture; *So, I believe that rendring but Honourable and chaſt Devoirs to her living* Image, *I ſhall not prejudice the* Faith *which I owe* her, *ſeeing I do not cheriſh this* Figure, *but in conſideration of* her *whom it repreſents, amuſing my ſelf therewith as an Innocent Child would do about a* Babie, *to divert the* Melancholie *and diſguſts which accompany my diſgrace.*

You may ſay what you pleaſe, replyed Pomeran, *for believe mee,* Sir, *it is impoſſible to ſpeak ſo feelingly, and cry up the merits of any Subject with ſuch Vehemency, without beeing touched with that* Frenzie *which turne's the ſtrongeſt Brains. I dare not queſtion your* Fidelity *to* Modeſtina, *but as a Feaver is known by the Alteration, and by the Tongue is obſerved the indiſpoſition of the Stomack; ſo by the diſcourſe is diſcovered*

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the Intention of the Heart, ſince out of the abundance thereof the Mouth ſpeaketh. The Image *you ſo much adore, is too reall and too lively, to make mee believe that you cherish the Preſent only by Imagination, and the Abſent in Effect; if you are not very cunning and well-ſented, you are now in danger of taking a* change; *theſe Savage Creatures have oftentimes ſuch Wiles, as the experteſt Hunts-men are never able to finde out. Any other Paſſion elſe may bee ſo handſomely diſſembled, that a* Man *may cheat the Eyes of the moſt Circumſpect, but in this, which carries away the* Heart *intirely, it is not the* Mouth *but the bottom of the* Soul *which ſpeaketh. Some do perſwade themſelves they Love very much, when they are not touched with the leaſt Affection, and others ſometimes do think they have but a ſpark of that Fire, when all their Bowells are on a Flame. Make no jeſt of this,* Iphigenes, *for whileſt you think to catch, you may be caught, and believing to deceive others, you may be abuſed your ſelf. For the moſt part this dangerous* Paſſion, *(the Murtheress of our* Honour *and the Enemy of our* Repoſe,) *inſinuate's it ſelf and ſlip's into our Souls under ſuch ſpecious pretexts, and by ſuch plauſible means, that with the Sugar wee ſwallow the Poyſon, and contribute all wee can to our perdition. You ſay it is only for ſport, and to recreate your diſcontented Mind, and that there is nothing of evill, or indecencie in it; Can there I pray, be any thing more misbecoming, than to ſee a* Man *great by Extraction, great by Quality, great in Eſteem, and great in Courage, abaſe his thoughts ſo low as to Court a* Shepherdeſs? *You, who have the Honour to deſerve (what diſgrace of* Fortune *ſoever may bee imagined by this retirement from* Court) *the Affection of both their* Majeſties, *what will they they ſay of this Fantaſie, but that* Lucifer *is fallen from* Heaven, *and that you have precipitated your ſelf from the Vertical point of* Honour *into the* Center *of* Dejection *by ſome ſort of* Deſpair? *Indeed you prepare matter for your* Calumniators, *who not content to triumph over your* Innocencie, *will add to their Trophies the Laughter at your* Follie. *Pardon mee* Sir, *if I ſpeak ſo boldly to you, the exceſs of my* Affection *to your Perſon paſſeth the* Reverence *which I owe to your Quality, and I ſhould eſteem my ſelf a Traytor, if I ſhould conceal ſo remarkable a Verity.*

After a multitude of other diſſwaſive Arguments, which *Iphigenes* refuted with no leſs ſubtility and eagerneſs, than *Pomeran* alledged them with Cordiall tenderneſs, *Wee ſhall never have done conteſting,* ſaid Iphigenes, *unleſs I quite unbutton my breaſt to you, which I will do,* Pomeran, *with as much Freedom as I have Confidence in your Fidelity. This Fire which you think ſo great, or which you fear will grow to ſe great*

a Blaze, is but a little ſpark which I deſire to Choak, not to Cheriſh ; For, beſide the ſolemn Proteſtations which I make to Heaven, *never to admit within my* Soul *any thought of* Unfaithfulneſs *or* Impurity, *I muſt abſolutely have renounced all* Honour *and* Reaſon, *if I ſhould ſuffer my* deſires *to ſtoop ſo low as the Condition of* Alneria : *But this is a plot which I have invented (wherein I have need of your aſſiſtance to cover my diſſimulation) that* Reſpicia *loſing all hopes of conquering me, and my* Father, *fearing leſt this fantaſie may ruine my* Fortune, *may conſent to render mee poſſeſſor of my* Modeſtina, *without whom mee-think's the light of the* Sun *is irkſome to my ſight. Judge you then,* Dear Friend, *if my Intention bee unjuſt, or my Wounds inflamed by the remedy which I apply to them. This would not bee the firſt time ,* anſwered Pomeran, *that the Antidote were changed into poiſon. Violent cures are alwaies dangerous, wee never make uſe of Irons and Fire but in extremities, and when 'tis feared that the* Gangrene *will haſten* Death. *Wee cannot judge of Counſels and Enterpriſes by the beginning, but by the Event. It hapneth oftentimes that a Mutinous People ſeeking to ſhake off the Yoak of their Naturall and Legitimate* Prince, *do fall by their revolting under the* Domination *of a ſtrange* Tyrant, *not acquiring the Liberty which they pretended, but having only changed a bad* Maſter *for a worſe.* Phyſick *is not alwaies in ſeaſon, and that which is good for one, is hurtfull to another ; That which you are about to take, is as if inſtead of caſting your ſelf from a precipice, you ſhould fall into the Fire. Some potions are harder to bee taken, than our Diſeaſes to bee ſupported ; and mee-think's there is an Hook under this Bait : Therefore I conjure you by all the glory which accompanies you, to manage well and bee chary of your* Renown; *bee not carried away inconſiderately by theſe* Paſſions, *which will render you no leſs ridiculous, than you have hitherto been remarkable for ſo many* Heroick *and Generous Actions.*

The

The Sixth Book.

ARGUMENT.

Iphigenes, *under the Name of* Iphis, *attended by* Pomeran, Argal, Pisides *and* Boleslaus (*all disguised like* Countrey-*Fellowes*) *goes to* Celian's *Village and make's Love to* Almeria. *The Jealousie of the Swains, and their Malicious Combination against these Strangers.* Almeria's *Loving Speech to* Iphigenes. *His no less Passionate than Ambiguous Answer.* Iphigenes *the better to injoy his* Almeria's *Company, and blinde his own Friend's Eyes as well as the Clown's, procure's himself to bee received likewise into* Celian's *Service.* Almeria *by another feined story of Herself, staggers the belief of the other* Shepherdesses *more than ever. Their Plot against her,* Iphis, *and the other disguised strangers. The severall Censures of* Iphigenes's *Friends for his Disguisement.* Iphis *overcomes by Presents the Malice of his* Clowniſh *Enviers.* Iphigenes *and* Almeria *accompanied by* Boleslaus *onely, steal privately away into the Woods. The sense of the Feined as well as the reall* Swains *concerning their departures.* Almeria *and* Iphis *having changed Cloaths in the Woods, shee take's the Name of* Calliante, *and hee calls himself* Serife. *Their parting from each other, the better to effect their Stratagem.* Pomeran *with his Companions and the Countrie-Men going to seek* Iphigenes, *meet with his Hunts-men. The manner of their incounter, and the fall of the Stag they hunted.* Iphigenes *or* Serife's *Dream. Her own interpretation of it: Her Meditation.*

IPHIGENES beeing out of hope of winning *Pomeran* to favour his Desires; *I see,* said hee, *you are too serious to accompany mee in this merriment, but I know when you see the issue of it, you will bee sorry that you deprived your self of a pleasure which might have afforded you much contentment: For my own particular I am sure to come safe enough out of these imaginary dangers, and that I shall take no more* Passion

than my Reaſon *will bee able to over-rule.* Whereupon *Pomeran* thus made anſwer, *I am your Friend in all ſeaſons, Summer, Winter, in Favour and in Diſgrace, I have forſaken the* Court *to follow you, and I will leave the* City *to attend you in your* Rurall *Recreations, with you Impriſonment is Liberty to mee, Solitude a Paradice, and Without you the* Court *is a forlorn* Deſart. *I have ſerved you in Combats, and in Duells, beeing reſolved to be yours as Well in Death as in Life; I am upon the leaſt ſummons ready to go With you upon any Exploit, though ne're ſo dangerous; And having given you my advice with all Sincerity and Affection, it is now my turn to embrace your's without ſeeking any further Reaſon than your Will. If you run your ſelf into deſtruction, I Will bee deſtroyed With you; but give mee leave to lament your ruin more than mine own, Which is much leſs conſiderable than yours; Whereſoever you go, I will die at your feet, and in the Obedience Which I have vowed to your command.* To this *Iphigenes* preſently replied; *I love voluntary Sacrifices, Friendſhip admit's of none but free perſons on board of her Galley, ſhee Will have no forced ſervice. I ſhould bee ſorry that you ſhould do out of conſtraint, what ought to proceed from an hearty cheerfulueſs. I am ſorry for the contradiction that I have cauſed to your Humour, which I perceive at preſent is not diſpoſed to Mirth, for my own part I had rather Die with hunger, than Live upon Alms; I cheriſh my friends according to their Fancies; if they are joviall I rejoyce, and I am ſad at that which afflicts them. However, I love you n'ere the leſs,* Pomeran, *for I know it is the Exceſs of your good Will to mee which make's you fear where there is no occaſion. Therefore you may uſe What Exerciſe you pleaſe, whileſt with* Argal, Piſides *and ſome others of my friends (who will not ſtand upon ſuch niceties) I will take a Recreation which I hold to bee innocent, and wherein I Will do my indeavour to hinder* Malice *from introducing any of her ſtratagems. My propoſing of thoſe Reaſons* (ſaid Pomeran) *was not to oppoſe them againſt your Will, but to let you ſee with what meaſure I march in your ſervice, for (you may believe mee) although I do not ſuſpect your pleaſures in the leaſt, but believe your intentions are upright and ſincere, yet I muſt tell you that what hath reference to your Advantage and Glory, toucheth mee more neerly than What concern's your paſtimes, In Which I ſhall not bee Wanting, nevertheleſs to attend you, ſo that my preſence bee not offenſive or ſuſpected. For, in ſuch caſe I Will rather retire my ſelf, to remove an Object from your Eyes, that may bee an occaſion of your perpetuall trouble, and bar you of the Liberty of Speech or Actions.*

Iphigenes beeing deſirous to preſerve ſo reall a Friend, and knowing that firſt or laſt the ſucceſs would diſabuſe him, not to give him any cauſe

of

of Diſcontent, conſented that hee ſhould accompany him in his Facetious Enterpriſe of going in a *Peaſant's* Habit to make love to *Almeria*. *Piſides* and *Argal* (being not ſo conſiderate) were no ſooner acquainted with the Deſign, but they approved it, and with a complacency, familiar to *Courtiers*, they preſently made Proffers of their Services, fancying already a thouſand inventions to abuſe the ſimplicity of thoſe clowniſh Souls. There was none but *Boleſlaüs* (Foſter-Father and Confident to *Iphigenes*) who participated of the truth of this Story, or knew whereunto tended the *Morall* of this *Fable*. Hee had already (diſguiſed like a Traveller) been to confer with *Almeria*, of whom hee learnt the Diſpoſitions of thoſe Ruſtick Spirits, wherewith ſhee was environed; and the Politick Old Man (by whoſe counſell *Iphigenes* chiefly directed his courſe) caſt now and then into the Soul of this ſuppoſed Shepherdeſs certain hopes which gently flattered Her Ambition.

All things beeing thus ordered, *Iphigenes* with his three Friends, *Pomeran*, *Argal* and *Piſides*, not forgetting *Boleſlaüs*, whom hee called *Father*, marched like Country-fellowes to the Village where the ſolemnity was; thither likewiſe came *Almeria*, accompanied with *Belida*, *Remonda* and *Merinda*, uſhered by *Lupicin* and the four Competitours. *Manile*, *Fleurial*, *Antalcas* and *Polemas*. To make a compariſon betwixt thoſe *Reall* Ruſticks and theſe *diſguiſed ones*, I had need have the Pencill of that *Painter*, who (with onely turning the Picture) of an Horſe that was tumbling in the duſt, made one running full ſpeed, and beating the duſt in his Carreer. I will not here amuſe my ſelf in the Deſcription of an Antick, nor abuſe the time and the Reader's Patience with the Repreſentation of a County-ſolemnity; I ſhall onely ſay that our Strangers appeared amongſt thoſe rough-hewen *Boors*, like that golden Sand which ſhines amongſt the gravell of the River *Tagus*. There were no Eyes but for them, nor any but upon them. They carried away with ſuch advantage the Glory in all the Exerciſes, as Dancing, Wreſtling, Jumping, Slinging of Stones, flinging the Bar, Shooting, or whatſoever, that they ſeemed as if they were come thither purpoſely to dazle the ſight of all that did behold them: But their Carriage beeing too gentile for ſuch mean Habits, their cleer Complexions and their ſtudied Slights betrayed them. Every one ask't, *Who are they? whence are they?* but no body could give an account. This bred a ſuſpition that there was ſome Plot in their coming, and that they were ſome cunning Shavers that intended to ſurpriſe them. To repeat you the Diſcourſe of theſe *Stage-Peaſants*,

Peasants, would bee too long and Frivolous; or to tell you that amongst the throng of Females *Almeria* was presently noted for her which deserved the Golden Apple, would bee as needless.

If *Amity* is formed betwixt equalls, or equalizeth those whom it unite's, there was no Body, how envious soever, that seeing *Iphigenes* Discoursing with *Almeria*, would not judge them the best Match't Couple in the World, onely Hee appeared too white for a *Man*, and shee too brown for a *Woman*, but her brownness was Alablaster in comparison of the rest. *Pisides* and *Argal* commended *Iphigenes* (who had given himself the Name of *Iphis*) for his choyce: But *Pomeran*, who alwayes suspected this (seemingly feined) Love, conceiving that it had some reality which hee could not discern, had his mind balanced in the Flood and Ebb of different Imaginations; Sometimes reflecting upon the Resemblance of the Picture *Iphigenes* had shewen him, hee thought shee might indeed bee *Modestina*, but that conjecture was soon effaced by some homely Actions, which *Almeria* counterfeited with so much Art, that the most cleer-sighted would have taken them for Dame *Nature's* own production. *Iphigenes* ravished with delight to see his Design succeed, opened his Heart in private to *Boleslaüs*, who participated of his contentment to see how they were all deceived in *Almeria*, and shee her self in him. And in regard the pleasure would have been too short, if confined to one daye's time, our Disguised Gentlemen continued their Visits to *Almeria*, and the rest in *Celian's* House for the space of half a Moon: during which time the *Palatine* made a Report bee spread in *Plocens* (which was the chief City of his Government) that hee was retired to a *Castellain's* House in the Country for some Affairs of great Importance.

In the fifteen Dayes time which *Iphigenes* with his Companions spent in a Rich Farmer's House not far from *Celian's*, their Expences and great Cheer quickly made appear that they had nothing of Country-men but the Habit. They went not to Plough, nor followed any such exercises as the others did, but making Fishing or Hunting their daily Occupations, they missed no opportunity of accosting *Almeria*, either in the Groves, in the Meddowes, under the shade by the Rivers side, or neer some cool Spring. These frequent Meetings confirming *Merinda* in the Opinion shee had that *Almeria* was a *Maid*, turned *Belida* and *Remonda* to their first belief. *Lupicin* with the four Concurrents lost the suspition they had that shee was a *Man*, to embrace this, *That these Strangers were perchance The Men which had shipwracked her Honour in*

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the City. Theſe ſurmiſes kindled their Fires, and their Fires redoubled their Jealouſies, ſeeing themſelves ſupplanted by perſons unknown. *Envie*, ſaith the Wiſe Man, is the *vice* of baſe abject Spirits. This Monſter whoſe Pain is another's Eaſe, and who feed's upon his own Heart, ſeated himſelf in the Souls of theſe Churles, who could not indure the luſter of ſo many gentile Qualities as rendred thoſe Newcomers recommendable. And as Wolves,(Creatures that are ſingular, inſociable,and which tear one another to pieces) do agree and go together, if there be queſtion of falling upon a Flock of Sheep, or breaking down a Fold; So thoſe Swains (who hated each other as Rivals)complotted with a ſecret intelligence how to chaſe away theſe ſtrangers from *Almeria*,and conſpired Machinations againſt her,which were the Effects of Hatred, though they proceeded from a contrary Cauſe.

I omit their Reproaches and Detraction againſt her Innocency:For, their Jealouſie beeing viſible,our Gentlemen gave no credit to their Speeches, knowing that they troubled the pure *Waters* of that cleer *Fountain*, onely to hinder them from admiring and ſtaying neer it. It was a pleaſure to ſee the Schiſm that was amongſt them, and how their deceitfull Lips uttered words quite oppoſite to their Hearts; Some reported that *Almeria* was a *Man*, purſued by the *Juſtice* for a Murther, and had tranſveſted himſelf to avoid the puniſhment of his Crime; Others gave out that ſhee was really a *Maid*, but of a deboſhed and lewd Life,who to ſhun the fury of her Parents(that would have chaſtiſed her for her Fault) or to Live with more Liberty, had cloathed Herſelf in a Shepardeſſe's Weeds. One ſaid ſhee was a *Citizen's* Daughter, another that ſhee was born in the *Country*;ſome ſaid ſhee was of one Province, others of another; Some affirmed ſhee was *Celian's* Neece, others denyed it. If *Rewenda* called her Couſin, *Merinda* declared ſhee knew her not; *Belida* gave her the ſtyle of Kinſwoman,*Lupicin* uſed another tearm; In ſumme,never a one could agree with his Companion, their Relations and Opinions beeing as differing as their Faces. You would have ſaid *Almeria* had been the *Moon*, for whom her *Mother* could not ſhape a Garment, becauſe ſhee was never long in the ſame condition. Theſe various rumours marvellouſly divided the Spirits of *Argal*, and *Piſides*; for,amongſt ſo many uncertainties they knew not what to apply their beliefs unto. Sometimes the *Maſculine* courage of *Almeria*, and her vigorous exerciſes made them incline to the thought of her beeing a *Male* Femi-

niz'd; and when ſhee acted the *Maid*, the ſweetneſs of her Carriage perſwaded them the contrary. The brown tincture of her Complexion ſeemed to plead in favour of their former conjecture, but the Lovelineſs and attractive Motion of her Eyes confirmed them in the later. However that her Education or Birth were of an Air which reſented nothing of Ruſticity, was evident: Inſomuch that they were really of the mind, *that* whileſt they thought to cheat her with their diſguiſes, ſhee laughed at their Artifices, and by a coun-termine would render all their Indeavours fruitleſs. Theſe imaginations they communicated to *Iphigenes*, who was ready to die with delight to ſee them ſo handſomly ſeduced. But *Pomeran* took no pleaſure in theſe paſſages; for, out of all theſe contrary Relations, Hee drew theſe Conſequences: *If* Almeria *bee a* Man, *and what is worſe, a* Murtherer, *What honour is it for us to amuſe our Times about an Object, that one day upon a Gibet muſt make Faces at thoſe that paſs? Indeed wee are fallen into a rare converſation of* Clowns *and* Gallows-clappers; *If ſhee bee a* Woman, *and of a looſe Life, what credit will it bee for* Iphigenes *to ſinge the Wings of his deſires at the Flame of ſo ſtinking a Torch? No, I cannot endure to ſee him caſt himſelf away in the Embraces of a diſſolute ſlut: But hee muſt firſt bee diverted by the ſweetneſs of the Rayes of ſolid* Reaſons, *and afterwards by the violent Buffets of ſtrong* Remonſtrances; *and before the light of his* Judgement *bee quite extinguiſhed, hee muſt be made to underſtand,* that *hee is upon the Brink of a Precipice, whoſe fall is ſo ſteep, that if hee do but trip, he will never bee able to recover himſelf untill hee comes to the bottom.*

Iphigenes rejoycing to ſee him ſo perfectly miſtaken, it cannot bee imagined what delight hee took in imparting theſe particulars to *Almeria*: And whileſt hee employed all his thoughts and time in entertaining his *Penelope*, thoſe that accompanied him, ſeeing they could not make him hear of returning, fell a courting her Attendants; for, what elſe ſhould I call the two *Siſters* & *Belida*, who were continually in *Almeria's* company? I ſhould bee too long if I ſhould relate in what manner thoſe ſubtile Wits inveagled the ſimplicity of thoſe ſilly *Maulkins*: for, to doubt of the advantages which the quaintneſs of *Courtiers* hath above the rude ignorance of *Countrie*-People, were to make a queſtion, when it is moſt light, at *Noon* or at *Mid-night*. They made ſuch fair Stories to thoſe dull *Souls*, that preſently they forgat the incertain Paſſion they had for *Almeria*, to frame new affections for theſe ſtrangers, who told them wonders of their *Flocks*, of their

poſſeſſions,

poſſeſſions, and of the commodities of their *Village* which they deſcribed to bee a *Paradice* on *Earth*; inſomuch that all three Siſters were almoſt perſwaded to follow them, out of a certain inclination, (naturall to every Body) to ſeek that which is moſt advantageous. This bred ſtrange thoughts in *Celian*, *Lupicin*, *Fleurial*, and the reſt, ſeeing theſe unknown Perſons, and who had nothing of *Peaſants* but their out-ſide, ſhould breed alterations in the *minds* of thoſe, where they had lodged their *Affections*. Nevertheleſs (as all baſe and dull-ſpirited Souls are alwayes guilty of cowardize, what Anger ſoever their Malice is hatching, they have not courage enough to produce any bold, or reſolute Effects) they quietly ſuffered themſelves to bee diſpoſſeſſed of their ordinary Converſations. And this ſupplantation was eaſie enough, for the *Clowns* beeing preſſed with Neceſſity, were more attentive at their Work and Profit, than their Pleaſure; whereas theſe *Strangers*, having nothing elſe to do, than to ſpin out their Time, and beſides, ſpending high, and making ſuch cheer as the others were not accuſtomed to ſee, might with much facility have advanced their Deſigns, if they had had any other than to give their *minds* ſome recreation.

In mean time *Iphigenes* who deſired abſolutely to blot out of *Almeria's* Thoughts the Affection of *Clemencia*, and place himſelf in her room, in making himſelf bee cheriſht by his feined *Miſtris*, otherwiſe than a *Friend*, periſhed, like *Tantalus*, in preſence of his Remedy. Hundreds of times Hee was upon the nick of Declaring all the ſecret to this beloved Object; But *Boleſlaüs* (without whoſe advice he did nothing of importance) ſerved as a Bridle to moderate the violence of his deſires, telling him, that *the time of his Manifeſtation was not yet expired, and* that *hee muſt bee contented untill hee was Repealed from baniſhment, to the end his Marriage might bee in the eſtabliſhment of a* Fortune *more favourable for* Liante. Who will now furniſh mee with tearms to expreſs Reſentments, which for their ſingularity, mee-think's, ought to bee remitted to Thought alone? When theſe two Friends could ſteal any time to themſelves, (for which they ſought all poſſible opportunities) It was a pleaſure to ſee the Admirations of *Almeria*, who ſometimes thus entertained *Iphigenes*: *My dear Brother, indeed it is not amiſs that our ſo paſſionate converſation is not in my Siſter's ſight, for, although it is but her Image, and the lines of ſome reſemblance of her which you love in mee, doubtleſs ſhee would find ſome cauſe to bee jealous of her Picture: I never ſaw you ſo fond of her, nor render ſuch endearing devoirs to the Originall. It is true, that therein you were to bee*

Excuſed by reaſon of the tenderneſs of your Age, which did not make you Suſceptible of ſo great fire as you expreſs to mee, on purpoſe to deceive more neatly thoſe who do attend you. To deal really, were not the advantages of our Sex incomparable, I could almoſt wiſh my ſelf as my Habit ſpeak's mee, out of a conceit I have that you would love mee as well as my Siſter, and *could I change my* Nature, *it ſhould bee meerly to bee your* Wife, *not to ſhare in thoſe Honours and Wealth which environ you, but for the Merits of your own Perſon, which are abundantly more Eſtimable than all the Benefits which blind* Fortune *diſtributeth ordinarily to thoſe that have no reall Deſert. Oh! why am not I* Almeria *indeed? and theſe feined Affections which you ſo dexterouſly do repreſent to mee, why are not they eſſentiall? Believe mee, after that, my* Ambition *would be at an end.* Who can but think that this Diſcourſe deliciouſly flattered the imagination of *Iphigenes?* who to prolong that agreeable amuſement, and ſtill touch that String whoſe ſound was ſo Harmonious in his Ears, thus replyed:

You may ſee, Brother, *how far doth tranſport mee not the* Love *of an* Image, *as you imagine, but the power of my* Friendſhip *to you, I ſay to you, to your Perſon, to* Liante *as* Liante, *not as the Portraicture of* Modeſtina: *Indeed I love her, as my duty obligeth mee, but do not you know that nothing is ſo ill performed out of that Reſpect, as* Loving, *ſince that* Paſſion, *beeing the* Daughter *of our* Will, *retaineth ſomething of the* Mother's *Diſpoſition, whoſe Element, or rather Subſtance, is* Freedome? *But beſides the conſtreint of a* Matrimonall *Bond, (which how golden ſoever it be, is alwayes a Bond) in my mind that* Sex, *in regard of it's frailty, is ſo little capable to ſuſtein that ſtreight and durable Knot of a true* Friendſhip, *that the greateſt inclination a Man can have for* Women, *is nothing in compariſon to that pure and cordiall Affection which hee bear's to a* Friend, *who is his ſecond ſelf. For, it is betwixt two equall* Hearts *that is formed that reciprocall correſpondence, wherein conſiſteth the Eſſence of* Friendſhip. *In that you apprehend to wiſh your ſelf of another Sex to attract from mee a more ardent Affection, you have reaſon, conſidering, that were to wiſh a mighty inconvenience for a mean advantage: For, perchance if you were as your* Siſter *is, my Affection would bee much leſs fervent to you, for then I ſhould look upon you with more* Compaſſion *than* Paſſion, *as a brittle Veſſell more worthy of* Pitty *than* Envy. *Yet if your* Heart *invite's you to deſire a condition ſo miſerable as that of* Women (*whom* God *and* Nature *have Created to bee ſubject unto* Men) *to augment in mee an Affection which is already infinite; Give mee leave to*

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answer your Wish, Who without Dissimulation or Consultation would, to the greatest contentment of my Soul, *relinquish not onely the favour of the* Court, *the dignity of my* Palatinate, *and the benefits I receive by the bounty of the best and most liberall* Prince *in the World,* (*the* King *my* Master) *but all that I am, to purchase mee the power of beeing your* Wife. *It is I who am really jealous of* Clemencia, *and who would gladly have but so much priviledge of your thoughts as my* Sister, *Whose inconstant* Soul *was so shaken with the wind of my* Father's *fury,* that *shee would have been perswaded to marry* Cassin, *had not the disdain of seeing his* Mother *desirous of my Bed, made him retire out of* Podolia *sooner than* Miesias *expected. Oh fickle Girle!* said I, *when I saw her so poor-spirited in an incounter, where shee needed but to have spoken boldy, and carved out a* Negative. *Oh Wavering Girle,* said I, *and unworthy of so perfect a Lover as* Liante! *had the* Heavens *put mee in thy place, I would surely have shewed more* Fidelity *and* Resolution: *But What can bee expected from that* Sex, *but infirmities, since it is the pure substance of Debility, and therefore alwayes shivering and moving like a Leaf? Yet what defects soever I do condemn in that* Sex, *I would not greatly care if I my self were of it, if I thought thereby to be more your's, or* that *you Would love mee as well as my* Sister.

Here *Almeria* taking the word out of *Iphigenes* mouth, said; *Believe mee,* Brother, *That if you love me as much or more than my* Sister (*whereunto I can hardly be perswaded, knowing the little reason you have*) *it is the like with mee; and as if our Stars had Embraced at our Births* (*to Express my Resentments naturally, and nakedly to you*) *I never had by many degrees so much inclination for* Clemencia *as for you; and thereby I find that* Friendship *hath a more powerfull ascendent over my Heart than* Love, *which, to say the Truth, is a* Passion *too Effeminate to have any regency in a Masculine Spirit. And to give you assurance that the Resentments are reall, Which make mee declare my self in these Tearms, Hold for most certain that* Clemencia *shall never be any thing more to mee than what you please, and if you conceive that it may be for her advantage to Marry the* Prince Cassin, *and mine to have another Wife, I will most freelie renounce all those Pretentions, which your Perswasions induced me to have for her, my desire subscribing Willingly to your command. Iphigenes* seeing *Almeria* arrived at that Point, whereunto hee most passionately desired to reduce her Resolution, was strongly tempted to disclose the secret of his Birth; But, not having the conveniency to consult his two *Oracles*, his *Mother* and his *Governour*, hee conteined himself,

but with such pain as may better bee imagined than discribed. So, contenting himself to have absolutely withdrawn *Almeria's* thoughts from *Clemencia*, which was the clog that most oppressed his Mind, and to have obtained her consent to his *Sister's* alliance with *Cassin*, promising to finde another Match that should raise her Fortunes infinitely beyond what shee could have hoped by *Clemencia*; *It is requisite*, said hee, *to conceal your self from those whom my* Father *hath incharged to apprehend and carry you to him Alive or Dead, that you continue this Life, untill Wee can finde the means to convey you into the* Citty, *or untill my Relegation beeing repealed, I may send for you to the* Court, *where by the* King's *Authority I doubt not but to secure you from the* Tyranny *of* Miesias, *and shall take order for the advancement of your Fortune. Mean time for our Recreations, let us persist in dazling the Eyes of those that are about us, as well your* Rusticks *as my Attendants: Therefore the more ardour I shall express to you, the more disdainfully do you treat mee, the better to Wipe out of their thoughts the sinister Opinion, Which they have conceived, that you are a* Maid *of an unchast Life. And to the end our Conversation may bee more frequent, I have an intention to put my self likewise as a* Servant *to* Celian, *whom, I presume, Wee shall draw to any thing by the powder of Injection, Where With Wee will fill both his Hands and his Eyes; making him believe, that to avoid the rigour of our* Parents, *who Would not consent to the terminating of our Legitimate Affections by the sacred tie of Matrimony, Wee have been constreined to leave our Native* Citty, *and make use of this stratagem to meet and enjoy more freely each other's company, but with all the Civilitie, that can be expected from persons which make profession of* Chastity.

Almeria who was in the Hand of *Iphigenes*, as clay in the *Potter's*, condescended to whatsoever hee propounded; And in effect a Purse full of *Chekeens*, or *Crowns* of *Gold*, had no sooner made the *Preface* of *Iphigenes* Speech to *Celian*, but hee believed the rest as an *Oracle*, and with both hands pressed it to a conclusion; And taking this occasion as an occurrence of Treasure, hee prayed *Iphigenes* to dispose of all that was within his small power, as his own, and under the notion of *Servant* to command as *Master*. This did not displease the old Man's Daughters, who were not so blockish as not to like the company of this new Guest; Onely *Manile* was ready to run beyond his Reason, protesting with many Oathes to his Father to leave his House if hee entertained that *stranger*. *Celian* to pacifie him, shewed him how hee was an enemy to his own good Fortune; telling him that those *Angells*

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were not onely the *Gardians*, but the enrichers of his Family. Whereunto Hee, beeing deafned by *Jealouſie*, could give no eare, but continued murmuring inceſſantly againſt his Father's covetouſneſs. Mean time *Almeria* to diſabuſe her two lately created Kinſ-women, tell's them another new forgery.

It is true, ſaid ſhee, *I came hither in* Man's *Habit, having made uſe thereof to withdraw my ſelf from under my Parent's Wings, not that I had made anie breach in my Honour, but fallen off from my Obedience to them. And I thought that their ſeveritie did furniſh me with a Sufficient diſpenſation: For, beeing deſired in Marriage by one* Iphis, *a Young Gentleman richer and of a better Extraction than I am, although contrary to the Will of his friends, in Whoſe Opinion I ſeemed too mean a Fortune for him, my Father not daring to promiſe mee to him without the conſent of his Father, Whoſe power was redoubtable, wee deliberated, (to be free from that ſervitude) to betake our ſelves to the wide World; and therefore having put on Diſguiſes, to facilitate our Eſcapes, wee fled into theſe Woods, expecting untill Time, which bring's all things to perfection, ſhould diſpoſe our Parent's wills to condeſcend to our chaſte deſires. Thus in few words you have the Hiſtory of our Lives, Wherein I ſee no other Crime than this ardent Affection, which hath made us fall, not into any Diſhoneſty (for We deteſt Vice with horror) but into ſome ſore of Lightneſs & immodeſty, Which may eaſily be pardoned by them, who know to What Extremities are tranſported thoſe that are touched, with the ſame Paſſion that animate's our Souls.* This Diſcourſe ſhee made to *Merinda*, *Remonda* & *Belida*, which beeing ended, the two later looked as diſdainfully as their Paſſion could make them upon the other, reproaching her of the falſe Accuſations ſhee had raiſed againſt *Almeria's* Honeſty; Whereupon *Merinda* very confuſedly, Anſwered, *that Almeria had with ſo many different Stories overturned her belief, that indeed ſhee knew not how to truſt her, her former Lies prejudicing What Truths ſhee might afterwards deliver.*

To repreſent the divers Motions this laſt Invention caſt into the ſpirits of theſe three *Parcæ*, would require too much time: for, ſeeing their hopes nipped in the Bud, as well on *Almeria's* part (whom one while they thought to bee a *Man*) as on the other Stranger's, whom they imagined did keep them company onely to wait on *Iphis*, they concurred, like the *Parcæ* indeed, in the ſame concluſion, which was to cut the Thred of theſe ſtrange Practiſes, by hunting away thoſe unknown Perſons that diſturbed their repoſe. The ſame Deſign had *Lupicin* and his companions; But before they came to any violence, and to make

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uſe of the *Lion's* skin, they were not ſo little politick as not to know that the *Foxe's* ought to bee employed firſt, having gained ſo much power over themſelves as to diſſemble what they thought. However they broke their minds to *Celian*, laying before his Eyes the many hazards, whereunto he expoſed himſelf by concealing in his Houſe perſons that were liable to the Law, and who durſt not ſhew their Heads for fear of the *Juſtice*: But, the vertue of that yellow metall (which is the meaſure of all things) had ſo ſtrongly operated in his brain, that he was incapable of any other reaſon, than that of his profit.

In mean while the *Time* paſſed away ſo deliciouſly with *Iphigenes*, who ſerving with a condition to do no Work, (which was likewiſe *Almeria's* Agreement) ſaw not onely every day, but every hour of the day, the beloved Object, which onely could comfort him, and yet which was the ſweet cauſe of all his diſquietneſs. Great was the aſtoniſhment of his Friends to ſee, that *Paſſion* had reduced him to ſo vile a Function; Eſpecially *Pomeran* was in an unſpeakable anguiſh for his Transfiguration, yet durſt not ſpeak much to him for fear of exaſperating his humour, knowing that fair perſwaſions would prevail much more upon his generous ſpirit, than the ſharpneſs of Reproaches. *Argal* and *Piſides* were more moderate and complacent, making a favorable conſtruction of all his Actions, yet they could not ſometimes but reſent a little indignation to ſee him ſo Wedded to that *Almeria*, in whom obſerving no ſuch exquiſite Beauty, they could not imagine whence ſhould proceed thoſe *Charms* that ſo ſtrongly bewitched, and beſotted his *Reaſon*; then, condemning themſelves again of too much harſhneſs, they ſought Excuſes in the tenderneſs of their Affections to him, ſaying, *This fantaſie will not laſt long, it is too violent, the neceſſitie of the affairs of his charge will ſhortly call him back to his Government; All theſe paſſages will quickly bee carried to the* Court, *and* Shame *will make him forſake this enterpriſe. The actions of great Perſons, how ſecret ſoever they be, are at laſt divulged, ſuch publick Miniſters can act nothing in private. Thoſe that are expoſed to the light of the Day, and to the view of the whole World, cannot remain long in obſcuritie. Mean time We muſt endure this ſtorm, and take our ſhare of this unpleaſant paſtime; we would willingly follow the* Palatine *in ſome other occaſions, as more glorious, ſo more perillous; the worſt that can befall in this, is but laughter; and beſides, the Paſſion which produceth theſe actions, carrieth it's excuſe in its blindneſs.* Thus did the friends of *Iphigenes* diſcourſe amongſt themſelves, But Hee was like unto thoſe who having

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Ulcers in their Bodies, do not apprehend any thing more than the hand of the Surgeon.

Presents, saith an Antient Writer, pacifie both the *Gods* and *Men*; the *Heavens* and the *Earth* have a delight in receiving; Hee that invented Gifts, hath forged Chains to inthrall Hearts. The poor Peasants have a custome to bring petty Presents to their Land-lords, either to preserve or purchase their Favours; And our *Rusticks* received Gifts from those strangers to let them live peaceably amongst them. *Celian* was ravished, and thought it was *Jupiter* that was come to visit his House in a showre of *Gold*, his Daughters were all repaired with the Favours *Iphigenes* and his Companions bestowed on them; Not so much as *Lupicin*, *Flewrial*, *Manile*, *Antalcas* and *Polemas*, but every one of them resented the benefits of their Benevolence, besides the good Cheer which they made every day at their charge, Wine beeing as plentifull with them as Water, and no spare made of delicate Dishes. These Exercises of the Teeth hindred for a while their Tongues from murmuring, and did make as it were a Dam to stop the torrent of their *envy*. Nothing was to be thought upon but Feasts and Banquets after the Country fashion, wherein *Iphigenes* made a great shew with a little Expence. Hee was presently taken for a *Grand Monsieur*, and *Almeria* for some *Lady* of quality; And since hee was so willing to pay all, those Trencher-Friends cared not greatly for working, every Day was *Holy-day* with them upon that account, and to keep *Holy-day* after the *Boor's* fashion, is, not to labour at all, unless it bee with the Teeth and Gullet, Eating much and Drinking not a little; That done, Hunting, Fishing, walking amongst the Groves, or reposing upon the fragrant Banks of the Cristall River, repeating Verses, or making *Eclognes* upon the pleasures of the *Rurall* Life, to the no less admiration of the silly Swains, than the satisfaction of the rest, was their recreation for certain Dayes, which though then beeing at the longest of the Year, they thought the *Sun* did Gallop away too fast.

Iphis during these Divertisements having taken all occasions to manifest the fervency of his Passion to *Almeria*, and shee as cunningly (according to their former Agreement) carrying her self with much indifference towards him, so puzled the imaginations of the Assistants, that it was hard to say which were most surprized, the *Countrymen* or the *Courtiers*: For, having remarked nothing in either of them of *Rustick* but their Habits, if those did guess *Iphis* to bee some great

Man, these judged *Almeria* of an extraction far above that *Vile* (if I may not say) *servile* condition which shee had then embraced. Yet not remembring that ever *Iphis* had been ingaged in any *Amoretta's* at *Court*, nor at *Plocens*, nor in *Podolia*, they could not devise where hee should have contracted so particular an acquaintance with *Almeria*, whose condition it was impossible they should e're devine, having never seen *Liante*. And that which troubled them most of all, was to see that *Iphis*, who was far more beautifull than *Almeria*, had such an extraordinary *Passion* for an *Object* that seemed not to answer his Flames, but with a kind of disdain. But these *Enigma's* requiring a more ample Explanation, Night came on, which Eclipsing the *Light* of the Day, cast them into a double *Darkness*, both of *Mind* and *Body*, the *ignorance* of a *truth* beeing no less an *obscurity* to the *understanding*, than the shade of *Night* is to the *Corporall sight*, which depriveth it of its Function.

The Night was differently spent by this disguised Company: For, whilest some troubled their Heads with projecting how to expound the Artificiall Demeanures of *Iphis* and *Almeria* (which give many strange Alarms to their thoughts) These did meditate new and handsomly-contrived Frauds, to render them blind at high Noon. Having then conferred in private (which conveniency they had by lodging in the same House, though always in the presence of *Boleslaüs*, whom *Iphis* might well call the *Gardian* of his Integrity) they determined to change their parts, and make the *Rusticks* believe that *Iphis* was a *Maid* (which was but too true) and *Almeria* a *Man* (which was not false:) to which effect, *that* the next Morning stealing very early into the Woods, they should change Habits, and put in Execution this Stratagem, as followeth. *Boleslaüs* conducter of the *Bark*, having approved of the Design (partly out of a desire to see if his dear *Nursling* could act the *Woman's* part so well, as shee had till then naturally represented the personage of a *Man*) the performance was extreamly easie.

Scarce had the cleer *Aurora* opened the grand *Gates* of the *Orient*, to give passage to *Titan's* Chariot, but our *Diana* and her *Endymion* lost themselves in the Forest. *Boleslaüs* onely (who upon the Sea of such perilous occasions never lost the sight of *Iphis*, no more than Mariners do the *Pole*) was Witness and Complice of their Conspiracy. When the Brigade of the *Feined* as well as *Reall* Swains were assembled betimes, thinking to advise with the two *Lovers* wherewith

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to deceive the houres of the following Day, the *Gemini* (the Starrs whereby they steered their course) appeared not; This was a foul storm for them, and which strook them with the fear of a Shipwrack. Every one thought diversly, and spake according to his Fancy. One said *Almeria* was not so rigorous as shee seemed, and *that* the backwardness shee shewed, was but a feined Copy of her Countenance. Another's Verdict was, *that* shee that would steal away from her Friends in that manner, would do worse. A third Man alledged, *that* it was not likely that shee should continue long without discovering what shee was, and *that* shee that could make a *Pannier* could make a *Basket*. Some made *this* construction of their going away, some *that*. *Proteus* never assumed so many severall shapes, as this absenting themselves had Explications. *Celian* was very sorry for the loss of two such profitable Guests, who were as the two Teats, from which his griping hunger of gaine found Suck in abundance. Hee stood amazed like a rich *Miser* that hath lost his Treasure, hee grumbled and railed against his *Children*, for not keeping amity with those goodly *Angells*, who would have put Wealth and Felicity in his House. And alas! They were rather more perplext than Hee; For if *Almeria* had carried away with her the Hearts of all the *Men*, *Iphis* had gained no less ground in the Affections of his *Daughters* by his admirable *Beauty* and extraordinary *Bounty*. But the most astonished of all were *Pomeran*, *Argal* and *Pisides*, (for the rest were at home;) To remaine any longer in that Rustick equipage, was quite against the hair with them, for, it was meerly the desire of complying with the *Palatine's* humour, that brought them thither, and by his absence that complacency fell to the Ground. They resolved however to expect the return of *Iphis* for a while, considering they were not far from the City of *Plocens*, whither they could at all times make their retreat, if the too long want of his presence should drive them into impatience.

The most amiable occupation of those who have nothing to doe, beeing *Hunting*: They commanded the Country-men to follow them, having already given them to understand that they were *Gentlemen* of that *Noble-man's* retinue, whom they called *Iphis*. Gain and good Cheer (after which your *Plough-Joggers* will run and throng as thick as *Flies* in a *Kitchin*) were main Spurrs to prick on their Observance, for *these* they were their humble Servants, ready at the first call, (that sort of People, although they were never so Lubberly and Heavy-headed, *Gold* will make them like quick Silver, and as nimble as *Mercury*,

cury, this *Metall* puts Wings to their Heels, and make's them skip like Squirrells.

Whileſt they are going to their Stands, let us ſee what's become of our two *Lovers*, accompanied by the *Moderator* of their *Paſſions*. How joyfull were they to ſee themſelves rid of the peſterment of their Companions, whoſe too obſervant Eyes followed the motion of their leaſt actions? That moment of Liberty after ſuch painfull reſtrictions, was no leſs agreeable to them than the pleaſure which a poor Priſoner feeleth, when his Irons are taken off. Beeing fallen upon the Diſcourſe of their feined *Paſſions*, they proteſted to each other, that thoſe Artificiall Expreſſions proceeded from a reall Reſentment; And that as the whole *Univerſe* could not produce an Example of *Friendſhip* comparable to their's; So, if there were a diſtinction of *Sex*, it would be the moſt perfect *Love*, and the happieſt *Marriage* in the *World*. Thence proceeding to the recitall of the handſom contrivance, and conduct of their *Mummery* (as one may call it) they were ready to ſplit with laughing to ſee that neither *Iphis's* Friends, nor the *Peaſants* knew what to think or ſay. Judge you what contentment the ſubtile *Boleſlaüs* had in beholding thoſe two *Hearts*, ſo united by the Bond of *Friendſhip*, that it ſeemed as if one *Soul* had animated both their *Bodies*; eſpecially when *Almeria* embracing *Iphis* with as much Simplicity as Tenderneſs, thus began; *My dear* Brother, *Met-think's thoſe Clowns were no Fooles, when they ſaid that thou hadſt the Beauty of an* Angell; *for, I believe, if thou wer't a* Woman, *all* Men *would fall in love with thee*; *As for my own particular all the* Men, *and all the* Women *in the World are nothing to my Eyes, in compariſon of thee*; *the* Affection *I bear to thee, (although limited within the bounds of* Honour *and* Decencie) *hath I know not what tender Reſentment, which I do not feel for all the reſt of my Friends.* Pomeran, Argal *and* Piſides *(to give them their due) are very gallant* Men; *but, to my ſenſe, they are no better than Statues to you; And yet it is not the greatneſs of your* quality *that dazleth my* ſight, *but the onely* merit *of your Perſon.*

To this endeering Language *Iphis* preſently replied, not without ſmiling upon *Boleſlaüs*; *And I believe*, Brother, *that I have been wounded with the ſame Dart for thee*; *for, all* Women *are ſo indifferent to me when I am in thy Preſence, that me-think's there are none in the* World; *and this Name and this Diſguiſement of* Almeria, *ſtrike's ſo deep into my Imagination, that what thou thinkeſt I ſpeak but in Jeaſt, is unfeinedly the production of my* Soul's *moſt tender thoughts: And if thou wert in*

effect

Effect what thou art but in shew, I swear there is no Queen upon the Earth, *whom I would have more willingly for my Wife than thy self. I pre-thee,* Brother, (*answered* Liante, *do not talk to mee of beeing a* Woman *any further than in Habit ; For, were it to make mee the* Wife *of the greatest of* Monarchs, *I would not bee of any other* Sex *than I am. But I'le assure thee,* said Iphis, *that were it onely to bee Married to* Liante, *I should be glad to be a* Woman: *And,* that *thou maist know with what sincerity I speak, if it be impossible for mee to be so, I promise thee, that I will lose all the remainder of my Credit in the* Court, *or I will make thee Marry the most Eminent* Lady *in* Polonia ; *And I am very certain,* that *it shall be meerly thy own fault, if thou failest of that fortune; For, the* King *cannot denie Mee that Grace, when* I *shall demand it in thy favour.*

Almeria, as if with the *Woman's* Habit shee had likewise put on the *curiosity,* was very importunate with *Iphis* to name that so advantageous Party ; that shee might dispose her Courage to do some generous action, that might make her deserve so high an Alliance. *It is not yet time,* answered *Iphis, that I should satisfie you therein;* Wine, Love, *and a* Secret, *if once vented, are worth nothing ; you shall know it in it's season. Content your self now to learn onely* that *to merit the Possessions of so rare a Subject, you shall not need to run any further dangers, than what you have alreadie undergone, and* that *it depends intirely on my will : For, of the Person whom I mention I have the absolute disposall ;* *Almeria* Smiling upon *Boleslaüs* whispered in his Eare, *I know whom hee means, and what shee is ; It is his Ward* Eleonora, *Daughter to* Stanislus, *his Predecessor in the* Palatine *of* Uratislau, *but the fruit is not yet ripe, a great deal of* Straw *and much* Time *will be required to bring that* Medlar *to perfection.* *Boleslaüs* glad to see her in that pretty Error, told *Iphis* alowd what shee had said, who was extreamly well pleased that shee understood it so, and to stick her deeper in her mistake, *The expectation* (said hee) *will not be so long as you may imagine, I was not above two or three Years elder when I was Married to your Sister : However, the party whom I intended for you is in Estate and all things else so far beyond* Clemencia, *who possessed your thoughts for a time,* that *when you see her you will not stand to consult which choice you should make.*

At these words *Almeria* casting her self amiably upon *Iphis* Neck, as the amorous *Vine* imbraceth it's Supporter, the *Elm* *I pre-thee dear* Brother, said shee, *speak not to mee of any other Party than thy service ; for, as long as thou wilt own mee, I will never inslave my self to any* Wife; *or, rather, if you please, as long as you will permit mee to be your* Servant.

I will have no other Master; *or else if you think fit to Honour me still with the ſtyle of your* Miſtris, *I will never have any other* Servant. *Iphis* raviſhed to ſee her ſo perfectly deceived, would willingly have returned ſome anſwer, but that *Almeria* held his Mouth ſo ſtraitly beſieged and blocked up with Kiſſes, that hee had not paſſage for one ſingle word, Onely their *Tongues* advancing to the Superficies of their *Lips*, made a mutuall communication of their *Thoughts*, and thoſe *Thoughts* ingendred ſuch *Reſentments* as tranſported them almoſt into that *Extaſie* which all *Philoſophie* holds for the moſt powerfull Effects of *Love*.

Boleſlaüs, who feared leſt that *Fire* which quickneth when it is in mediocrity, and conſumeth when in Excels, ſhould bee kindled ſo far in his *Nurſling's* veins, that afterwards it could hardly bee extinguiſhed, to ſeparate theſe *Metalls*, made uſe of the Water of *Depart*, that they might better practiſe thoſe Careſſes in their ſecond Tranſveſtiment, wherein *Seriſe* ſhould bee more favorable to *Calliante*, than *Almeria* had been to *Iphis*, which intimated *that* it was time for them to ungreſs and change their Garments. *Heavens*: what do I ſay? Bee not diſturbed chaſt Souls, I will ſpeak nothing but what the moſt rigorous *Veſtal* may hear without bluſhing, and without the leaſt intereſt of her *Modeſty*. Here it was that the naturall pudicity of *Iphis* acted its part, and that *Almeria* by her bold, not to ſay impudent, Actions did plainly ſhew what *Shee* was, by reaſon of her *Sex*, which rendreth *Men* leſſe baſhfull: For, as if *Shee* had had great haſte to become *Man* again, *Shee* preſently caſt off that ſhamefull habit, which belying *Her ſpirit* had violented *Her Nature*. Whereas *Iphis* could not put off *His* without much regret; for which purpoſe hee begged the protection of a thick copſe to hide the tumour of *Her* Breſts, which began to broach Treaſon againſt him. Whereupon *Almeria* in a jeſting manner ſaid, *What?* Servant *do you hide your ſelf from mee, in a condition, wherein by your paſt ſighs you ſeemed to have lodged the chief of your felicity? See, how hee counterfeit's the* Woman *already. Truly hee hath reaſon,* ſaid Boleſlaus, *to give* Iphis *time to go away; for, it is more ſhamfull for a* Man *to take upon him a* Woman's *attire, than for you, who are a* Man, *to reſume your own* naturall *Habit.*

It was in the time of the moſt exceſſive Heats, when the delightfull coldneſs of the Water is moſt deſired; So, there beeing not far off a *River*, which gently rowling its *Chryſtall*, or rather liquid *Silver* upon the *Golden* Sands, *Almeria* caſt her ſelf into it, carrying her Body as

grace-

gracefully, and with as much eaſe along the ſtream, as a Swan doth ſeem to glide upon the face of a ſmooth Pond. *Agreeable Water* (ſaid ſhee waſhing her ſelf) *purifie mee, I pray, from the Ordures I have contracted under a Habit, which hath ſullied the generoſity of my* Sex: *And ſince it was from your* Element *that the* Goddeſs *which cauſeth* Love *did receive her* Being, *make my excuſe to thoſe that ſhall reproach my* Effeminacy, *and tell them that this* Paſſion *is of ſuch a* Nature, *that as it infuſeth courage into the baſeſt ſpirits, So it make's guilty of unworthy actions thoſe that before had never ſacrificed but to* Glory, *as the onely aim of of all generous* Hearts. *Let your Current*, gentle River, *carry all my follies into the boſome of the* Sea, *and drown in the depth of* Oblivion *the Name of* Almeria, *which I leave with her Garments.* Whileſt ſhee was thus bathing her ſelf, and the water, which greedily environed her on all ſides, ſerved as a tranſparant veſtment, *Boleſlaüs* conveyed her clothes to *Iphis*, who could not bee ſo ſoon uncaſed for peeping at this *ſwimmer* through the boughes of the envious Trees, which ſeemed to bee jealous of the attention of his Eyes upon that curious Spectacle.

As hee was reveſting himſelf in *Almeria's* Robes, *See Father* (ſaid hee to *Boleſlaüs*) *to what the vehemency of my* Paſſion *reduceth mee: For, Without feining, whileſt hee that is the Legitimate Object of my deſires is refreſhing himſelf in that Water, I conſume my ſelf in this Wood, which would likewiſe bee burned if it were ſuſceptible of my flames.* Beeing by the help of *Boleſlaüs* quite dreſt, *Oh how handſome you are, my dear* Foſter-Daughter; (ſaid the old Man) *The* Goddeſs *of* Cyprus *came not ſo beautifull out of* Thetys *Boſome, as you appear in this Equipage. If in the habit of a* Man *you did caſt ſo many fires amongſt the* Ladies *at* Court, *with this you will ſet all* Men, *that look upon you, on fire: But bee wary, and keep your ſelf upon your guard, for, at this Game, oftentimes he that intend's to take, is taken.* After this advertiſement hee went to carry *Almeria* the cloathes which *Iphis* had put off, which beeing of the Country-make, that is, not onely not fit, but a great deal bigger than needed; it was no hard buſineſs for our *Maſculine Nymph* to get them on.

As the weary *Pilgrim* after a tedious travell rejoyceth at the review of his *Native* Soil; Such was the gladneſs of *Liante* to ſee himſelf again in his *Naturall* Garb. After his dipping in that pleaſant *Bath*, out *Reformed* or *Metamorphoſed* Shepardeſs from the mouth of *Boleſlaüs* received a new Name, which yet ſomewhat diſguiſed his own,

before

before hee borrowed that of *Almeria*; it was *Calliante*; the faire *Iphis* called himſelf *Serife*, and under this name, as under his *Shepherdeſſe's* weeds, ſhee appeared before the Aſtoniſhed *Calliante*; I ſay Aſtoniſhed: For, to ſee *Serife*, and to bee touched, poſſeſſed and raviſhed, was one and the ſame motion in his Soule. *What?* ſaid hee to Boleſlaus, *is this* Iphis? *No*, anſwered the grave *Senior*, *it is* Serife, *a handſome Shepherdeſs of this Country, which hath taken his place, and covered her ſelf with the Cloathes which you put off; For, the name of* Iphis *is buried in this wood: And as that* Water *hath transformed you from a* Shepherdeſs *into a* Man (*as the* Fable *reports of the* Fountain *of* Salmacis) *what know you, but that* Iphis *may have Eaten of ſome Fruit in this* Wood, *the vertue whereof may have* Metamorphoſed *him likewiſe from a comely* Youth *into a lovely* Nymph? This hee ſaid Smiling. But *Calliante* replyed ſeriouſly, *Father, I know not where I am, nor what I am: neither can I perſwade my ſelf that I am awake, and ſee what I have before my Eyes. Is it not a Dream? am not I aſleep?* This hee ſaid rubbing his Eyes. *Is not this an Inchanted* Forreſt? *Is this ſome vaine Apparition, or a reall Body, which under the lines of my* Iphis *Countenance, preſents to my View a* Serife? Boleſlaus, *I am not ſo eaſily deceived, Either I am no* Man, *or that is a perfect* Woman; *I will pawn my life that you have played mee ſome trick. Speak*, Beautifull Angell, *that I may know you, and bee aſſured whether you are indeed* Serife, *to mee you ſhall bee a* Serafine, *for, I will honour you as a* Celeſtiall *Creature, you ſhall be my good* Angell, *my Tutelary* Saint, *my* Urſa *or my* Pole, *towards whom ſhall ever turne the Needle of my moſt ſincere affections.* In this Paſſion caſting himſelf upon his knees, and taking her by the hand, hee thus continued; *Beautifull* Serife, *hold mee no longer in ſuſpenſe, but tell mee who you are*, that *I may know whoſe I am: For, howſoever* Fortune *ſhall diſpoſe of mee, I can bee no other then yours, from you henceforwards will proceed all my Felicities or Diſaſters.* This ſaid, hee offered to lay his *Lips* to her *Hands*, but *Serife* haſtily ſnatching them away would permit no ſuch Familiarity, nor gratifie him with ſo great a Favour. *By this*, cryed out Calliante, *I finde that* Boleſlaus *hath ſuppoſed a* Serife *in the place of my* Iphis, *or I am bewitched: For, if it were* Iphis, *to what purpoſe ſhould hee deny mee ſo ſmall a Favour, who whileſt I was* Almeria, *made no Scruple of caſting his Arms about my neck, and joyning Lips to Lips? Speak therefore; Sweet* Serife, *that I may hear from your own mouth my Doom, unleſſe this* Sorcery *hath inchanted my* Ears *as well as my* Sight.

The

The newly-transform'd *Seriſe* perceiving by theſe tranſported expreſſions, that her beauty had wrought ſtrange effects in the ſurpriſed *Calliante*, with a tone of Voyce that would have extracted the *Eſſence* of an affectionate reſentment from the moſt barbarous *Soul*, anſwered; *Really*, Brother, *You counterfeit the* Lover *ſo feelingly*, that *if you continue to act your part ſo handſomely, no creature will be able to judge but that indeed you are in* Love, *and this will bee the beſt means wee can have to uſher our Enterpriſe to the intended perfection. How, counterfeit? replyed* Calliante, *do you take mee for an* Orlando *upon a Stage, who make's a ſhew of being Furious or Paſſionate, when hee is only ſo in his geſture, and Extravagant actions? I pray, eſteeme mee not of that rank, but believe that I am what I ſeem, and that what I ſay proceed's from the moſt Intire and tender reſentment of my Heart; For, although that* Face *and that* Speech *repreſent to my* Eyes *and* Ears *my dear* Iphis, *yet I am ſo taken with* Seriſe, *that if you change not that habit, I ſhall never change my* Paſſion, *and hence-forwards farewell the thoughts of any* Woman: *For, though I would rather that the* Earth *ſhould open under my Feet to ſwallow mee, than give that Crime admittance into my Breſt, which cannot bee imagined, much leſs named without horror; Yet I may ſay with much truth, that my* Soul *is ſo glued (as it were) to yours, and your affection hath ſo penetrated my* Heart, *that I love you above the love of* Women. *This is to bee underſtood in the chaſteſt manner conceivable; For, without Honour and Vertue, no Union of Hearts can bear the ſacred name of* Friendſhip: *Otherwiſe, the Societies of Theeves and Infamous perſons would aſſume that glorious title; which would be too great a Profanation. Therefore dear* Seriſe, *do mee the courteſie to perſwade your ſelf that I uſe no Diſſembling in my Proteſtation of Service to you, or in the Declaration which I make, that your* Idea *baniſheth out of my* Fancy *all other* Images; *Inſomuch that my* Spirits *are ſo taken up with your perfection,* that *there is hardly any room within my ſelf for my ſelf.*

They had continued longer in this diſcourſe, (*Calliante* being no leſs raviſhed with *Seriſe*'s agreeable preſence, than *Seriſe* with a ſecret glory to ſee that ſhee had reduced under her obedience a *Captive*, the poſſeſſion of whom was the greateſt happineſs her Ambition did pretend;) But that *Boleſlaüs* (who playing the *Mirth-marrer* at this *Triumph*, put *Water* into this fuming *Wine*, leſt drunk with delight they ſhould bee ſurpriſed, and their own Felicity render them unfortunate) interrupted them, ſhewing the danger they ran of diſcovering

their *Stratagem*, if they were found together by those whom they had left in the Village, who Infallibly would leave no place in the *Forest* unvisited to seek them out. *Heavens!* what sweet words did hee stop in their Mouths, separating them in that moment wherein they were producing expressions, whose rehearsall would have much imbellished these Pages! But since *Action* doth better satisfie the *Reader's* curiosity than *Discoursing*, let us see what succeeded this new changing of habits, which for an *Iphis* and *Almeria*, hath brought us forth a *Serife* and a *Calliante*.

Calliante took a way by himself, and *Boleslaüs* accompanyed *Serife* a contrary, unto a Village not far from that where *Celian* lived; where leaving her, hee returned to seek *Pomeran*, *Argal* and *Pisides*, where hee had left them; But hee found none but the three Sisters, *Merinda*, *Belida* and *Remonda*, who looked like Pictures that had lost their Colour and Lustre with the light: For, being deprived of *Almeria*, (who was their *Ornament* and *Splendour*, though the *Object* of their *Envie*) they were like Fishes upon the dry ground. When they saw *Boleslaüs* (who, they thought, had been gone away with *Iphis* and *Almeria*) they were in hopes of hearing some news of them from him: But, hee feigning to have run severall wayes to inquire after them, without meeting any one that could informe him, seemed to bee much amazed at their so sodain departure; and to undersee their censures, hee made very Sinister judgements of their stealing thus away; Then, asking what was become of his Companions, hee learnt that they were gone with the *Swains* a hunting, partly to follow the track of the *run-aways*, partly to divert by that exercise the discontentment which they suffered by their absence. Whereupon the old Man, who by the priviledge of his age was more inclined to his *repose*, than so much *Coursing* which debilitateth *Hunts-men*, and makes them buy a *little* pleasure with *much* pain, resolved to expect their return, passing the time in discourse with *Celian* and his Daughters, and observing carefully the motions of those *Souls* diversly passionate upon the subject of those *Fugitives*.

Celian lamented their *absence* out of sense of his own Interest, having lost the profits which hee hoped to have gained by their *presence*: the rest, either moved with *Affection*, or pricked with *Jealousie*, and all floating in uncertainties, manifested their *Passions*: the more naturally, the less capable their Clownishness did render them of those arts, which the more polite Spirits do use to cover their weaknesses.

Already

Already *Titan's* panting Steeds haſting to refreſh themſelves in the *Weſtern* Waves, extended the ſhadow of the Mountains, when on a ſodaine a great noyſe and winding of Horns from the thickeſt part of the *Foreſt* peirced their Ears, intimating that a great Troop of Huntſ-men with a no ſmall pack of Hounds were making that way. Theſe were our diſguiſed *Courtiers*, and the perfect *Clowns*, which had met in the *Foreſt* with *Iphigenes's* chief *Ranger*, who to keep his Horſes and his Hounds in breath had taken all the *Palatines* hunting Equipage to *harbour* a luſty *Stag*, which hee had *imprimed* there. But in regard this meeting was not unpleaſant, it will not bee impertinent to ſpend a little time in relating the manner.

This *Stag* which bore all his *rights*, and whom Age had taught many wiles, made ſo many *doublings* or *turnings*, that hee put the ſubtleſt and beſt-ſented Hounds to a *loſs*; whileſt the nimble-footed beaſt taking advantage of their delayes, haſtned his Courſe towards a Pond, whoſe deſired Waters hee had no ſooner perceived, but hee plunged himſelf into the midſt, bathing his over-heated tongue in that refreſhing Liquor, which hee ſeemed to ſuck all into his thirſty Throat, to quench the Fire that burned in his Stomack; ingaging his whole Body (covered with Sweat and Foam) ſo far in the Water, *that* nothing appeared but his Head, couching his Horns upon his Back in the ſame manner as when hee uſed to ſwim. Our *Clowns* having diſcovered him, made him quickly leave that agreeable refreſhment, galling him with their Arrows; but the Wounds were ſo ſlight that they hindred not his Flight, which they were not able to follow, being not ſo light-timbred as that ſwift *Animal*; and hearing on the other ſide by the retorting of the *Eccho's* the confuſed noyſe of the *Huntſ-men*, and the Cry of the *Hounds*, they reſolved to direct their ſteps that way, to inform the *Huntſ-men* of the fearfull *Fugitive's* retreat. And in effect they found them ſo puzled to finde out the cunning *turnings*, wherewith that ſubtle Beaſt had imbroyled his *Strain*, that without their directions the *Chaſe* had been at an end. But the pleaſure was to ſee the *Huntſ-men* take the *Change* as well as their *Hounds*: For, *Pomeran*, *Piſides*, and *Argal* being diſguiſed, and mingled without diſtinction with the *Swains*, they were not known by *Arcade* nor any of his Companions. So that paſſing all for Country-fellows (the cuſtome of *Prince's* and *Noble men's* Huntſ-men, eſpecially in that *Country*, being to domineer over the *Peaſants*, and force them by menaces, rather than intreat them to bee aſſiſtant to them)

Piſides and *Argal*, ſeeming to bee the nimbleſt and moſt dextrous of the *Gang* were commanded by the chief *Huntſ-man* to goe with them to the *Pond*, whence they had Chaſed the *Stag*, that by the *Blood* which their Arrows had drawn out of his ſides, the *Dogs* might recover the *Sent*. This made *Pomeran* ſay to his Comrades, laughing, what an Ancient *Philoſopher* ſaid of himſelf. *That they payed the Intereſt of their ill looks: Thou art miſtaken, anſwered* Arcade, *it is becauſe they are likelier men than thou, that I take them.* Sir, *ſaid* Argal *to the Hunt-ſman, if you ride very faſt wee ſhall not bee able to follow you, for wee are very unfit men to bee* Lacquaies. *Sirrah, ſaid* Philaſter, *I'le make thee finde thy feet, and if thou come'ſt not away quickly, I ſhall put mettle into thee.* Hee had his Arm already up to meaſure *Piſides* o're the Shoulders, who not being accuſtomed to ſuch careſſes, ſhipt aſide to avoid the blow, ſaying, *You Maſter Huntſ-man, mee think's it would become you better to goe on Foot, and mee to Ride, if you would pleaſe to alight, wee ſhould end the* Chaſe *more conveniently.* This hee ſaid thinking *Philaſter* would know him by his Voyce; But whether the heat of his *Game*, or the ſtrangeneſs of *Piſide's* habit rendred him ſo little civile, hee replyed; *How now* Raſcall, *doſt thou jeer mee? As I am a Gentleman, thou ſhalt pay for thy Inſolence.* With that hee was going to joyn the Effect to his Promiſe, when *Pomeran*, calling him by his name, ſaid, *Hold, art thou blinde? doſt thou not know* Piſides *under this* Peaſant's *Coat?* Hee that meets a *Ghoſt* when hee thinks leaſt of it, is leſs Aſtoniſhed than *Philaſter* was, hearing thoſe words, and underſtanding the *Error* which hee was going to commit. So, leaping from his Horſe, and falling on his Knees, hee demanded pardon of him whom hee would have beaten, making many excuſes, accompanyed with Proteſtations, that were needleſs, ſince the diſguiſement rendered the offence nothing. *Piſides* and *Argal* turning all to laughter, took *Philaſter's* Horſe and *Armelin's*; *Arcade* would have given *Pomeran* his, but being unwilling to diſmount the chief Conductor of the *Game*, hee took another. So, ſome running on Foot, ſome on Horſe-back, they continued their *Chaſe*. The Hounds having recovered the *Sent*, followed the *Stag* full-cry, untill being brought to the *Bay*, hee rendred his life with Tears, and lamentable Groans, to the violence of the pitileſs *Hounds*, and the force of our *Gentlemen's* Spears, who took pleaſure to pierce him in divers places. The *Chaſe* being thus ended, they ſatisfied the *Huntſ-men's* admiration, by telling them that the *Palatine* was in that *Foreſt*, diſguiſed in the ſame manner for

his

his divertiſement, incharging them not to ſay who they were, but only that they were *Gentlemen* of their acquaintance. Having thus given them their leſſon, they returned to *Celian's* Village, there to break up their prey, and make good cheer for their *Country-men*. Their arrivall comforted the old Man, who intended to kill the fat Calf if his *Iphis* had been returned: But his joy was very ſhort, when hee perceived not in all that company his deſired *Iphis* and *Almeria*, and notwithſtanding all their jonkets, hee could not bee merry, becauſe thoſe two perſons whom hee loved more than his own Children did not appear. But *Boleſlaüs* having given him ſome hopes of not beeing much longer deprived of their ſights, hee made of Neceſſity a Vertue.

But it would bee hard to ſay whoſe aſtoniſhment was greateſt, that of *Boleſlaüs*, Seeing *Iphigenes* Servants and all his Hunting-Equipage; or their's to ſee *Boleſlaüs*, whom they knew to bee the inſeparable ſhadow of their *Maſter's* Body. However the diſcreet Old Man, knowing the *Palatin's* Intentions and moſt ſecret Thoughts, told them that *Iphigenes* would not bee well pleaſed to finde them there, where hee concealed himſelfe for ſome very important Affaires; therefore hee willed them to return next Morning betimes to *Plocens*. Which command they readily obeyed; For, hardly the Breaking *Day* had ſummoned the watchfull *Stars* to prepare themſelves for a retreat, but the *Hunts-men* (as early as the *Precurſor* of the *Morn's* approach) caſt themſelves again into the *Forreſt*, with deſign to coaſt over the Country, Hunting, to theirs *Maſter's* Houſe. But the adventure of their return deſerve's the time to conſider it.

The Paſſionate *Seriſe*, whoſe ſenſes felt no ſmall commotions in *Calliante's* Preſence, had during the Night, and in his abſence loſt the benefit of repoſe; For, this *Idea* was ſo lively imprinted in her mind, *that* ſhee was continually in *Alarme* untill her ſight reſtored to her Eyes that malignly-ſweet conſolation, which is taken in the aſpect of the Object beloved (the ſource of perplexing Agonies no leſs dear than troubleſome.) Scarce had *Aurora* Guilded o're the Girdle of the *Horizon*, but leaping out of her Bed (which ſeem'd to her as if it had been ſtrewed with Thorns) ſhee went into the *Wood* to entertain her Thoughts; ſweet Thoughts, which hovering within the *circumference* of *Love's* Dominion ſtill lighted upon *Calliante* as their *Center*, her Deſignes ayming at nothing but to captivate that high *Spirit*, whoſe ambition could not bee limited by any leſs ſubject than her ſelf. After the ſpending of ſome time in ſeeking out a place ſuitable to the hu-

mour wherewith shee was possest, shee chose in the thickest of the *Forest*, the brink of a *Silver* Brook, whose murmuring waters seemed both to speak and answer at once, and tune their pleasant Purling to the agreeable noise, which the Leaves of the Neighbouring Trees did make, when frizled by the *Zephyr's* welcome Wings. There, under the protection of the shady Boughs (which were so interlaced, that the *Sun* could not peep through, but rather *Night* in *Day-time* seem'd there to keep her Residence) beeing laid along upon the soft *Flowers*, which lost their lustre at the presence of those that appeared in her *Face*, an humid coolness having sent a sweet vapour into her *Eyes*, ushered in gentle SLEEP, who could not all Night upon the Feather-bed finde admittance. Scarce had that drowsie *Deity* benummed all her senses, but MORPHEUS (who take's delight in representing to the imagination the most extravagant *Chimera's* that can bee fancied) made her conceit, that the *Princess Respicia* displeased at his backwardness to satisfie her desires, had made recourse to the power of inchantments, which of an *Iphigenes* made a *Stag*, and that the same *Stag* thredding the bushy Woods, and having mued his *Antlers*, became a *Hinde*, which beeing pursued by the *Palatin's* Hounds and Men, was reduced to such extremity, *that* if shee had not retaken her former shape, shee had been killed by these, and devoured by the others. These troublesome thoughts put her into strange perplexities, and passing her *Hand* twice or thrice over her *Face*, as it were, to strike off the Flies, shee felt a stinging more sharp than those Creature's ordinary touch, which made her awake; and shee had no sooner opened her Eyes, but the first *species* that formed it self to her sight, was an horrible *Serpent* of an immense growth, which made towards her, sliding himself in divers folds upon the Grass, infecting it with the poyson which distilled from his swollen Throat. This spectacle made the valorous *Serise* finde her Feet; but in regard shee had long since forgot the Trade of running away, gracefully brandishing her *Shepheardesse's* hook, shee marched couragiously towards that furious *Snake*, which casting fire out of his Eyes, and darting mortall poyson from his pointed tongue, disposed himself to give her a strange exercise. But shee, who feared neither *Wolf* nor *Bear*, and who not long before had laid a wild *Sow* grovelling upon the Earth, (not inferiour in bigness or strength to the *Erimanthian Bore*) with three blows, addressed with an incredible dexterity, put this dangerous *Serpent* in a condition of defending rather than assaulting, and with two more

of

of flying rather than defending himself, beeing bruised in severall places of the Body; But knowing that if those Creatures are not hurt in the *Head*, all other blowes are but of small effect, seeing *that* hee trailed but lazily his weakened *Train*, and *that* hee hardly could finde out his retreate, shee hit him so full upon the Pate, that presently hee remained without Motion. Then, shee bethought her self that this might bee the *Event* of her *Dream*, although the *species* were as different, as *Ridles* are from the *sense* which is commonly applied to them: But not beeing able to imagine, who had so opportunely wakened her, shee believed it might happily have been her good *Angell* (to whose guard (as wee read) wee are committed) they having charge to preserve us in all our wayes, to uphold us lest wee should stumble, and to give us the courage to trample upon *Serpents*, and the most fell Animals of the Earth. With this thought lifting up her Eyes to the azury roof of *Heaven*, shee addressed this

Elevation Of Spirit
To the All-seeing Deitie.

Spirit Divine, *whose onely Influence*
Fills the Earth *with* Flowers, *and the* Skie *with* Light;
Eternall Sun, *who by thy Indulgence*
Mak'st blessed Souls *taste fulness of delight:*
Show'r down on mee thy Clemency, *thy Grace*
Infuse into my Spirit, and assure
With Hope *my* Senses, *that in this low* Place
My Confidence *in thee may rest secure.*
Grant that I may withstand the Temptor's *strength;*
Afflictions *with* Constancy *support;*
Give Fervency *unto my* Heart, *at length*
That I may finde safe Harbour *in thy* Port.
Banish from mee all evill thoughts, *from* Wrong
Preserve my Honour, *and from* Envie's *stings;*
And as the Birds *shelter their tender yong,*
Hide mee within the shadow of thy Wings.

The

The Seventh Book.

ARGUMENT.

Iphigenes *in* Almeria's *Habit meeting with his own Servants at their return to* Plocens, *by reason of that Disguise runs the hazard of beeing ravished by them. His Speech to them. Their astonishment and shame when they knew him to bee their* Master. Liante *or* Calliante *having put himself in a Gentleman's Habit, come's to inquire after* Almirea, *Who, hee said, was his sister. The feined Relations of his sister's going away with* Iphis. Calliante *endeer's the* Country-*swains to help him to finde out his imaginary Sister and her Lover.* Iphigenes *or* Serife *having changed her Shepherdesse's Weeds into a Ladie's attire, fein's her self to be* Modestina, *to deceive* Pomeran *and her other Companions.* Bolesiaus's *cunning dissimulation to strengthen the other's errour. The feined* Modestina's *Complaints against the inconstancy of* Iphigenes. Pomeran's *and his Companion's zealous Speeches, and their endeavours to comfort her. They discover the fallacy through* Arcade's *indiscretion.*

WHilest shee was in these *Divine* Meditations, a little Golden Feathered Bird seemed to warble and chant in her shrill Notes, Actions of grace to the *Authour* of all Good, for giving that *Virgin* the power to kill the Serpent, according to the threat pronounced against that cursed *Creature* at the first *Creation.* This pretty Harmony made *Serife* cast her Eyes to the place, whence her Ears received the sound, and having a while observed that this little Bird fluttering from Branch to Branch did follow her, as if it sang the IO PEAN of her Victory, Shee was amazed at last to see it cast it self with fury upon the Body of the *Serpent*, pecking him as if it would have killed him again after Death. Which recalled to her memory

memory a Relation ſhee formerly had heard of a ſmall Bird called *Saura*, which is held to bee as great a Lover of *Man-kind* as a Hater of *Serpents*, and whoſe naturall cuſtome is to peck the Faces of perſons who ſleep in Medowes or Marſhy places, as well to kiſs them as to make them waken to avoid the Ambuſhes and biting of *Serpents*, that lie ſculking under the Graſs. Hence ſhee conjectured that thoſe prickings which ſhe had felt upon her Cheeks, ſleeping, proceeded from the *Philanthropie* of that little Creature, which had the care to preſerve her from the deadly ſting of that reptile Enemy, who would have conveyed *Death* with his *Poyſon* into her *Heart*. But all this had little congruity with the *ſpecies* which her Dream (though ſhort and ſodainly interrupted) had ſo lively ingraven in her fancy. *O Serife*, juſtly you begin to act the *Woman*, wherein *Women* moſt play the *Women*, that is, by the obſervation of Dreams.

As the light of the *Sun* dimmeth that of a Torch or Candle, ſo a great noiſe drowneth one which is leſs loud; *That* of a *Chace* with a full Cry and vehement impetuoſity, baniſhed from the Ears of our contemplative Shepheardeſs, that *Bird's* chirping, the murmure of the gliding *Water*, and the whiſtling of the *Wind* amongſt the Trees. Theſe were her own Huntſ-men, who returning to *Ploceus* by the addreſs of their Blood-hound had rowſed an Hinde, and looſed the whole Kennell after her. The Foreſt returned *Ecchoes* from every part, and this beeing an exerciſe wherein *Serife* took a ſingular delight, her former thoughts raviſhed with this preſent Object, were immediately turned towards that part, whence ſhee heard that confuſed noiſe (which is more agreeable to thoſe that love that ſport, than the moſt melodious harmony, that *Muſick* can produce in its beſt regulated Concerts;) and taking a croſs path, in ſhort time ſhee arrived at the Game. *Heavens!* how was ſhee ſurpriſed with aſtoniſhment, when ſhee ſaw her own Hounds (whom ſhee knew ſeverally by Name) and her own Servants, who were far enough from thinking her to bee their *Maſter*. Shee remained ſome while in ſuſpenſe whether ſhee had beſt appear, or retire into the thickeſt of the Wood to avoid their ſight, leſt they coming to know her, might found ſome Opinions which might bee prejudiciall to her afterwards. But whether the exceſſive Pleaſure ſhee took in this *Cynthian* Recreation, hindered her from retreating; or whether ſhee thought, at the worſt, if ſhee were diſcovered, *that* ſhee ſhould eaſily turn into a laughter, the changing of her Habit, ſhee reſolved to ſhew her ſelf, and the firſt Man ſhee met ſhee

asked him what was their Game; *That* accent, *that* manner of speaking, *that* grave and *Majestick* port, *that* Angelicall Face, and *that* delicate complexion, touched the Hountſman ſo, that hee ſtood ſtockſtill as if hee had been at a *loſs*; and conſidering with Attention this *Shepherdeſs*, hee thought hee had met *Diana*, or one of her *Nymphs*.

In this confuſion, hardly knowing what to anſwer, hee ſaid, *Excellent* Nymph, *wee are in chace of an* Hinde, *which wee have ſingled out from the Herd; but if this Company hath made us take the* Change, *your preſence is more capable of ſtaying us: For, there's not one of my Companions, but would become your ſervant as well as I, if hee had been ſo happy as to meet you.* Sir, *replyed* Serife, *I am not ſo lately come into theſe Woods, but that I know the cuſtome you* Hunters *have to abuſe all the* Shepherdeſſes *you finde, and then at your return make your* City-Dames (*whoſe ſlaves you are*) *merry at their ſimplicity; But wee are not yet ſo dull, but that wee can diſcern your craft, and know that under the Hony which is upon your* Lips, *you hide the Gall which you carry in your* Hearts.

This anſwer retorted no leſs gracefully than wittily, ſeized *Armelin* (ſo was the Hunts-man called) with a new aſtoniſhment; Inſomuch that falling further into diſcourſe with this agreeable *Nymph*, hee indeavoured by a multitude of deep proteſtations to aſſure her, *that* ſhee had conquered him in a moment, and *that* hee never had felt himſelf taken with ſo violent a Paſſion, nor farther remote from diſſimulation for any Creature in the World. But as hee made ſhew of alighting from his Horſe to talk with her more at eaſe, and by his perſwaſions to render her more ſuſceptible of his torment: *Know, ſaid* Serife, *that although wee come ſhort of your* City-Dames *in* Beauty, *wee doe exceed them in* Honeſty, *and that our Ruſtick* Simplicity *renders them leſs capable of being ſurprized by your deceitfull and affected* flatteries; *Go, Sir, keep on your way, I'le follow your Game with my Eyes, and although your little courteſie refuſeth to inform mee what it is, I am not ſo ignorant in this exercise, but that I may teach you; and if I can come time enough to the fall of your* Deer, (*ſo that you vouchſafe to lend mee your Sword*) *you ſhall finde that I know how to uſe it aſmall as my* Hook or Diſtaffe. This ſaid, ſhee preſently retired into the chickeſt of the Wood, leaving poor *Armelin* perplexed with ſtrange imaginations; One while, hee thought it was an *Angell* that vaniſhed as ſoon as it appeared; For, *that* Voyce, *that* Garb, *thoſe* Eyes, and *that* manner of

Speech,

Speech, ſeemed to have hee knew not what of *Celeſtiall*. At laſt, believing it was an illuſion which had charmed his Senſes, ſhaking off his amazement, hee ſet Spurs and haſted after his Companions. Having overtook them, hee prayed them to give him audience a little while, and having told them in few words, how hee had hapned upon the moſt beautifull, not onely *Shepherdeſs*, but *Creature* that his Eyes ever had beheld, who wandring all alone might perchance bee brought to yeeld, not to their *Diſcretion*, but to the *Indiſcretion* of the unreaſonable *Paſſion*, which by his Deſcription hee kindled in their *Souls*; They like Hare-brain'd *Hunters* and diſſolute *Courtiers*, who at the firſt motion do burn with a baſe deſire of evill-doing, preſſed him immediatly to conduct them towards that cleer *ſpring*, there to quench the *thirſt* of their abominable *Luſts*. Their Requeſt was no ſooner made, but granted: So true it is *that* vice is alwayes leading to a Precipice, and *that* illicite Paſſions may not improperly bee compared to Bitches, which bring forth their young ones blinde, all firſt motions beeing without conſideration.

They ruſhing through the Wood thitherwards, where *Armelin* met *Seriſe*, had not gone far before they eſpied her advancing a great pace in a path, which ſhee thought would lead her to the Game. They preſently rode up to her, and *Arcade* and *Philaſter* ſeeing that *Armelin's* words were very much inferiour to the merit and Graces of that *Shepherdeſs*, they thought this *Prize*, better worth than the *Hinde* which they were purſuing. Mean time the Hounds, which were no more incouraged nor cryed after, left their *chace* to follow their *Maſters*, inſomuch that they were environed with the whole *Pack*, when they accoſted *Seriſe*, who ſeeing her ſelf bayed and barked at by thoſe Creatures, began to fear that her *dream* might indeed then turn to truth; For, all the three Gallants beeing equally inamored of her Beauty, quitted their Horſes with a reſolution to have, by faire means or by foul, that which could not enter into the thought of any but perſons whoſe brutall Pleaſure is the onely Butt of their Paſſions. They began with Compliments, from thence they paſſed to inſolent Language, and from inſolent words to impudent Actions. *Seriſe* at firſt took much pleaſure to ſee her own Domeſticks in that pleaſant errour, and by witty and ambiguous anſwers did ſeem to whet their Deſires and quicken their Inventions. But at laſt when Impatience made them ſpeak openly, and gave them the impudence to come to threats of Force, this extremity made her take off her Mask, and

casting her hand upon the guard of *Arcade's* Sword, shee drew it hastily, saying to them, with a tone and Countenance full of displeasure; *How*, Philaster, Arcade *and* Armelin, *are you so doubly blinded*, that *you know not* Iphigenes *your* Master? *and admit it were not* hee *that speak's to you under the Habit of a* Shepherdess, *ought not you to dread his Anger and his Justice, if it should come to his knowledge that you should have committed in the meanest subject of his* Palatinate, *an act so dishonorable as a* Rape?

When they heard their own Names from the Mouth of a Person, to whom, they thought, they had not been known, and that the word of *Master* piercing their Ears, made the Scales fall from their Eyes, to know the *Palatine* under an habit so unsuitable to his quality; if the *Earth* had opened under their Feet, or some mighty *Tree* falling had squeezed their Bodies under it, I believe they would have thought it an happiness to have perished at that instant, rather than have swallowed the Shame and Confusion that overwhelmed their Hearts and covered their Faces with the Livery of Guilt. They remained for some time so immoveable, *that* they resembled Statues, rather than living persons. And when this amazement had given them leisure to breath, they did like People that are drowning, who catch not at that which may best help them out of danger, but that which come's first to their hands. *A free accusation is alwayes better than an impertinent defence.* Therefore they did like the *Crocadile*, which weepeth and yet hath no tongue; tears were the discourse of their Repentance, and sighs and sobs the witnesses of their reall Resentments, which begat in the Heart of that generous *Amazon* a greater desire to pardon than to punish them, though they would have endured the chastisement with as much constancy, as they had little confidence to demand forgiveness.

This persecution was no sooner ended, but there began another, no less perilous. For, the Hounds beeing inraged for losing the sent and footing of their Prey, falling foule upon one another began a furious skirmish, wherein *Serife*, who loved them passionately (as the custome is of great persons who take delight in Hunting) ingaging her self to separate them, beeing pressed with fury and accustomed to Blood, they turned their rage against her, and had it not been for the Sword which she had naked in her hand, they would have preyed upon her. Shee called them by their severall names, that they might the better know her, but their Barking and Yelping quite

drowned

drowned the ſound of the Shepherdeſſe's voyce; the more the Hunts-men beat them, the more eager they were to faſten on her. Thus *Serife*, for having ſeen with too much curioſity her *Diana* (*Almeria* or *Calliante*) bathing in that Silver ſtream, had like to have undergone the miſerable *Acteon*'s fate: And her Dream was accompliſhed in ſuch manner, *that* whereas other Dreams are but the repreſentations of preeedent Events, in this, there ſeemed to bee denoted ſome principall Traces of ſucceeding accidents. Wherefore *Serife* taking by the fore-top this Occaſion, which preſented it ſelf, of making uſe of her own Servants to effect her preſent deſigne, commanded *Philaſter* and *Armelin* to repair without delay to *Plocens* with their Hounds, and not to hunt any more in that Foreſt without her order, palliating the diſguiſement of her perſon, and her change of habit with the pretence of affairs, highly concerning the ſervice of her *King* and *Country*: But the ſecrets of *State* which ſhe then attended, were only thoſe of her *Paſſion*; Her *King* was *Calliante*, in reſpect the *Will* is *Queen* of the Faculties of our *Souls*, and *Love* the *King* of the *Will*. Shee kept *Arcade* to wait on her, having ſent the others away one on Horſeback, the other on Foot making uſe of *Armelin's* Horſe for the purpoſe which you ſhall hear.

Whileſt they return to the City with the Seal of Silence upon their lips, (applyed by *Serife's* command) being reſolved to bee more diſcreet and reſerved for the future; let us ſee what was the iſſue of our newly-tranſveſted *Lover*'s deſigne. *Boleſlaüs* like a craftie *Sinon*, had already (according to *Iphigenes* intention) prepared the Spirits of *Pomeran*, *Argal* and *Piſides* to a belief, that the *Palatine* had enjoyed *Almeria* long before hee left the *Court*, though with ſuch circumſpection, that the watchfulleſt obſerver could never diſcover his inclinations; ſo that living ſecretly like a *Paris* with that *Helen*, hee ſeemed in the Eyes of the World to bee another *Hyppolitus*; And that retiring from the *Court* unto his *Palatinate*, Hee had perſwaded her to wear a *Shepherdeſſe's* weeds, that hee might viſit her as a *Nymph* of thoſe Woods: Unto which Motion ſhee (who was a piece of Wax in his Hands) eaſily conſented, burning with reciprocall ardors for the incomparable *Iphis*, though in appearance ſhee ſeemed to bee all Ice. This artificiall Fiction (whereof they had already ſome conjectures, eſpecially ſince their ſtealing away in that manner) ſo balanced thoſe Gentlemen's imaginations, that it preſently paſſed with them for a certainty, and thereupon by a complacency (ſo ordinary amongſt *Courtiers*) they determined to favour thoſe amorous ſtealths,

like him who is reported to have slept at a Festivall meeting purposely to give another the opportunity to Court a *Lady*.

Upon this surmise *Boleslaüs* made them resolve to expect the lost Couple's return, which was with a very handsome heat. For, *Almeria*, who was become *Calliante*, having changed in some town thereabouts his Contrie-slops for a Gentleman's apparell, and furnished himself with a Horse, came upon the Spur to *Celian*'s house, and making a shew of much earnestness and indignation, inquired of the good Man for a Sister of his, called *Almirea*, who, hee said, had been seduced by a Young man, named *Iphites*, threatning to make both of them feel the Bloody effects of his just displeasure, and revenge by their deaths the dishonour which through his *Sister*'s Folly redounded to their Family. *Celian* surprised with this discourse, and judging by the perfect resemblance of this Gentleman's face to *Almeria*'s, that indeed hee might bee her Brother, durst not at first declare what hee knew of her; but making use of her absence, *I know not* (answered hee) *where shee is whom you demand, neither can I give you any account of her.* Hereupon came forth the disguised *Courtiers*, the reall *Rusticks* and *Celian's* Daughters, who all together environed the *Stranger*, and considering him with attention, they concluded presently that hee was *Almeria*'s Brother. *Calliante* vapouring and chafing thundered out a thousand *Rodomontadoes*, saying, That *he must and would have them restore her, whom hee charged them with concealing in that House; alleaging that in the neighboring Hamlets hee had learned such certaine Intelligence thereof, that hee could not bee otherwise perswaded.* Then, falling to the relation of some particulars, and telling them that his Sister called her self *Almeria* in stead of *Almirea*, and that *Iphites* had given himself the name of *Iphis*, hee put all the company into a strange plunge, and their answers were as different as their censures.

The three Sisters, being as envious as incapable of keeping a Secret, declared without much intreaty what they knew of her; which was in part confirmed by the Swains: But *Iphis*'s friends thinking to oblige the *Palatine*, denyed all that the others affirmed, being induced thereunto by *Boleslaüs*, who was ready to dye with delight to see this pleasant contradiction. *Calliante* feigning not to know *Boleslaüs*, applyed himself to those who told him news of the Fugitives, and, as if hee had had a Commission to be a self-murtherer, hee drew his Rapier, after severall Exclamations, seeming to desire nothing more vehemently

mently in the world, than to ſheath that blade in the bowells of the loſt *Almeria*. This confirmed the Ruſticks in their ſuſpitions of *Almeria*'s honeſty, and made them paſs for a Cauſe adjudged the paſſions and privacies which they had obſerved betwixt her and *Iphis*. In ſumm, having ſaid all they knew and thought of her, the concluſion was, that *Calliante* found nothing but the neſt, the Birds had taken their Flight, and perchance upon inkling of his arrivall. But *Pomeran* being curious to dive ſomewhat deeper into the knowledg of this affection, prayed the *Gentleman* to inform him *how* it came to paſs, that his Siſter *left* her friends in that manner, *where* the place of her Birth was, and *what* the name of their Family. *Calliante*, who deſired nothing ſo much as this demand, to have a Subject whereon to eſtabliſh his Deceipt in the mindes of thoſe Gentlemen alſo, deſired to bee excuſed, ſaying, *That the recitall of that Story would but tear up his wound again, and aggravate his deſpair by the manifeſtation of his diſhonour.* This refuſall ſharpned the deſires of the hearers, who joyned all together in a ſupplication to him, to ſatisfie their curioſity therein, promiſing to aſſiſt him in the ſearch of that abuſed Damſell; and they preſsed him ſo far, *that*, as yeelding to their intreaty, not without much unwillingneſs, Hee thus began.

"*Gentlemen*, In the Plain of *Cracovia*, not far from a place where "the River *Nidus* loſeth its name in the *Viſtula*, ſtandeth a very "agreeable City named *Corcin*, wherein was the Manſion-houſe of "my deceaſed Father; there exchanging *Earth* for *Heaven*, hee left "my Mother a Widow, with a charge of two Male Children, and as "many Females. I was born a Twin with a Siſter, who hath often-"times been taken for mee, and I for her; when the tenderneſs of "our Age rendred us incapable of diſcerning our Sexes, without "which our Nurſes (as I have been told) were oftentimes like to "have exchanged us, being unable to diſtinguiſh us by our Faces. If "you have ſeen the unfortunate *Almirea* here, I believe you "will judge by my *Gate*, my *Pitch*, my *Voice*, and my *Countenance*, "that I ſay nothing that can bee contradicted by your experiences; "and if the habit which I wear did not make appear what I am, "you would take mee for a diſguiſed *Damſell*, or a *Man* tranſveſted. "And I remember, whileſt the innocence of our Age permitted us "thoſe ſports which are agreeable to Children, that wee did often-"times take pleaſure in changing our Cloathes, to make us bee taken

"one

" one for the other, and ſo deceive in merriment all thoſe that con-
" verſed with us. Inſomuch that in our neighbourhood, it was com-
" monly ſaid, that either *Calliante* was *Almirea*, or *Almirea Calli-*
" *ante*.

Here the rude *Manile* (according to the cuſtome of Country-lobs, which is to interrupt them that ſpeak, without any reſpect or conſideration) ſaid, *In good ſooth*, Gentleman, *You did well to aviſe us of that, for if you had not, there's none of all this Company but would have tane you for the ſame* Almeria, *that hath put ſo many Doubts, Jealouſies, Paſſions and Proclamations in our Heads. It may bee ſhee bewitched him that follow's her, and Who, you think, hath raviſhed her; for in the few dayes ſhee Was here, ſhee bred* (I can tell you) *ſtrange ravages, or rages* (*what you will call 'em*) *in our Spirits. I marvell Why you will take ſuch pains to ſeek after a Creature, whoſe loſt is as advantageous, as the poſſeſſion dammageable.* The reſt of his Gang nodding their Heads approved *Manile's* reaſon, and not one of them but ſaid in his Heart, *that* it was a faire riddance of her, and *that* the Gentleman was like thoſe that are jealous, who are very eager to finde out what were far better let alone.

After this interruption, *Calliante* continued his relation in this manner. " Now, *Gentlemen*, that you may know mee for other then
" that idle *Run-away* (the reproach of our Blood and the ſhame of
" our Extraction) you muſt underſtand, *that* being in the Country
" with my Mother in a Caſtle of her's not far from the place of the
" *King*'s reſidence in Summer time, and neer a Foreſt where their
" Majeſties uſe ſometimes to recreate themſelves with the pleaſure of
" Hunting, It hapned one day (for our ſorrow) that one of the greateſt
" men of this Kingdome, being ſtrayed in the Foreſt and overtaken by
" Night, which robb'd him of the knowledg of the way to return to
" the *Citty*, where the *Court* was, retired himſelf to our Houſe; where
" holding his arrivall for a great Honour, wee received him with the
" greateſt reſpect and Courteſie wee could imagine, little thinking
" that hee ſhould have been like that *Machine* of *Wood* which ſet on
" Fire that famous *City*, whoſe Story hath employed ſo many Pens.
" But this falſe *Courtier* having caſt the Eyes of Concupiſcence upon
" the unfortunate *Almirea*, and finding perchance ſome reciprocall an-
" ſwers in that language of looks, which cannot bee underſtood but
" by thoſe that love; That encouraged him to ſpeak in generall
" tearms; thence to fall into Courtſhip and expreſſions of Affection,

" and

" and ſo by little and little into private Familiarities, which ſeduced " the ſimple Girl into her perdition, being overcome with the glory " of his Greatneſs, and egged on with that vanity, which is ſo naturall " to that Sex, to ſee themſelves Sued to, and Adored like *Goddeſſes*, " which openeth the dores of their Hearts to that Paſſion, whereof " if but one ſparkle taketh in ſuch weak Subjects, it preſently flames " like Fire in dry ſtraw or Flax, and cannot bee quenched neither " by Tears nor Blood. His viſits following (& ſomewhat too frequent- " ly iterated) were the *Match* by whoſe Smoak wee eaſily diſcovered " the *Fire*; But to oppoſe great perſons and Favorites, or, like the " *Gyants* in the Fable, if by heaping Hills on Hills you offer to wage " War againſt thoſe *Gods* of the *Earth*, ſo firmly ſeated on the top " of *Fortune's* wheel, they will but laugh at your contradictions, as " *Hercules* did at the ridiculous indeavours of the *Pigmies*. Although " wee viſibly ſaw that the deſign of this *Polyphemus* was to devour " the Honour of our Family in abuſing my Siſter, yet it ſeemed that " our low-ſpiritedneſs ſtretched out the neck to this blow, and to ac- " cept this Yoke; thus Servile is the condition of thoſe who ſuffer " their *Honour* to periſh to preſerve or advance their *Fortunes*, as if a " *Fortune* were eſtimable without being *Honourable*. It is no ordinary " diſpleaſure to mee to reveal this ſhame, which I ſhould rather " ſtudy to conceale, every one naturally abhorring Infamy; but what? " this is a thing ſo publickly known already, that if you ſhould not " learn it from my Mouth, the very ſtones would declare it to you, " the whole World being full of it, by reaſon of the abuſe of my " Siſter, and the greatneſs of him that hath made the unworthy con- " queſt of her. But if I had watched ſo carefully, as I might have done, " the deportments of my Siſter, or that my Mother had had her Eyes " open upon the golden Apple of her Integrity, wee never had felt " thoſe ſad effects of ſorrow which now afflict us: For, the pudicity of " Virgins is like a Glaſs, which may bee preſerved a long time if well " looked unto, but with the leaſt knock is broken all in pieces. Yet ſince " faults are perſonall, why ſhould I derive the vices of the Guilty upon " the Innocent? Eſpecially in regard the *Honour* of that Sex cannot be " garded by any but themſelves; for, the too ſtrict obſervation of " others in this caſe doth rather irritate than appeaſe their Paſſions, " and ſharpen rather, or Set, than take off the edge of their de- " ſires. No Demonſtrations, no Admonitions were wanting on our " parts, to diſſwade that inconſiderate Girle from the converſation

"of that, no less dangerous than desirable, Visitant; intimating to her "that although his frequent coming were without any evill effect, "yet shee could not admit of his company without Suspition and "Scandall, in regard the Actions of great Men, especially *Favorites*, "were Subject to a thousand interpretations, whereof the most Si- "nister were generally the most Certain. Sometimes, when my Mo- "ther asked her what fruit shee could pretend of that, but too evi- "dent, Affection, unless it were the loss of time, and perchance of "her Honour, (which is commonly attended by a publick shame and "an universall table-talk, which hurrieth into the precipice of despair "those that expose themselves to such miseries:) Shee, belying her "own Heart, would answer, that shee believed *Iph'* (excuse mee, "*Gentlemen*, if his name who ought to bee odious to mee, beeing "at my Tongue's end, had like to have broke through my Lips, since "out of the abundance of the *Heart* the *Mouth* speaketh with pre- "cipitation) shee answered, I say, that shee thought that *Nobleman* "had no more design upon her, than shee had inclination for him; "That shee took all his discourse and compliments but as essayes of his "abundant wit, or tricks of Affectation which the *Court-Gallants* "hold for commendable qualities; and *that* all his expressions pro- "ceeding only from the out-side of his Lips, penetrated no farther "than the *Superficies* of her *Ears*, preserving her heart clear from the "contagion of that venimous *Passion*, which most persons do con- "demne, but few eschew. But not to weary you with too tedious "a relation, notwithstanding his Scorpion-like subtilty to hide the "Poison of his Intentions, & her simplicity, too ingenious for her de- "struction, the *End*, which useth to Crown good Actions with Glory, "discovered to us the ignominy of their evill practises, as you shall "hear. When this great *Favorite*, being fallen into some disgrace at *Court*, "was in a manner exiled to his own *Palatinate*; at this departure, their "two *Hearts*, whose Bodies had perchance contracted another alli- "ance than that of *words*, could not support their *dis-union*: Into- "much that by the *King*'s command hee beeing enforced to leave the "agreeable Climate of the *Court*, it was no difficult matter to per- "swade the imprudent *Almeria* to transvest her self and follow him, "judging that in that habit every one would take her for mee. Shee "presently condescended to this proposition, which, as it was the *Life* "of her *desire*, proved the *Death* of her *reputation*. So, taking a Suit of "mine of Sea-green, layed with Silver-lace, and having handsomely

"put

" put up her Hair, under a Grey Hat, covered with a White Plume,
" shee Mounted one of my best Horses; and in the Dusk of the Eve-
" ning repaired to the place where her *Paramour* had assigned her:
" since which time I could never learn any certainty what was become
" of her, untill *Fame* (the inseparable shadow of great Persons Bo-
" dies,) informed us that this *Nobleman* being come into his Go-
" vernment, was no where less than in the *City* of his Residence, but
" consumed all his time in Hunting amongst these Woods, where hee
" was become a Prey to a *Shepherdess* of such beauty, that bred Envy
" in all those *Ladies* of the *Court*, whose Affections hee had ra-
" vished formerly. Hereupon a thousand imaginations arose in my
" troubled Mind, sometimes, *that* hee had left my Sister inclosed in
" some Castle as a Trophy to his Vanity, contemning her with as
" much Cruelty after abusing her, as hee had seduced her with Malig-
" nity; Sometimes, my Fancy seemed to perswade mee, *that* shee,
" who denying her Sex, had had the Courage to Disguise her self in
" *Man*'s Cloathes to follow him, might well renounce that condition,
" and take upon her the habit of a *Shepherdess*, thereby to enjoy his
" conversation with less Suspition and more Liberty. At length, to sa-
" tisfie my own Curiosity, and my Mother's desires, resolving to search
" out my Criminalls, *Fortune* conducted mee into these parts, where
" I am incouraged with some hope of finding what I seek: And now
" *Gentlemen*, I must conjure your Courtesie, by all that I read of
" Humane in your Faces, and doe believe to bee in your Hearts, to
" Favour mee in this so just a Cause, which I have so ingenuously re-
" vealed unto you, to the end this Freeness of mine, joyned to the
" Generosity which is so naturall to all Persons of Honour, may ob-
" lige you to afford me your assistance. For, not to conceal the least
" point of Truth from you, I am resolved in this business, which con-
" cerneth not only mine, but the Honour of my Family, to play Dou-
" ble or Quit, or to stake all I have, and (like the Bee which puts her
" life in her revenge, leaving her Sting in the Wound shee makes,)
" cease to live after the loss of my Honour; for, to injoy Life without
" Honour, I esteem a condition far worse than a thousand Deaths. There-
" fore if I finde assuredly that my Sister hath passed beyond the bounds
" of her *Duty*, and preferred her *Pleasure* before her *Reputation*, my
" resolution is by plunging this Poniard into her Bosome to tear that
" polluted Soul out of her unchaste Body; if otherwise, I will press
" the conclusion of her Marriage as much as I can, and decency will

 permit.

" permit. For, if *Love* equalizeth *Lovers*, *Honour* doth render the " Condition of *Gentlemen* equall to the greateſt *Nobles* ; and my " Extraction is not ſo obſcure, but that I can reckon divers *Palatines* " of my Anceſtors, in whoſe Dignities, though I have not had the " fortune to ſucceed, I ceaſe not however to inherit a part of their " Courage ; Beſides, I want neither Friends nor Kindred, who eſpou- " ſing my Intereſts, will joyn their Arms with mine in this juſt quar- " rell : And, *ſince hee is Maſter of another's Life, who deſpiſeth his own*, " there is no ſort of hazard, whereinto I ſhall ſtick to precipitate my " ſelf to get ſatisfaction from that *Raviſher* of *Almirea*, how great " ſoe're hee bee, beeing perſwaded by this Maxime, *That hee dyeth* " *glorioufly, who periſheth with his adverſary in the reſentment of an injury*. " Nevertheleſs not to run head-long, or like one that's blind, I will " firſt bee ſatisfied of the truth, and then I ſhall ſee how to ſettle " my Reſolution.

Calliante filed theſe and diverſe other particulars on the thred of his *Narration* with ſuch Art, pronounced them with an Air and Accent ſo full of grace, and animated his Speech with Actions (though feined) which ſeemed ſo reall, that *Boleſlaüs*, who knew all the myſterie, could not ſufficiently admire his induſtry, that con'd ſo dexterouſly put a Mask upon his Tongue, which at the ſame inſtant deceived the Eyes, Ears, and Thoughts of all that were preſent, who though appearing (as you know) to bee all of one condition by their Habits, were of two ſorts extreamly different, yet equally deluded by the ſubtilty of *Calliante*.

The Anſwers which hee received from theſe Auditors were very different, or rather contrary; For, the *Peaſants* (through a vice which is ordinary to them) beeing extreamly jealous of *Iphis*, thought they had met with a fair opportunity to ſatisfie their malicious humor and deſtroy him, by declaring to the ſtranger that *Almirea* (who was in a *Shepherdeſſe's* habit, and called her ſelf *Almeria*) was not onely in love with *Iphis*, but had loſt her ſelf in his embraces, which (they ſaid) was manifeſt enough by their running away together. This Depoſition was ſtrengthened by the teſtimony of the Shepherdeſſes, who hating *Almeria* no leſs than they loved *Iphis*, endeavored all they could, not to wound, but rend in pieces the Reputation of her, who raviſhed them, whileſt they thought her of a Sex contrary to her habit. But the diſguiſed *Gentlemen's* Anſwer was quite otherwiſe ; For, *Pomeran* ſpeaking for them all, and ſhewing himſelf full of zeal for the preſer-

vation

vation of *Iphis*, having boldly denied all that the malice of those base *Souls* had calumniously alleged, assured *Calliante*, "*That* his Sister was "so curious of preserving her integrity, that her Suitor had nothing "so ordinary in his Mouth as the Complaints of her Severity (which "*Lovers* are accustomed to qualifie with the titles of *Cruelty* and *Ri-* "*gour*) which the *Rusticks* could not gainsay without doing an irrepa- "rable injury to the truth; therefore hee exhorted him not to give "credit to their *Envy*, but rather to believe the Report of *Gentlemen*, "as they were, (though covered with habits disproportioned to their "Conditions) than to the viperous Tongues of those *Clowns*, who "carried the venim of *Asps* upon their Lips, and who spake onely by "conjecture; But if Hee would not conform his *Passion* to the Rule "of their *Reasons*, they had *Reason*, and knew how to rule his *Passion*, "opposing with *Force* the *Violence* which hee threatned in his Dis- "course; Hee, whom hee was to incounter, (besides his quality and "personall valour, which had rendered him victorious over so many "redoubtable Enemies) not beeing so unprovided of Servants, nor "fallen so in disgrace with *Fortune*, but that hee could yet command "a great number of gallant Men, who would take glory in hazarding "their Lives in his Defence.

Pomeran had continued to urge this Point, and doubtless had ingaged *Calliante* in a single combate (wherein hee would have wanted no seconds;) But that the cunning *Boleslaüs* traversing this Discourse interrupted him, telling him in his Ear, *that Iphis* would bee very much displeased, if hee should pick a quarrell with *Calliante*, whom hee indeavored by all means possible to oblige, thereby to render his Sister more tractable; *That* all things beeing fairly carried, and the honour of *Almeria* no wayes interessed, there was nothing so easie as to terminate that difference in an amiable manner, without fighting upon such *punctilio's* of words, Menaces beeing but vain flashes, or like blasts of Wind which leave no trace behind them: *that* it would bee much better to follow this way of gentleness, than to repulse just Resentments with impertinent *Bravadoes*: *that* from this clashing, as from the collision of flints, nothing could proceed but sparks, which would produce veryd angerous flames: Besides, to his knowledg, *Iphis* would not bee well contented, that the Peasants should penetrate so far into his secrets, as to know his Affection and Quality, or the Condition of *Almeria*: *that Calliante* had already spoken but too much, unless hee should have quite discovered the *Mine*, which would

ſpoil all the ſport, wherein they ſaw the *Palatine* did take an innocent recreation, which diverted him from melancholly for his diſgrace and abſence from the *Court*. *Pomeran* reliſhed theſe reaſons, which beeing communicated to *Piſides* and *Argal*, they became like Men without the faculty of Hearing and Speaking; *Boleſlaüs* aſſuring them that in ſo doing they would oblige and render moſt agreeable Service to *Iphis*, of whoſe pleaſure, hee told them, hee had certain knowledge, as alſo of the place of his retreat, which was not very far from thence.

Mean time, *Calliante* having thus contrived his Deſigne, the better to bring it to effect, addreſſed his Complaints to the *Countrey-men*, who promiſed him Miracles, induced as well by their own baſe Diſpoſitions, as with the hope of profit, which the *Gentleman* made glitter in large promiſes to them. Already they ingaged themſelves to put into his Hands thoſe whom hee was ſeeking, wherein they diſcovered no leſs temerity than baſeneſs, obliging themſelves to effectuate that which was neither within their Knowledge, nor Power. *Calliante* being tranſported with joy to ſee them ſo perfectly deceived, redoubled his Promiſes, and incouraged them to aſſiſt him with Propoſitions of conſiderable recompences. Hereupon they went to offer Sacrifices to *Ceres* and *Bacchus*, I mean, to make good cheer, at *Calliante's* charge; For, it is the cuſtom of thoſe Ruſticks to ſeal all their Bargains with Diſhes and Bottles, otherwiſe they hold no Agreement can bee firm or proſperous. On the other ſide, *Boleſlaüs*, who had the watch-word, promiſed his Companions to bring them the next Day to the place where the *Lovers* were, which was ſo ſtrong, that being therein they might laugh at the folly of thoſe Clowns, and at the vanity of *Calliante*, who after the Faſhion of great perſons had made choice of the worſt ſide, that is, of Flatterers.

Scarce had the cool *Aurora* powred out thoſe drops of dew, which look like liquid Pearls, or little Eyes, upon the Graſſe's tops, when both the *Crues* went forth to ſeek what they ſhould never finde in the manner they did imagine, although they ſhould have compaſſed the whole Earth and ſea; Whileſt the *Countrey-man* conducted *Calliante* in his *Knight-errantry*, entertaining him with *ſmoaky* promiſes, as hee fed them with the *Vapors* of *Hope*. *Boleſlaüs* knowing the *Blank*, was ſure not to miſs his *aym*: For, *Sarife* having aſſigned him the *Rendezvous* in a certain by-place in the *Foreſt*, after a long wandring, this politick Guide feining to have miſtaken his way (although hee had

on

on purpoſe brought them inſenſibly out of all beaten Paths) when they were all at a ſtand, not knowing whither to direct their courſe, the ſound of a plaintive voyce ſaluted their Ears; Which ſtruck them into a ſodain amazement, and made them the more aſtoniſhed, the leſs they imagined to finde any reaſonable Creatures in ſo wild a Place; the Deſire of beeing put again into ſome way, added to the curioſity, which is ſo naturall to humane Spirits, of knowing other's miſeries, made them advance towards the place, whence the *Air* conveyed thoſe ſad Accents to their hearing: For, whether *Boleſlaüs* had made any ſign, or whether they had been deſcried a far off by any one that was ſet *Sentinell* to that purpoſe, juſt as they arrived, a deep-fetch'd ſigh broke the way to theſe Expreſſions.

"And ſhall I ever hence-forwards eſteem the fidelity of any *Man*? "Oh! let the *Heavens* invent ſome pains more bitter than thoſe "which they make mee ſuffer (if it bee poſſible to imagine any more "rigorous) if ever I give credit to their *Oaths*, or open my Ears to "their deceitfull *Courtſhip*! Oh *Iphigenes*, the moſt treacherous and "ingratefull amongſt thoſe that tread upon the *Earth*, is it thus that "thou didſt feed with vain Proteſtations, my too facile credulity? "But who would not have been ſurpriſed with thy Language, thy "*looks* diſguiſing thy *words* under ſo ſeeming a goodneſs, that I ſhould "have thought my ſelf guilty of an irremiſſible crime, if I had con-"ceived the leaſt doubt of their Reality? Is it thus, *perfidious Man*, "that thou didſt hide thy Heart full of *Gall* under Expreſſions of "*Hony*, and that to catch mee, like an innocent Bird, with thy falſe "Call, didſt thou inſnare mee with thy cheating Promiſes? A great "glory indeed thou wilt acquire by abuſing thus a miſerable *Maid*, "who repoſed her belief upon the Reed or broken Staff of thy Fide-"lity. *Heavens* alter the motion of your Sphears, and thou *Sun* "hence-forwards go take thy Reſting-place in the *Orientall* plage, *Ri-"vers* run back to your *Sources*, and *Day* ceaſe to be light, ſince "the Conſtancy of *Iphigenes* is become moveable, notwithſtanding "hee pronounced a thouſand ſolemn Oaths, that the Effects of *Na-"ture* ſhould be enemies to their *Cauſes*, before his *Soul* ſhould bee "rendred capable of *change*. Hee hath changed however, diſloyall as "hee is, and without remembring the ſacred plighting of his *Faith*, or "conſidering the miſeries which I have endured for his ſake, hath aban-"doned mee as a prey to *Melancholly* and *Deſpair*. *Heavens* where are "your *Thunderbolts*, where your *Plagues*?

A heavy groan having terminated these words, there was not one of the Hearers (excepting *Boleslaüs*, who was acquainted with the Plot) but thought it had been *Almeria* that charged *Iphis* with perfidiousness, seeing her self forsaken, like another *Ariadne* by *Theseus*, after the loss of her *Honour*. As they were upon the point of rushing in to shew themselves, and consolate the Affliction of that Desolate Plaintif, *For Heaven's sake Gentlemen*, said Boleslaus, *do not appear before this Creature, untill I have discovered what shee is: For, mee-think's I have heard this voyce heretofore, and I am certain it is not* Almeria's, *seeing too much assured of* Iphis *Love to her, and that his Deportments beeing full of honour, Hee is no Man to commit so unworthy an Action.* So, having perswaded them to stand still in a place where they could not bee perceived, the old *Fox* slipped gently into the Thicket, as if hee went to discover who that dolefull Female was, who (as if shee had been advertised of the approach of those that heard her) thus continued her Complaints.

"Deplorable *Modesta*, what Fruits hast thou of thy *Fidelity* and "*Patience*, since thou hast sowed on a barren Sand, and since thy ar-"dent Affections have not been able to oblige the most inconstant of "all Humans, to keep what hee had so often sworn to thee? Indeed "thou hadst reason to believe that hee would play thee such a trick, "considering without caring to deliver thee out of the Prison, where "the rigor of thy Father-in-Law had inclosed thy innocence, hee "slighted thy Disasters, and laughed at thy Tears and Captivity. Yet "if hee had forsaken mee for that *Princess*, or those great *Court-Ladies* which were so passionately taken with him, it would bee "some consolation in my incomparable Misfortunes, to see my self "supplanted by those that exceed mee in Deserts, as far as I have sur-"passed in Affection to him all those of my Sex; But, to violate his "Faith promised to mee, for a *Country-Heiden*, for a *Herd-Wench*, "who is as inferior to mee in *Birth*, *Estate*, *Breeding* and *Beauty*, as "I am to those Starrs which render so illustrious the *Court* of our "*Monarch*, that is a thing which I cannot endure without an Heart-"breaking anguish, more sensible and dolorous than a thousand "Deaths. Therefore since I cannot survive an affront of such indig-"nity, I am resolved to die; but it must bee in the presence of him "whose inconstancy doth murther me, that in expiring I may fasten to "the coller of that ingratefull *Wretch* a thousand *Furies*, which may "represent incessantly to his thoughts my Bloudy *Ghost*, to the end

that

" that poſſeſſed with *Deſpair* for having reduced mee to that extre-
" mity, hee may exerciſe a vengeance upon himſelf more horrid than
" can enter into my imagination.

Here ſobs breaking off her Speech, our hearers conjectured, and ſaid amongſt themſelves, that it was not *Almeria*; And in regard none of the other three had ever ſeen *Modeſtina*, they could hardly think that it was ſhee, becauſe they heard her call herſelf *Modeſta* (which Name pleaſed her the more, becauſe *Iphigenes* did commonly uſe it in his moſt Familiar careſſes to her.) Whileſt they were in this perplexity, returned the old *Oedipus*, who in ſtead of explaining this *Enigma*, rendred it more obſcure. For, counterfeiting much trouble in his *Mind*, with a low and trembling voyce hee ſaid to them; Gentlemen, *let us bee gone from hence, or Wee are all undone; for my part I think* that *this is an inchanted* Foreſt, *and that all the Adventures wee meet with proceed from* Magick Art, *And* that *the Enviers of the* Palatine's *fortune keep him here by Witch-craft, and us with him. For, how can any Man imagine without a manifeſt illuſion, that* Modeſtina, *my* Maſter's *Wife ſhould bee tranſported into this* Foreſt (*without the help of ſome that deale with the* Divell) *to come to utter her Complaints in this Deſart corner, which hath no Inhabitants but ill-boding* Schreech-Owls, *and ſeemeth onely fit for a* Sabat *or Aſſembly of* Sorcerers? *And what know I but that Deſpair (wherewith her complaints do ſpeak her overwhelmed) hath driven her to make recourſe unto this horrible remedy, to releaſe her* Body *out of Priſon, and free her* Mind *from the rage of her* Jealouſie? Thereupon hee told them, that it was, indeed, *Modeſtina* lying at the foot of a great Tree upon a *Carpet* of *Moſs*, who made the Woods ſo reſound with the *Eccho's* of her lamentable ſighs; *that* if ſhe perceived him, he was a loſt Man, becauſe ſhee would believe that hee had ſeduced her Husband to thoſe Levities, or at leaſt fomented them by his Aſſiſtance, conjuring them to retire themſelves ſpeedily from that place; or (if their curioſity invited them to hear any further) to permit him to flie, that hee might not appear before the face of his *Miſtris*, tranſported with *Anger* and *Grief*.

This amazement was ſo dexterouſly feined, and this adviſe colored with ſuch probability, that it ſerved as a Faſcination to the three *Gentlemen's* Eyes, and a Charm to their Ears. So really they believed this falſe Report. And whileſt they were conſulting whether they ſhould ſuccor that diſtreſſed Lady, or not diſcover themſelves to her, *Boleſlaüs* ſtill urged them to retreat, but in ſuch a manner, as rather increaſed

their desire of assisting her. At length, *Pomeran*, who had alwayes pleaded *Modestina's* cause without knowing her (when he indeavored to divert *Iphis* from the pursuit of *Almeria*) judging besides the happiness hee should have to bee known to her, hee should begin his acquaintance by the most signall service he could render her, remitting her into her Husband's Arms, made his Companions resolve to succour the *Lady*, (which *Boleslaüs* desired most, yet seemed to fear) assuring them (the passion which possessed *Iphis* for *Almeria* proceeding but from a light youthly humor, and rather from *Fancy* than *Reason*, or a Disease in the *Mind* than any sound *judgement*) that hee would thank them in the end for that which perchance at first would seem displeasant to him, like those who revile the *Surgeon* which hurteth them in dressing their wounds, and afterwards return him thanks, with a good recompence, when the Cure is done.

Upon this Resolution they all concluded to make *Boleslaüs* stay to bee witness of their proceedings, and that by his means they might the better bee made known to the *Lady*. But hee feined to strive to get from them, the more earnest they were to hold him. This Contestation could not bee without some bustling, neither was the bustling without some Voice and Murmure. At which a Man came rustling out of the Thicket, as it were to inform himself of the way, which hee seemed to have lost. This was *Arcade*, whom *Serife* had retained having sent away *Armelin* and *Philaster*; hee having his Lesson, took no notice of them, but as *Peasants*; and thus spake to them: *Friend's, What evill Spirit brought you hither to disturb the Silence, and re-double the Horror of this place with your quarrelsome debates? Yet I am not sorry I have met with you, since your arrivall may do an afflicted* Lady, *and mee some service in setting us again into the way, which wee have been long seeking without happning upon any body to direct us.* Hee had no sooner uttered these words, but *Pisides*, knowing him by his Voyce, and Cloathes, answered; Arcade, *what do you persist in the inchantment, which maketh you not know, (when your Eyes are open) those to whom you speak? Do not you remember, that you saw us not many Dayes since in these Cloaths, when the Chase made you put a Stag into our Hands?* At these words, *Arcade*, as if hee had been much surprised, Replied, *Oh my Lord* Pisides. *What good* Angell *directed you so opportunely into this solitude to the succor of our* Palatine's Lady, *whom a violent, though not unjust* Jealousie *doth inforce to traverse both* City *and* Country? Upon further inquiry hee told them (as hee had been instructed by *Serife, that Modestina*, beeing

beeing arrived at *Placens*, had commanded him to conduct her into that *Foreſt*, where ſhee had learnt, that the *Palatine*, her Husband, beeing taken with the *Love* of a *Shepherdeſs*, had relinquiſhed the care of his *Charge*, and contemned the *Grandeur* of his Dignity and Birth.

Theſe *Gentlemen* beeing prepoſſeſſed with ſo many Charms, accoſted the ſorrowfull *Lady*, who ſeeing them approach ſeemed to bee much affrighted, yet ſettled her Countenance again, as ſoon as *Arcade*, ſtepping in before the reſt, informed her, that thoſe, whom ſhee ſaw in *Peaſant's* Habits, were *Gentlemen* of Quality of the *Palatine's* Retinue, whom they ſought as well as ſhee; Hee having eclypſed himſelf from their ſights ſome Dayes ſince. They having never ſeen *Modeſtina*, doubted not but *Serife* was ſhee; For (beſides the Dreſs and Accoutrements of a *Lady* of note, wherewith ſhee was ſumptuouſly attired) ſhee had ſo mortified, or rather dyed her Face with a certain yellowiſh Liquor, that it ſeemed *Mellancholly* had given her the *Jaundies*; Beſides, by the means of ſome device which ſhee held in her Mouth, ſhee feined another voyce ſo naturally, that they were deceived on all ſides. After they had made their obeiſance, and tendred all the ſervices due to her *Grandeur*: *The onely ſervice*, ſaid ſhee, *that I deſire of you, is, that you would bring mee into my Husband's preſence, or do mee the laſt of all Duties, put mee into my Sepulcher; For, to bee ſeparated from him, and to die, is the ſame thing to mee.* Hereupon they ſwore to uſe their beſt indeavours (but to make good their Oaths they needed not go out of the place) conjuring her to riſe, and permit them to ſet her upon her Horſe, which was feeding cloſe by with *Arcade's*. As ſhee moved her ſelf, ſhee eſpied *Boleſlaüs* amongſt them, on whom caſting a ſtern look, *And dareſt thou yet* (ſaid ſhee) *appear before mee, thou diſloyall ſervant to a faithleſs* Maſter? *After thou haſt ſo miſguided him, who was committed to thy Government, thou comeſt perchance with thy Companions diſguiſed, like thy ſelf, to plunge mee into new Miſeries, and caſt mee into another Priſon. Ah! No, I will rather open my boſome with this blade* (drawing a Dagger from under her Robe) *than commit my ſelfe to the Mercy of unknown Perſons, who may firſt attempt my* Honour, *and afterwards take my* Life. Here *Boleſlaüs* putting one Knee to Ground, anſwered, *Madam, Let Heaven never pardon mee, if I am culpable of any miſdemeanour towards you, and when you know the condition of theſe* Gentlemen (*whereof there is not one that would not loſe a thouſand lives for the preſervation of your* Honour) *you will bee ſorry*

for conceiving such a suspition of them. I take the Sun, *or rather him that give's it* Light *to witness, that it is no fault of mine, if* Iphigenes *hath not continued his Affections entire (as hee ought) to you. But alas! I am no more his* Governour, *but by Name, hee is my* Master *in effect, the truth (as to all great Persons) is become odious to him, hee spurn's at Remonstrances; instead of taking my advises in good part, hee paye's them with injuries; his answers are harsh and froward, I cannot read his humour, hee is grown so extravagant (these* Gentlemen *know it as well as I) that I am not able to hold him; yet for my part, if I have not Power sufficient to stay him, I have Patience to let him run, but not Constancy enough not to bewail his condition. His Disgrace at* Court *is one step to his fall, and if hee continue in his obstinacy, that* Gossip *which hath bewitched him (I think) will ruine him absolutely both in* Body, Mind *and* Reputation.

Ah! Bolcslaus, replyed the feined Modestina, *if by the contagion of that deceitfull Spirit thou art not become impudent as well as hee; if thy words are sincere, tell mee, if I must lose all hope of regaining his Affections, to the end I may presently by* Death *set a period to all my Miseries. Madam,* said Pomeran, *that remedy were worse than the Disease; For, it is easier to ressuscitate affection in an* Heart, *than recall a* Soul *into a* Body *when once it is departed; For* Heaven's *sake banish such desperate Thoughts, and cast away that murtherous Weapon which so ill become's your hand; And I swear to you by the Faith of a Man of Honour, that if I were not seconded by any of these Gentlemen (although their Friendship & Courtesie promiseth mee otherwise of their Generosity) I will employ my Sword with those of my Friends, my Industry, my Diligence, and my own Life, to procure your repose & reduce* Iphigenes *to reason. These Gentlemen can tell what Disputes I have had with him upon this Account, and how often hee hath gone displeased out of my Company, because hee could no more brook the Liberty which I took in speaking to him, than I the Libertinage of his Life; But that was nothing to what I now desire to say and do, beeing no less animated by the sight of your Afflictions, than the* Romans *were moved at the view of* Cesar's *bloody Shirt.*

There was not one of the Company, but ingaged with *Pomeran* to lay their Lives down upon so just a quarrell, especially *Boleslaüs*, as if by that imployment hee desired to efface the suspition, which shee had conceived of him. Here *Arcade*, (who could not perswade himself that those *Gentlemen*, whom hee had seen so frequently and so familiar with *Iphigenes*, could bee so deceived) began to laugh upon *Boleslaüs*, saying to him in his Ear, *That hee could not sufficiently admire the dexterity of the* Palatine *and him, in representing their Personages.*

That

That whiſpering caſt ſome jealouſie into *Pomeran's* thoughts, which was increaſed by *Arcade's* often ſmiling afterwards and winking upon *Boleſlaüs*, whereby a perſon of mean underſtanding might have evidently perceived a ſecret intelligence.

Another time *Boleſlaüs* (fearing a Diſcovery) drawing *Arcade* aſide to tell him in ſecret *that under pain of incurring the* Palatine's *indignation, hee ſhould bee more ſerious in his carriage, leſt his lightneſs betrayed all*; *Argal*, who was fallen into *Pomeran's* ſuſpition, ſaid alowd; *Senior* Boleſlaus, *amongſt friends nothing ought to bee concealed, ſpeak out, that wee may know what you are plotting there with* Arcade; *For, if it bee any thing that may countervene not onely the Service, but the will of this* Lady, *wee proteſt to oppoſe your deſigns with all our power according to our promiſe without exception*; *For, though wee are her* Husband's *friends, wee are friends no further than to the* Altar; *that is, as far as Vertue and Conſcience do extend, beyond thoſe bounds wee know not what it is to love. If hee renounce not his no leſs unjuſt than injurious* Paſſion *for that idle* Almeria *which hath metamorphoſed him into a* Shepherd, *and quench in the legimate embraces of his Spouſe the illicite flames wherewith the other hath poſſeſſed his Heart, and robbed him of the uſe of* Reaſon, *what complacency ſoever wee expreſſed heretofore to flatter his humour, wee are determined now to leave his ſervice.* This hee ſpake with ſuch ſeriouſneſs (animating his Speech with a ſharp and colerick tone) as there remained no doubt in *Arcade's* thoughts, but that they were really deceived, or that they diſſembled purpoſely to deceive him; and makeing him the Fool of their Play, produce him for their laughing ſtock, and the ſubject of their merriment.

At length, notwithſtanding all the ſigns *Boleſlaüs* made him to contein himſelf, and the auſtere look which *Modeſtina* glanced to keep him in awe, hee could not refrain from laughter, when hee heard *Boleſlaüs* return this excuſe to *Argal*. "That which I would have ſaid "to *Arcade* in private, was onely to inquire of the particulars of this "*Ladie's* eſcape out of Priſon; For, *Mieſlus* kept her ſo cloſe in one "of his Caſtles, out of which it ſeemed ſo impoſſible for her to get, "that I think *Jupiter* himſelf could hardly have found an invention to "penetrate it, although hee ſhould have reſumed the ſame form, which "facilitated his conqueſt of *Acriſius* his Daughter; or had ſhee been "a *Flora*, I know not how *Zephyrus* could have accoſted her. The feined *Modeſtina* to give colour to this invention, and to hinder thoſe *Gentlemen* from diſcovering the whole Myſtery by *Arcade's* impertinent laughing, replyed.

You cannot conceive how ſubtile a Woman's *Wit is, eſpecially when ſharpened by* Love, *and refin'd by* Jealouſie; *you onely look upon the guards that did environ mee, and do not conſider that a* Woman, *who hath a mind to deceive, or free her perſon out of Captivity, maketh thoſe, who are incharged to watch her, the Inſtruments of effecting her own Deſigns: you might rather wonder how the news of my Huſband's licentiouſneſs ſhould penetrate my Ears in that recluſe Manſion; But without having recourſe to the* Divell *or* Magick Art, *know, that ſuſpitions are* Lover's *Meſſengers, and their inquiries are ſo frequent and ſo urgent, that hardly any thing that regardeth the Object beloved can eſcape their knowledge: and I muſt tell you, that my diligence hath been ſuch, that* Iphigenes *hath not done any one thing ſince his firſt going out of* Podolia, *either at the* Court, *or in his* Palatinate, *but I know it as well as hee; and were hee now preſent, I would reprouch him all his unworthineſſes one after the other, and reveal his ſhame to his own Face; neither ſhould hee be able to contradict or oppoſe any excuſe to the Verities which I ſhould alledge.*

If the Anſwer *Boleſluës* returned *Argal*, put *Arcade* out of Countenance, this tranſported him beyond himſelf; and burſting into an exceſſive laughter, his Imprudence ſerved in ſtead of the Oculiſt's *Collyriũ* to make the *films* fall from the Eyes of thoſe *Gentlemen*, who doubting already ſome pretty prank of *Joviality*, perceived at length their *Error*; inſomuch that the ſad and *Tragicall* beginning of this *Cheat* ended with a *Cataſtrophe* ſo *Comicall*, that the Deceived, as well as the Deceivers were marvelouſly delighted with that recreation.

After this the feined *Modeſtina*, to take entirely off that Mask (which rendred her not abſolutely unknown, but much harder to bee known) having dipped her Handkerchief in the Brook, and rubbed her Face therewith, wiped away that yellowiſh colour, which altered her Complexion. Which done, ſhee ſeemed ſo beautifull, that had not the naturall tone of her voyce (which ſhee uſed again, having taken out of her mouth that which ſhee had put in to falſifie it) aſſured them that it was *Iphigenes* in a *Woman's* habit, they would have been more difficulty drawn out of this ſecond error than the former. Then, they fell to diſcourſe freely, and the *Palatine* declared to them, wherefore he had taken a *Woman's* habit to deceive them, as *Calliante* had done in *Man's*, who was no other than *Almeria* diſguiſed.

This new Diſcovery bred a new altoniſhment, and every one of the Company thought himſelf over head and Ears in inchantments. And the deceived party regretted, that they had not continued longer in

their

their agreeable error, that in the sincerity of their actions the *Palatine* might have read the fidelity of their friendship, and judged by its uprightness, that their Souls permitted them not to be Favourers of Vice: So *Arcade* was taunted on both sides, for having betrayed by his indiscretion, what had been contrived with so much subtillty. But as in Spring-time, the *Heavens* beeing grown inamored of the *Earth*, do heat her bosome with the rayes of the *Sun*, you may hear the *Birds* chanting their *Love-layes* in severall Notes; So, *Serife* perceived by their language, that the powerfull glances of her *Eyes* had warmed the *Hearts* of those disguised Peasants: For, from extolling her Beauty beyond any thing *Nature* had yet produced, they fell to particularize her perfections, with such curiosity, that it was easie to judge that their Passion was the main Spring of their Eloquence. And as those who are over-mastered by Wine, disclose their infirmities by a flux of incongruous words, whereby one may gather that their *Brains* are troubled with Fumes, which cloud and disturb the faculties of the *Intellect*; So, by the discourse of these three admirers, it evidently appeared, *that* that sweet *Poyson* which is druok by the *Eyes*, had distilled its malignity into their *Brests*, and *that* their mouths pronounced but what proceeded from the abundance of their desires. *Argal* complained that *Nature* had not made *Iphigenes* a *Woman*; *Pisides* flattering his agreeable Error, said, *That as the* Hyena *is reported to change her Sex with her hair, so perchance* Iphis *having metamorphosed himself into* Serife, *and leaving the habit of* Male, *was become a* Female. Pensive *Pomeran*, who though hee spake not all hee thought, could not chuse but let slip some Expressions, which like sparks gave testimony of his inward fire; For, sometimes hee confessed himself filled with vain illusions, and to avoid a prejudiciall censure, in satisfying his *Passion*, he protested *that* hee would remain to the last Breath a *friend* to *Iphis*, and *Servant* to the incomparable *Serife*.

The

The Eighth Book.

ARGUMENT.

Arcade *is sent back to* Plocens *by* Serife. Pomeran *and his Companions attend on* Serife, *whilest* Boleſlaus *advanceth to prepare* Celian *and his Daughters to receive* Her. Serife's *feined Relation of* Herſelf *to deceive the* Shepherdeſſes. *Their indeavours to appeaſe* Her *Counterfeited* Grief. Calliante *with his Aſſiſtants returns from ſeeking* Almirea. *Their amazement at* Serife's *admirable* Beauty. Calliante's *and* Serife's *moanfull* Contention *to out-vie each other in* Misfortunes. *Her ſwounding at his feined* Bravadoes *againſt* Iphis. Calliante's *ſeeming* Anger *againſt* Almeria *and* Iphis, *is appeaſed by* Serife's *conjuring* Speeches. *The* Amorous *and ambiguous diſcourſe betwixt* Calliante *and* Serife *to puzzle the hearer's Thoughts.* Serife *ſeeming at length to bee overcome by his* Courtſhip, *make's ſhew of requiting the inconſtancy of* Iphis, *by Anſwering* Calliante's *feined Flames.*

THe perplexity of *Boleſlaüs* was no leſs than *Serife's* apprehenſion, leſt what ſhe had ſo long, and ſo ſeriouſly concealed ſhould now be unadviſedly revealed, to the ruine of her *Fortune*, & perchance of her *Honour*. At length it was concluded that the Deſign ſhould ſtill continue to deceive the *Country-People*, to make themſelves ſome Paſtime with their Simplicity. To this effect leſt *Arcade* by his indiſcretion ſhould give occaſion of any ſuſpicion likewiſe to the Ruſticks, *Serife* ſent him back to *Plocens*, incharging him not to mention any thing of thoſe Divertiſements, which ſhee would have buried in the ſilence and ſolitude of the Woods. That done,

done, they repaired towards *Celian*'s Houſe, whither *Boleſlaüs* advanced a little before the reſt, to ſee if *Calliante* with his attendants were returned from their Inqueſt: But hee found only the old *Man* accompanyed with his *Daughters*, deploring the loſs of his *profit* more than the abſence of the two *Lovers*, who hee imagined had loſt themſelves on purpoſe to finde a more free poſſeſſion of each other. Some queſtions being paſt, *Boleſlaüs* told him, that hee had other news for him, which was, *That the Wife of* Iphis, *being tranſported with Jealouſie, was come into thoſe Woods to ſeek him, where ſhee had been informed hee ſpent his time in the Embraces of* Almeria, *and that his Companions, who had by chance met with her, had ſent him before to know if hee would bee willing to receive her in his houſe, ſhee being a* Lady *of quality, that had ſufficiently wherewithall to recompence his ſervices and Courteſie to her.*

That hope of *Gaine* was the onely Shaft hee could have ſhot to hit the pretenſions of that greedy *Churle*; His Ears and his Dores were preſently opened at the ſound of that *Silver* Bell. And whileſt they were upon theſe terms, arrived the other three, leading the beautifull *Serife* as it were in Triumph, upon a handſome Nag, whoſe Furniture was correſpondent to the Richneſs of her Apparrell. That rare Beauty wherewith *Nature* had Favored her, being increaſed by the Luſter of thoſe pretious Garments, ſo dazled the weak ſights of *Belida*, *Merinda* and *Remonda*, that they did not onely forget the Graces of *Almeria*, but loſt the remembrance of the countenance of *Iphis*. So certain it is, that *Cloathes do ſet off people in ſuch ſort, that they ſeem in a manner Metamorphoſed*. *Celian* looked no further than her *Hands* and *Neck*, whither his *Eyes* were invited by the ſparkling of ſome rich *Rings*, and a *Carcanet* of pretious Stones, which hee already ſwallowed in his Fancy. Every one's attentions were divertiſed according to their different inclinations; the *Courtiers* admired the *Beauty* of *Serife*, the Shepherdeſſes the *Magnificence*, and their old Father the *Richneſs*.

This feined *Syrene* being received (if not according to her merit, however in the beſt manner that Cottage could afford) renewed the deceipt which ſhee had ſo artificially begun in the *Foreſt*, and poſſeſſed thoſe ſimple People (who devoured her words by Mouth-fulls) with what belief ſhee liſted, telling them, That *ſhee was Legitimate Spouſe to* Iphis (*and indeed they were but one and the ſame Fleſh, their* Conjunction *being not onely Union* but *Unity*;) That *ſhee had ſought that*

Perfidious and Ingratefull Man *both by* Land *and* Sea; That *Hee had Traiterously abandoned her to* Deſpair, *forſaking her to follow an Idle Creature, who being little beholding to* Nature *for* Beauty, *had doubtleſs bewitched her Husband by ſome* Magicall *Charms; And yet* (*ſaid ſhee*) *I love him* (*notwithſtanding his Diſloyalty*) *as dearly as my ſelf, and if you pleaſe to meaſure his* Malice *by my* Innocency, *I am in ſome kinde culpable of my own misfortune, for, I am the* Cauſe *that my* Rivall *doth intirely poſſeſs* Iphis. All this diſcourſe, which had a double meaning, was throughly underſtood by none but *Boleſlaüs*, who could not ſufficiently admire the dexterity of his dear Foſter-child, who the better to cover her Deceipt, drawing a Chain of Sighs from the bottome of her Heart, and drowning her Cheeks with Tears, moved not only the Daughters, but *Celian* himſelf to Compaſſion, and bred Aſtoniſhment in the *Courtiers* to ſee her ſubtility in repreſenting ſo to the life, a Sorrow, which they thought was feined. But thoſe Sighs & Tears proceeded from, but too reall a Source of *Paſſion*, ſo that the Deceipt held good on all ſides. And, it being a curioſity as Blameleſs as *Naturall*, to inquire into the Diſaſters of Afflicted perſons, to remedy them if it bee in our power, or at leaſt to pitty the ſufferers if wee cannot help them, the Shepherdeſſes who deſired no leſs to learn ſome particulars concerning *Iphis* and *Almeria*, than to hear the *Ladie's* Story, beſeeched her to give them the relation of her Afflictions, aſſuring her of their Fidelity; and promiſing, in exchange, to tell her what they knew concerning thoſe two *Perſons*, whom *Paſſion* had rendred extravagant. Then, *Serife*, after the manner of *Muſicians*, having made her ſelf bee ſomewhat intreated, diſpoſing them by that appetite, the more eaſily to believe her Inventions, thus began.

"*Iphis* and I were Married ſo yong, that wee could hardly know "what 'twas to *Love*. I was Ward to his *Father*, who to draw my "Eſtate into his Family, & of a *Guardian* become *Maſter* of all, made "me Marry his *Son*. If there was any force on *Iphis* part, I know not, "but in mee (I am ſure) there was no Conſtraint, for I do not remem-"ber that ever I ſaw him without having ſome inclination for him. "From the Cradle almoſt wee were brought up together; during our "Childhood wee loved like Children, and our Affections increaſing "with our years, I loved him afterwards as my brother, but I muſt "confeſſe after I was permitted to hope to injoy him as a Husband, "I began to cheriſh him with a *Love* more ardent and delicate.

"At

" At length we were united by the bonds of *Hymen*, but alas! that was " only in words, for the uſe of our bodies was forbidden by his *Fa-* " *ther*, who in reſpect of his tenderneſs of Age and Complexion, de- " ferred our contentments untill riper years had given both of us " more Vigour and Ability to conſummate our Marriage. Yet to ob- " ſerve the form of like Ceremonies, wee were both layed in one Bed, " but with an old *Governeſs*, (that I had) betwixt us, who like a *Sala-* " *mander* did extinguiſh all our ardour, imprinting in our Spirits ſo " much reſpect and awe, that during the whole Night, the motions of " *Love* had no acceſs in our Bodies. After that, to take away all oc- " caſions of our accoſting, and to deprive us of our ordinary conver- " ſation, Hee was ſent to the *Court*, where his good parts rendring " him the common deſire of the moſt accompliſhed *Ladies*, Hee ſtill " made me believe by his Letters (which were my only conſolation " in his abſence) that among ſo many *Stars* which glittered before " his Eyes, none could attract his ſight from his *Diana*, whoſe *Eclypſe* " overwhelmed him with as much Darkneſs, as hee hoped to injoy " Light, when I ſhould again appear in his preſence. With a thouſand " ſuch like fopperies did that *deceiver* amuſe my Simplicity, whileſt " in the midſt of his Triumph over ſo many hearts, inthralled " by his merits, hee became, I know not how, a Slave to a *Fugitive*, " which leads him up and down *Captive* where ſhee pleaſeth. Upon " certain advice whereof I have done what I could by Letters to re- " duce him into the trace of his *Duty* and *Reaſon*; But Hee *ſometimes* " denyed flatly that report, *ſometimes* hee accuſed mee of *Jealouſie*, " *ſometimes* diſguiſed his baſeneſs in ſo many faſhions, proteſting in- " ceſſantly againſt my *Suſpition*, and making ſuch ſhew of *Innocence*, " that (eaſie foole as I was) I belied my own *belief* to conform my " ſelf to his *perſwaſions*; and to purge him of *crime*, I accuſed my ſelf " of too much *credulity*. Oh how eaſie a thing it is to circumvent a " *Soul* whoſe affection diſpoſeth it to take in good part all that pro- " ceed's from the Object beloved! But at laſt perceiving by his " flight with this new *Hellen*, whom hee hath raviſhed with her " own conſent; *that* (like a ſilly *Fiſh*) I had ſwallowed the *hook* under the " *bait*, and what I held but for a *Fiction* was too manifeſt a *Paſſion*, " abſolutely deſtructive to my contentment: *Love* armed with *Jea-* " *louſie* ſuggeſted ſuch reproaches to my Tongue againſt his barbarous " Perfidiouſneſs, as you may better conjecture than I repeat; I ex- " claimed againſt *Heaven* and *Earth*, I accuſed the Innocence of the

" *Stars*, as if their *influence* had contributed ſomewhat to his incon-
" ſtancy, and ſtrewing my Chamber with whole handfulls of my hair,
" I bruiſed my breſt with my own Fiſts, puniſhing my ſelf for the
" faults which hee had committed againſt me. His *Father* as *cruell*
" as hee is *faithleſs*, kept me cloſe Priſoner in a Caſtle, where this news,
" which afflicted mee even to *Death*, could enter, but I had little
" hopes of getting out, to prevent by my Liberty this ruine of my Af-
" fections and Marriage. My condition was like a Man's who ſeeth
" his Houſe burning before his face, and is not able to carry any *Wa-*
" *ter* to quench the *Fire*; Yet, beſides that *Neceſſity* is ingenious, the
" *Providence* of *Heaven* (which watcheth over the afflicted) gave mee
" the invention and means to free my ſelf from that Captivity to ſeek
" my *Husband*, & indeavour to draw him out of that Mire of Deboiſt-
" neſs, whereinto he is plunged: And being informed in a *City* not far
" from hence, that my *Husband* (who is but too well known amongſt
" the chief of this *Province*) had retired himſelf into this *Foreſt*, where
" under pretence of Hunting hee made *Love* to a Shepherdeſs
" (which is no other than that *Almeria*, diſguiſed in a *Country* habit)
" without taking any other counſell than that of my *Affection*, I came
" at a venter hither, not knowing which way to direct my Courſe, to
" meet with *him* who hath ſtolen my *Heart*, and robbed mee of his
" *Faith*. Thus *Courteous Shepherdeſſes*, you have the ſumm of my ſad
" adventures, and the Subject of my coming amongſt you. Perchance
" you will judge this eſcape an act of raſhneſs, and unbeſeeming a
" perſon of my *Sex* and *Quality*; But when you conſider that thoſe
" actions (which in themſelves do appear not only not diſcreet but
" very reprehenſible,) are juſtified by the *Cauſe* that produceth them,
" (which is a conjugall *Love*,) and by the *End* whereunto they tend,
" (which is to reform an *Husband* from his diſſolute courſes, and re-
" claim him from the precipice of *ruine* to the tearms of *Reaſon*, *Ob-*
" *ligation* and *Honeſty*) I believe *that* the *Water* which cometh from
" ſo clear a *Spring*, cannot be troubled with the *Mud* of any *Calum-*
" *ny*; and that ſo Legitimate a *Cauſe* cannot produce Illegitimate
" *Effects*. Can any one bee ſo void of Humane Reaſon, as to cenſure
" a chaſte *Woman* for endeavouring to make her *Husband* relinquiſh
" his extravagancies, and return to the injoyment of her lawfull em-
" braces, ſince *that* is to ſeek her ſelf, not another; and to re-unite what
" *God* hath joyned, and which no *Mortall* power can ſeparate? But,
" alas! why do I ſay re-joyn that which ne're was joyned, unleſs in

" *Spirit*

" *Spirit* and the *Will?* Yet the *Will* of my inconstant *Husband* may not " bee said to have been united with *mine*; otherwise hee would never " have forsaken mee for another, if it bee true *that* that *Friendship* " can never cease, which hath been once perfectly contracted. Whose " condition was ever like to mine? I am a *Virgin*, and yet I may say " I am a *Wife*, without having suffered any detriment in my integrity; " and being *Wife* to a *Man* which shuns mee, I remain a miserable " Prey to sorrow. I am *Marryed*, and yet am a *Widdow*, that is, I dye " all my life-time being deprived of my *Husband* by a ravishment " more sensible than the stroak of *Death*. Not many dayes since I " wandred disguised in *Man's* cloathes, despising for him, that de- " spiseth mee, the *Glory* of my *Condition*: and now I run my self out " of breath after a wanderer, whom I am no more able to catch, " than hee that follows his Shadow, overtake it. Bee favourable " *Judges* of my misery, and if there is any *Humanity* remaining in your " *hearts*, I am confident you will be so far from interpreting amiss " my actions, *that* quite contrary you will not deny mee your assi- " stance in the necessity, you see, I am at this present.

Here *Serife* cut off her Discourse with *Sighs* and *Tears*, which came so opportunely from her, that one would have said shee reserved that *Wind* and *Water* in particular places of store, to let them out when shee lifted. The *Gentlemen* (who knew the *Fallacie*, admired the readiness of her *Wit*, which could so dexterously mingle *Fables* with *Truths*, and speak things of such double sence, that nothing she said favoured of any improbability) were less moved than the *Shepherdesses*; who believing nothing more certain, than that which shee had told them, felt powerfull resentments of *Compassion* at her so handsomely feined *Sorrow*. And as the blood in *Humane* bodies runneth to the part that is wounded, as it were to strengthen and cheer it up; so it being *Naturall* to comfort them whose affliction toucheth us, either by lessening their *grief* with the *lenitive* of comfortable *words*, Recalling their senses from *Despair* to *Reason*, Making them hope for a *change* of their evill *Fortune*, Promising *assistance* to withdraw or abate the *miseries* which oppress them, or by some other *ingredients* whereof are composed the *Cataplasms*, that are applyed to the *wounds* of the *Heart*: Those *Gentlemen*, who saw all these passages with a singular satisfaction, having (to bring on the rest) first made offer of their Services to the disconsolate *Serife*, for the conquering of her inconstant *Husband*, expected to see how the *Shepherdesses* would

and oe that *knot* which the *Lady* had knit and tangled with as much Art, as that which could not bee looſed without the *Edge* of a *Sword*.

Their pitty preſently ingaged them in the like tender of aſſiſtance to her, and (*Women* beeing as capable of keeping a *ſecret* as the *reeds* that betrayed *Midas* Aſſes Ears) they declared to her all they knew of *Almeria's* deportments; *how* ſhee came thither in *Man's* cloaths, which ſhee left in *Merinda's* hands as a pledge for thoſe which ſhee procured her; *How Iphis* came after her in a *Countrey-man's* habit with thoſe *Gentlemen* there preſent; *How* ſhee had fed them with lies, *ſometimes* ſaying *ſhee* was a *Maid*, *ſometimes* a *Man*, with ſo well-carried a diſſimulation, that they knew not what to think of her; ſuch Sweetneſs and Modeſty ſhee ſhewed amongſt *Women*, ſuch *courage* and *dexterity* beeing in the company of *Men*; That *ſometimes* ſhee acknowledged ſhee had committed a *fault*, and therefore had ſtolen from her *Parents*, fearing their diſpleaſure, *Sometimes* again ſhee would juſtifie her ſelf to bee full of *Honour*, and as immaculate as a new-born *Babe*: However (as *Detraction* eaſily ſlippeth into Reports) for their parts, they ſaid, if ſhee was *honeſt*, they *believed* it was in *Words* onely, not in *effect*; then, they conſtrued in the worſt ſenſe the Paſſions which *Iphis* expreſſed for her, and the feined *rigours* wherewith ſhee rejected his *purſuit*: In ſumme, they all concluded *that* her running away with that *Man* convinced her ſufficiently of the *crime*, which ſhee had before diſguiſed with ſuch cunning.

Herenpon *Serife* (to make her ſelf ſport by ſounding the *malice* of thoſe *Ruſtick* Souls) preſſing them, as if ſhee had been animated with a *jealous* curioſity, to diſcover freely to her, what *ſuſpitions*, or unbeſeeming *actions* they had obſerved betwixt thoſe two *Lovers*; *ſuch tricks*, replyed Merinda *ſeek* Darkneſs *more than the* Light; *Witneſſes are not required at ſuch bargains; thoſe that have a mind to doe amiſs, indeavour at leaſt* that *Solitude and Silence may ſhelter their faults from Judgements and Murmures. I perceive*, ſaid Serife, *that you deal with mee as* Chirurgeons *do with thoſe who apprehend letting Blood, amuſing their Eyes another Way, whileſt they open the* Veine; *or, as the Executioners ſometimes with criminalls, covering their Faces, that they may not ſee the inſtruments of their puniſhments; you veil my miſchief, and thereby redouble my torment: For, it is ſome conſolation to ſee on which ſide one fall's.*

Hence *Belida* took occaſion to ſpeak thus, *Madam, the Jelouſie which poſſeſſeth you, and which for a time did likewiſe diſquiet my Braine, is a*

Diſeaſe

Diſeaſe *that maketh us ſeek what wee would be grieved to finde; it forgeth oft-times* Idea's *of that which is not, maketh ſmall treſpaſſes ſeem great offences, and like a malign* Ulcer, *impoyſoneth it ſelf by the ſame remedies which are applied to cure it; any* Wood *will foment that* Fire, *but no* Water *can quench it. If you will bee ruled by mee, you ſhall content your ſelf with that little which we have told you of the much which wee know; for your imagination, (ingenious to torment your ſelf) will extend but too far, (to your ſorrow) the particulars wee have already repreſented. I ſpeak by experience of that* Malady, *which is worſe than a quartane* Ague, *for, it proceed's from an odd conceited humour, which every thing doth aggravate, and nothing eaſeth;* Heavens *bee praiſed I am now rid of it, and I hope I never ſhall bee afflicted with the like pain. I am confident,* Madam, *as the* Starrs *loſe their Light in the preſence of the* Sun, *that your* Husband, *having but compared your* Beauty *with that which hee now ſo eſteemeth in* Almeria, *will account all her* Graces *uglineſs, and the more deformed, becauſe accompained with the vileſt and moſt infamous of* vices, *which is* Adulteery; *and that balancing your* Fidelity *with the* Lightneſs *of her* indiſcretion, *hee will the ſooner acknowledge his* fault, *the greater Obligation hee hath to your merit. For, as wee finde by experience that the Sheep which have been drawn out of the* Wolv's *Throat, are the tenderoſt and daintieſt meat; So his* Love *doubtleſs will bee the ſweeter and more firm towards you, the greater his* Repentance *is for having offended ſuch a* Goodneſs, *and tempted ſuch a* Patience *as yours. Live in this hope,* Madam, *and aſſure your ſelf, that if* Iphis *hath two Eyes, and ſeeth you,* Almeria's *gone; ſhee will bee the Object of his* Diſdaine, *and you of his* Affection; *Perchance the difficulty of poſſeſſing you, hath tranſported him to this no leſs unjuſt than inconſiderate* Paſſion.

Rosonda (after the manner of *Women*, who would bee ſorry to hold their peace when others ſpeak) interrupting *Belida*, would alſo pay her *ſhot* with the *mite* of her *verdict*, adding to her Opinion an expedient remedy to eaſe the *Lady Serife's* plain, to whom addreſſing her Speech; *Madam*, ſaid ſhee, *It ſeeme's that* Heaven *conſpiring your good, hath ſent hither on purpoſe a* Man *that will releaſe you of that trouble, by tearing* Almeria *out of your* Husband's *Armes, and putting him into yours; it is one* Calliante, *who ſaye's hee is her* Brother: *hee came hither yeſterday to inquire after her, and is gone this Morning with my* Brothers *to ſee if they can finde them out. I marry Siſter,* replyed *Merinda, there's a* ſalve *indeed for this Ladie's* ſore, *to tell her of a* Gentleman *that is come with an intention to kill* Iphis, *or make him marry her whom hee*

hath

hath abuſed, Which will be an abſolute diſſolving of his former Marriage, which is not conſummated, *by another whoſe* conſummation *hath preceded the* Wedding.

At theſe words *Serife* ſeeming extreamly diſturbed, feined to fall into a ſwound ; and as there is no body ſo deaf as hee that will not hear, ſo there is none ſo ſick as thoſe that counterfeit themſelves to be ſo : *Serife* diſſembled her indiſpoſition with ſuch Art, that every one judged it to bee reall ; ſome ran to fetch *Vineger* and *Water*, whileſt ſome pinched her, and others rubbed her Face; the *Shepherdeſſes* handled her after their faſhion (that is) rudely, yet for all their doing ſhee ſtirred not, ſo that they thought her paſt recovery. The *Courtiers* knew not whether they had beſt laugh or cry ; and in effect ſhee had continued longer in that pleaſant extaſie, if, when they came to unbrace her, ſhee had not feared (by leaving to the view of thoſe *Argusſes* and *Lynxes* the pretious treaſures of her boſom) that without *divination* they would have paſſed from *Conjecture* to the *certainty* of the *Truth*. So ſhee awaked out of that ſweet *Sleep*, as full of *Joy* in her *Heart* to ſee her *Deceipt* take ſo handſomly, as of *Sorrow* in her *Countenance* ; For, all her *Blood* beeing retired inwards, ſhee looked as pale as *Death*, and watering at the ſame time her *Cheeks* with *Pearls*, which ſhee had prepared in her *Eyes*, with a trembling, and, as it were, a dying voyce, ſhe formed theſe words. *Who was that Which by an indeavour pitifully cruell hath reſtored the* Light *to my* Eyes, *to make mee contemplate in my ſelf a* Spectacle *of nothing but* Miſeries ? Oh *Death ! the onely Conſolation of thoſe who are remedileſly afflicted, Why doſt thou ſeiſe on ſo many perſons that ſhun thee in the midſt of their Delights, and leaveſt mee in this* World, *who invoke thee without ceaſe, unleſs thy meaning bee to make my* Head *a* Butt *for all* Misfortunes ? *Then, the* Deſigne *is to rob* Iphis *of his* Life, *or raviſh him* alive *from mee ; from mee who* Live *not but for him and in him, and* Who *to ſave his* Life *would loſe mine own, or rather many* Lives, *if I had them, to reſcue him from* Death. *Oh* Deſtiny ! *if thy* Rigour *bee yet ſuſceptible of any ſpark of* Pitty, *cloſe my* Eyes *With that* Sleep, *out of Which one never wake's, before they ſee ſo tragicall an Event.* My dear Friends, *pray give mee leave to* die, *for it is time that by this laſt action I teſtifie to my* Faithleſs Husband, *how much I cheriſh his* Liberty, *and* that *if I have not* ſtrength *enough to follow and overtake him, I have* conſtancy *enough to let him pleaſe himſelf.*

This ſaid, ſhee would have drawn out of her ſleeve, hanging after the

the *Sarmatick* faſhion, the ſame Dagger wherewith ſhee feined to kill herſelf in the *Foreſt*, had not the diſguiſed *Gentlemen* held her Arm; but there needed no great ſtriving to hinder *her* from hurting herſelf, who had no ſuch intent, and who would have wounded *Iphis* aſſoon as *herſelf*. Mean time this ſtrengthened the *Deceipt*: For, as there is no tincture ſo lively as that of blood, ſo there is no impreſſion ſo powerfull as that which is mingled with ſome *tragicall* effect. The *Shepherdeſſes* were no leſſe *moved* with the *generoſity* of her *courage*, than *mollified* with *compaſſion* to ſee to what a point of *Deſpair* the unfaithfulneſs of *Iphis* had reduced the deplorable *Serife*: Their *Eloquence* beeing not able to form *Conſolations* powerfull enough to appeaſe ſuch vehement *Sorrow*, all they did was to chide *Remonda* for her indiſcreet babbling.

By this time the *Lamp* of the *Day* beeing drawn neer his *Occident*, and beginning to give place unto the ſmaller *Lights*, which his *abſence* kindleth in the *Firmament*, arrived *Lupicin*, *Antalcas*, *Fleurial* and *Manile*, accompaning *Calliante*, who came from the fruitleſs ſearch of thoſe whom they had before their Eyes without knowing them. At this arrivall the *Gentlemen* renewed their attention to conſider this new *Comicall* Act, the beſt whereof was, that *Calliante*, who came with intention to deceive them, was himſelf deceived.

By the complot betwixt him and *Serife*, at their parting in the *Foreſt*, hee knew the fallacy wherewith ſhe had prepoſſeſſed the ſpirits of all the Company; But his return beeing unexpected, *Boleſlaüs* had not the leiſure to inform him ſpeedily enough of *Arcade's* folly, who by his laughing had betrayed all the grace of that ſubtile ſuppoſition. It was a double delight to ſee *Calliante's* Mine countermined; But there remained a great miſtake in the *Gentlemen's* Spirits, who took *him* for a *Woman* in *Man's* clothing, and that hee onely counterfeited a *Man*-like Countenance; on the contrary they believed *Serife* to bee a *Man*, who was really of the Sex they thought ſhee counterfeited.

What worthy Penſill ſhall I borrow to delineate to the Life the new aſtoniſhment of *Calliante* at his approaching neer *Serife*? For, having left her in his *Country-weeds*, and finding her in that glorious attire, which ſhee had put on purpoſely to compleat the conqueſt of his thoughts, hee could hardly perſwade his fancy to believe it was the ſame *Iphis*, whom hee had left in the *Foreſt*. In a word, thoſe rich Ornaments gave ſo much advantage to *Serife's* Beauty, *that* they did

the Office of *Wood* in augmenting *Calliante's* Fire; which was such, that losing the knowledge of himself, and the remembrance of the Personage hee was to represent, hee remained a good while, his *Eyes* fixed on her *Face* without motion, as if hee had been ravished in a profound Extasie; and resigning the Function of his *Tongue* to his *Eyes*, hee was angry with *Nature*, that shee had given him but *two* to contemplate so many Marvells. On the other side the *Country-men*, his attendants, who were not accustomed to see such eminent Beauties every Day, much less to bee visited by them in their Cottages, were not without admiration. Whilest they were in this maze, not knowing where to begin their Compliments, the *Women* who were as hasty to cast the *secret* out of their *Mouths*, as a *Spider* off their *Bosoms*, put them out of pain: For, *Belida* to her *Husband*, and *Merinda* and *Remenda* to the rest, had quickly related all that had passed since their going abroad, and what the dolefull *Serife* had imparted to them of Her Disasters.

This bred some compassion in their Hearts, and made them imagine that it was not without some particular *Providence* of *Heaven*, that so many strange Accidents in so short time should bee presented to their sight. In mean time *Boleslaüs* accosting *Calliante*, after some common Discourse, intelligible enough, told him softly *Arcade's* fault, *that* hee might understand that the *Gentlemen* knew him. *How?* said hee, starting, *for* Liante? *No*, replied Boleslaus, *but for* Almeria, *their discovery hath gone no further. If they knew no more*, answered Calliante, *bid my* Brother *keep his Countenance, and the scene not ending yet, the* Country-fellowes *shall not be the onely deceived.*

To describe the greeting of these two *Lovers* transvested in *Opinion*, but in *Effect*, cloathed according to their *Sexes*, were a difficult task. For, *Serife* beeing deeply in *Love* with *Calliante*, never had so fair an opportunity of representing her Passions to him with as much *reality*, as hee thought them full of *dissimulation*: And *Calliante* feeling his Heart so streightly bound by the Charms of *Serife's* graces, knew not what to think, nor with what expressions to discover his Resentments. At length making use of the priviledge of the *Deceipt* which *occasion* then offered him, He broke silence, saying: *That, if it were a Consolation to those in misery to finde their equalls in infelicity, hee might in some wise deem himself happy among his Disasters to have met with her: yet if persons that have been bitten by mad Dogs, do feele their rage redoubled by the approach of such as are affected with the same Disease, hee feared to*

exasperate

exaſperate his by Communication, or (Maladies beeing contagious) to multiply his Afflictions by making known to her the juſt complaints which hee had to make againſt Iphis.

Sir, replied Serife, *I believe our diſaſters are arrived to ſuch an height, that there can bee nothing added to their extremity;* and if *every thing which hath attained to its juſt plenitude is accuſtomed to diminiſh according to the courſe of* Nature, *me-think's in our* Deſpair *this glimpſe of* Hope *is yet remaining, that henceforwards wee ought to look for the* Decreaſing *of our Miſeries, ſince they cannot* increaſe *without augmenting to* infinitie. *Your ſeeking and mine tend both to the ſame end, though by different wayes; Wee aim at the ſame* Blank *from ſeverall* Stations. *You lament the loſs of your* Honour, *wounded by the lightneſs of your* Siſter, *and I bemoan the* Levitie *of my* Husband, *who by a cruell* Change *doth unworthily abuſe my* Loyalty. *I am confident if without* Paſſion *you could compare one affliction with the other, you would bee conſtrained to judge in my favour (ah Wretched favour!)* and *acknowledge that I am the moſt miſerable: But, it is hard, eſpecially in matters of Misfortune, for a Man to be an equitable* Judge *in his own cauſe, in regard a* Straw *in our own* Eyes, *or a ſcratch upon our* Bodies, *is more painfull to us than a* Beam *in the ſight, or a great Wound in the* Body *of another.*

Madam, anſwered Calliante, *if all did run in the Race of* Infelicity, *every one would think hee were firſt at the* End; *For, there is no one living but eſteem's his own Misfortunes the greateſt in the* World, *and thence proceeds ſo many lamentable Complaints, wherewith the diſtreſſed fill the* Aire. *But this is a miſerable conteſtation, wherein it is more advantagious to bee the* Conquered *than* Conquerour; *Nevertheleſs ſince in all things wee ſtrive to overcome by an innate deſire which wee cannot leave, but with our Lives; give mee leave to tell you,* that *if* thoſe who loſe their means (*as it paſſeth in ſome places for a Proverb*) do loſe their Senſes, *with what fury ought they to bee tranſported, who are robb'd of their* Honour, *which all well-tempered* Minds *will alwayes prefer not onely before the favours of* Fortune, *but their own* Lives? *This make's mee run in this inraged manner through the* World, *ſeeking my* Siſter, *either to dip this Weapon in her Blood, if ſhee hath forgotten herſelf ſo far, as to diſhonour our* Family *by an irreparable fault, or to venture my own life with her* Raviſher, *who (I am informed) is your* Husband.

At theſe words, pronounced with an angry Tone and an haughty Countenance, *Serife* began to Stagger; and (as if one had plunged a *Dagger* in her *Heart*) Shee let her ſelf ſink down betwixt the beloved

Arms of *Calliante*, who never received ſo acceptable a burthen; as ſhee never ſwounded with ſo much delight. This *Fainting* was beyond *Jeſt*, proceeding not from *Sorrow*, but the exceſs of *Contentment*, which tranſported her at the *Preſence* of an *Object* dearer to her than the whole *Univerſe* beſides: yet the aſperſion of a little cool Water upon her Face recalled her *Spirits* from that amorous traunce. As an Infant ſleeping betwixt it's Nurſe's Arms, doth open leiſurely it's little Eyes, when ſhee ſpurts out of her Breſts ſome drops of Milk upon its Face; ſo gracefully did *Serife* uncloſe her's, feeling her Cheeks bedewed with ſome Tears, which *Apprehenſion* and *Tenderneſs* had ſqueezed out of *Calliante's* Eyes, beeing troubled at this unexpected Accident.

This tempeſt beeing paſt, *Calliante* fell into another, beeing aſſaulted on all ſides with the Reproaches and Accuſations of the Aſſiſtants, for having raiſed that Storm, which blaſted all the Flowers that appeared ſo Lively, and ſo Lovely in that *Ladie's* Countenance. *Alas!* ſaid hee, carrying Compaſſion in his Looks, *perſecute mee no more for a fault, which hath brought it's Repentance with it, and for which I crave this vertuous* Ladie's *and the whole Companie's Pardon. I confeſs that my indiſcreet Expreſſions did hurry her even to the threſhold of* Death, *but I am ſo ſorry for having reduced her to that extremity,* that *I proteſt by the* Beauty *of her* Eyes, *(whoſe light I ſhall ever hereafter moſt inviolably honour) to belie thoſe audacious Words by contrary Effects, turning the fury of my* Paſſion *againſt my* Siſter *and my own* Blood, *and re-gain* Her *the poſſeſſion of that* Husband, *whoſe* diſloyalty *rendereth him unworthy of her* Merits, *and whom, notwithſtanding, ſhee ſeem's ſo paſſionately to affect.*

Courteous Sir, replied Serife, *as your firſt ſpeeches precipitated mee into the pit of* Death, *this ſecond give's mee a deſire to* Live. *But have a care to verifie your Words if you will have mee eſteem you a* Gentleman *of* Honour. *Madam,* ſaid Calliante, *if* Death *prevent mee not in the attempt, I will exactly perform my Promiſe; For, I had rather loſe my* Life, *than ſtain my* Honour *with the breach of my* Word. *A more ſenſible affront cannot be done to any* Man, *than that which our* Family *receiveth from your* Husband; *but I remit the* Vengeance *to* Heaven, *and lay my intereſt at your* Feet, *reſolving to exerciſe my* Indignation *onely againſt that unadviſed* Girle, *who hath ſuffered herſelf to be abuſed by him, and who by her* indiſcretion *hath blemiſhed the honour of our Houſe.*

If you forgive my Husband, *for* Heaven's *ſake and my conſideration, with all my* Heart *I pardon* Almeria *th'offence which ſhee hath committed*

againſt

againſt mee. But if Courteſie (*the* Queen *of gentile* Spirits, *like your's*) *hath any aſcendant over your* Heart, *I conjure you to let it plead for* Mee, *and obtain the* Favour *which I ſhall demand of you. Demand not,* Madam, *anſwered* Calliante, *but Command; For, I eſteem it as great a* glory *to obey you, as I ſhould bee ſenſible of* ſhame *to refuſe you any thing, were it to the hazard not onely of my* Fortunes, *but of my* Life *and* Honour. *I do not uſe to make any ſuch Reſervations, When I tender my ſervices to* Ladies *of your* Quality, *eſpecially When they are accompained with ſuch* Vertue *and* Graces *as you poſſeſs.*

Sir, replied Serife, *I am ſo far from deſiring any thing prejudiciall to your* Fortunes, Honour *or* Life, that *clean-contrary I Study the preſervation of them all together, beſeeching you to pardon your* Siſter, *and not to execute any* Vengeance *upon Her Perſon; Shee is your own* Fleſh *and* Blood, *and (as it were) another ſelf. Why do I ſay another* Self? *Theſe Shepherdeſſes (who have ſeen you both) tell mee, that one drop of* Water *is leſs like another than you two, ſo that you ſeem not onely to bee* Twins, *but the ſame* Perſon; *there beeing none living able to diſtinguiſh the one from the other, and that would not take* Her *for* Calliante *if ſhee were in your Cloathes, and* you *for* Almeria *if* you *were in* Her's. *For (which* Heavens *forbid) if in the heat of your* Paſſion *you ſhould dip your* Hands *in the* Blood *of that miſerable Creature, who could exempt you from expiating that* Parricide *by the loſs of your* Honour, Life *and* Fortunes, *I ſay, by the proſecution of* humane *Juſtice? Which though you ſhould finde means to eſcape, would not the* Divine, (*think you*) *perſecute you through all the corners of the* Earth, *whither your* guilt *would make you wander (like a deſperate Oreſtes) without finding any repoſe for your* Conſcience, *which would be agitated with a thouſand* Furies, *the* Voyce *of* Blood *crying out inceſſantly for* Vengeance *of your* Crime?

Calliante feining to bee overcome by her conjuring Speech, made appear *that* the *Poet's* fictions were not without reaſon, when they made *Love* diſarm the *God* of War, and ſnatch the *Thunder* out of *Jupiter's* Hand; For, caſting all his *Poyſon* under the beautifull *Serife's* feet, hee proteſted *that hee would do no violence to the perſon of* Iphis, *nor vent his Paſſion againſt* Almeria, *but would continue loving* Her *as* Himſelf, *and honour* Him *in the perſon of that* Lady, *under whoſe obedience hee reſolved to Live and Die.* Thus the *Peace* was concluded, to the great contentment both of the *Gentlemen* & *Ruſticks*, who were as much amazed to ſee in ſo little time ſo great a change, as when a furious *Tempeſt*, which fill's the *Air* with *Thunder*, & ſtorms the *Earth* with

Rain and horrid *Hail*, is ſodainly diſſipated, leaving the agreeable Rayes of the *Sun* in full liberty to inlighten thoſe that do behold them. It was as eaſie for *Calliante* to keep his Oath, as hard for him to break it; For, how could hee offend *Iphis* without injuring *Serife*, or take revenge of *Almeria* without turning his fury upon himſelf? So, they all agreed to terminate amiably this memorable adventure, and rather to employ the *Oyl* of *Friendſhip*, than the *Vineger* of *Enmity* for the healing of their imaginary wounds.

Their Converſation beeing ended with the Day, *Serife* remained with *Celian's* Daughters, whileſt *Calliante* and the other *Gentlemen* retired themſelves with their *Ruſtick* Attendants to their Lodging. Mony beeing not ſpared, there was great cheer on all ſides; For, beſides the Preſents which *Serife* beſtowed on *Celian*, and his Daughters, *Calliante* was no leſs liberall to his Aſſiſtants, who promiſed him a thouſand ſervices for his generoſity to them. As it is the cuſtome of *Peaſants* in all places to drink freely, eſpecially in the *Septentrionall* Countries, theſe ſpent the beſt part of the *Night* at that exerciſe; in ſo much that the *Sun* was already well advanced in his *Diurnall* courſe, before their *Eyes* were capable of diſcovering his *Light*. Whileſt they were buryed in that Liquor, the abundance whereof ingendreth *Sleep*, no leſs than the juyce of *Poppies*, our *Gentlemen* had full leiſure to entertain *Calliante*, who acting the modeſt *Virgin* before them, made ſhew of a certain baſhfulneſs, which argued nothing of a looſe Life; For, perſons given over to *Impudicity*, do commonly acquire the quality of *Impudence*; So that they knew not how to judge lightly of her, whom they ſaw ſo extreamly reſerved; And this was the onely part *Calliante* had now to play, to make them ſtill take him for *Almeria*.

Then falling upon the Diſcourſe of the paſſionate Affection hee expreſſed to *Serife*, the *Gentlemen* told her that they could not but admire to ſee the *chance* ſo turned, *that* beeing now in *Man's* apparell ſhee ſeemed to bee exceſſively taken with *Iphis*, who ſome Dayes before received nothing but Marks of her Diſdain. Wherunto *Calliante* thus replied, *I know not if thoſe Cloathes bee inchanted, but I muſt confeſs* that *ſince his change of Habit, my Heart is become ſo Linked to his* perfections, *that out of his Preſence I am like a* Marrigold, *which cloſeth when the* Sun *is ſet*. The *Countrey-men* beeing riſen (to bee rid of their not much pleaſing Company) hee diſperſed them ſeverall wayes, to make further ſearch after the Fugitives, that they might not (as he pretended)

tended) travell up and down in vain as they had done the day before. They beeing gone upon this triviall errand, the converſation of the remaining Day was in the *Foreſt*, under the delightfull ſhades, in the company of the *Gentlemen* and *Sheperdeſſes*; who thought they had made no little gain by the change of *Iphis* and *Almeria*, for *Calliante* and *Serife*, meaſuring the *quality* and *merit* of the *Perſons* by the *profit* which accrued to them. In this agreeable place, where the *Shepheards* uſed to lay their Nets for the innocent Beaſts, did our *Gallants* contrive inventions to deceive their ſimplicity. Here it was where thoſe who thought to ſurpriſe, were themſelves ſurpriſed, and where was acted the moſt pleaſant Piece of *conſenage*, that could bee imagined.

For, firſt, if you conſider the *Shepherdeſſes*, there was not one of them, but took *Calliante* and *Serife* for quite other perſons, than thoſe which had appeared before, under the Names of *Almeria* and *Iphis*. Next, if you look upon *Calliante*, though hee did the office of a *Deceiver*, hee was *deceived* no leſs than they, taking *Serife* to bee a *Man*, whom *Nature* had created otherwiſe; than the *Gentlemen*, who had diſguiſed themſelves to abuſe the *Peaſant's* Eyes, had their error alſo; For, they thought *Calliante* to bee a *Woman*, when hee was really what his habit ſpake him. Neither was *Serife* without a ſhare of miſtake, in that ſhee conceived *that* the *Paſſion* which *Calliante* expreſſed to her was feined, when his *Tongue* was a faithfull Interpreter of his *Heart's* ſincereſt thoughts. As for *Calliante's* Scouts, *Lupicin* and the reſt, their fruitleſs *peregrination* was a ſufficient teſtimony of their beeing perfectly abuſed. Onely *Celian* was not deceived in his end, who ayming at nothing but to get what hee could on all ſides, found his account well enough; it was indifferent to him whether *Iphis* and *Almeria*, or *Calliante* and *Serife* filled his Houſe, ſo that his Purſe was filled hee cared no further.

Whileſt the compaſſionate *Shepherdeſſes* indeavour to comfort the deſolate *Lady*, with the hope they gave her of ſhortly ſeeing again her Husband, in regard there were ſo many Meſſengers well acquainted with all the paſſages of that *Foreſt*, ſent ſeverall wayes to ſeek him, ſhe ſighed for an *Object* preſent in *Body*, but whom ſhee thought abſent in *Heart*, not deeming herſelf to bee the abſolute *Miſtreſs* of his deſires. And as by inſtinct of *Nature* every one is apt to lay his Hand on the Sore, or to the place where he feeleth pain, they were no ſooner ſeated under the favourable covert of a fair *Sicomore* Tree, whoſe root was watered

watered with the *Chryſtall* of a cleer *Fountain*, but *Serife* began to rip up the remembrance of her diſgrace. What *Lenitives* ſoeyer the aſſiſtants indeavored to apply, it ſeemed as if the *anguiſh* of her *wound* was augmented by their *remedies*.

Calliante and the other *Gentlemen* alleadged many exquiſite *reaſons*, and acute *Arguments*, to convince her obſtinate grieving, which would much imbelliſh this *Hiſtory*, if I did not fear to ſpin it out too far beyond my meaſure. I ſhall therefore content my ſelf to remark only this pretty accident which interrupted their diſcourſe: It was the plaintive chanting of a *Turtle-Dove*, who having choſen her ſeat upon a withered ſtump among thoſe Leaves, began to ſalute their Ears with a tone ſo dolefull, that it would have moved *Compaſſion* in *Souls* leaſt ſuſceptible of *pitty*; which gave occaſion to *Serife* to return it theſe words: *Pittifull Bird, the living Emblem of my condition, thou comeſt very opportunely to preſent thy ſelf to my view, and teach mee to bemoan, in an accent, like thine, the Miſeries that afflict mee. Thou makeſt us ſufficiently underſtand, that thou haſt loſt thy Mate, either by the cruell ſtroak of* Death, *or ſome ſiniſter ſtraying*; *and thy* Groans *reverberating the* Eccho's *of theſe Woods, ſeem either to recall him to Life, or to carry* him *news of* thee; *to the end by his return* thou *maiſt give o're* complaining. *Sweet* Dove, *thou haſt no* Gall, *neither haſt thou any need of it*; *For, thou art aſſured that his unfaithfullneſs will never give* thee *cauſe to expreſs any* anger. Alas! *I am not ſo perfect, nor ſo happy, for the* jealouſie *which devour's mee, take's away all ſenſe of* ſweetneſs, *and make's mee hate to live, by reaſon of the* inconſtancy *of* him, *who hath made mee ſo many deep Proteſtations never to be capable of* diſloyalty. *Go pretty* Pigeon, *and ſince I have Married my Accents with thine, direct thy ſpeedy Wings towards the place where my perfidious* Iphis *now is, and if thou canſt not make him conſider the* torment *which his* ingratitude *cauſeth mee to ſuffer, make him aſhamed by thy* preſence, *and let him ſee that* Men *(more unreaſonable in their irregular diſpoſitions than* Animals *which have no* underſtanding) *may learn of them Leſſons of* Fidelity *and* Temperance.

Shee had continued longer in this mournfull ſtrain, if *Calliante* ſeeming to fear leſt the exceſs of *ſorrow* ſhould tranſport her into ſome unſeemly extravagance, had not broke off her Speech, telling her, *that* to talk to *Birds*, and to ſow upon the *Sands*, were things equally abſurd; *That* ſhee ought to hope for better *Fortune*, and take the conſolation which is commonly given to young *Widdowes*, which is, *that by the loſs*

of

of one Husband they may have the choyce of divers others. And beeing of a Joviall Diſpoſition, eſpecially in theſe delightfull Recreations, having a greater deſire to paſs his time in *Laughing* than *Lamenting*, he fancied an Air to ſome Lines, in anſwer (as hee ſaid) of the *Turtle's* mournfull Tune. So with a very agreeable Voyce, hee animated theſe

STANCES.

THeſe Pains *aſſail not you alone,*
For among Mortalls *there's not one,*
But feel's his Reaſon *overſwai'd*
Sometimes; there are no Souls, *whom Love*
Hath to ſuch Diſcontents *betrai'd,*
But like Effects *of* Pitty *move.*

Why by an Humour *then ſo* Blinde,
Which diſturb's your Riper Minde,
Feed you your Thoughts *with bitter* Pain;
Since t'is the Poyſon *of the* Heart,
Rather by Cuſtome *to complain,*
Than by Reaſon *eaſe the* Smart?

Some tranſports of Grief's *exceſs*
May bee excuſed, I confeſs,
But how can you e're juſtify
Theſe Afflictions *indiſcreet,*
Whereby you ſeeme an Enemy
To that Face *and* Eyes *ſo ſweet?*

What Treſpaſs *hath that Golden* Treſs
(*Of* Lover's *Vows the dear* Addreſs)
Done, to deſerve the Penalty
Of ſo Severe *a* Puniſhment,
And receive the Salarie
Of Crimes *whereof 'tis* Innocent?

Th' Ingratefull *whom you thus bemoan,*
What rare Perfections *can Hee own*
To merit, that *away ſhould fade*
The beauteous Roſes *of your* Face,
And let pale Sorrow *thus invade,*
And play the Tyrant *in their place?*

Appeaſe the Tumults *of your* Breſt,
Change theſe Diſtractions *into* Reſt,
And by the End *of this ſad* Rage
(*To oblige ſome better* Spirits)
Rob not your Beauties *from this* Age,
Which hath its Glory *from your* Merits.

If the Power *you call to* Minde,
Wherewith your Graces *uſe to blinde*
Beholders, when your Eyes *are calm;*
Of Dying *quit that ſtrange* Deſire,
And don't reject that glorious Palm,
Which by their Luſter *you acquire.*

As long *Hair* imbelliſheth handſome *Faces*, and rendereth more ugly thoſe that are ill-favoured; So *Muſick* hath that property to inlighten *Hearts* inclined to *Mirth*, and augment the *Sadneſs* of thoſe that are *Melancholly*. The *Gentlemen* and *Shepherdeſſes*, whoſe *Spirits* began to droop at *Serife's* heavineſs, were much rejoyced with this *Singing*; but the afflicted *Ladie's* heart ſeemed to bee deeper ſunk in *Sorrow*. Theſe *ſweet words* were to thoſe *dull* Ruſtick *Souls*, like *Pearls* caſt before Creatures incapable to judge of their value; but they were otherwiſe underſtood by the *Courtiers*, who judging of the *Lyon* by the *Claw*, by this *Eſſay* of *Calliante's* wit (whom they ſtill took to bee *Almeria*) preſently gathered this conjecture, *that* the *Palatine* was more in *Love* with the *Beauty* of her *Minde*, than of her *Body*, which was comely enough for a *Man*, but hardly handſome for a *Woman*. After a little time *Serife* having weighed in her *Thoughts* the *ſenſe* of *Calliante's* Verſes, as ſoon as ſhee demanded it, obteined leave to evaporate theſe

SIGHES.

SIGHES.

WHen (Soul) *wilt thou injoy ſome* Reſt,
Leaving the Priſon *of this* Breſt?
When ſhall thy Dayes *and* Pains *have* End,
Since thy Griefs *beyond compare*
Have onely the laſt Hope *to friend*
Of thoſe that periſh with Deſpaire?

Yet when this Body, *pale as* Lead,
Augment's the number of the Dead,
How ſhalt thou *aſſurance have*
To ſee the End *of thy* Torment,
If ſeparated by the Grave
To Thee *remain's yet* Sentiment?

Heavens, *Directors of our* Fate,
Planets, *who, like a* Reprobate,
Condemn mee to bee miſerable,
If all things elſe their Limits *know,*
Why will you render Memorable
By it's Eternity *my* Woe?

Fortune *hath made my troubled* Heart
The Mark *of each malicious* Dart:
The Source *is dreined of my* Tears,
And now are alwayes in my Sight
Of the dire Furie's *Torch the* Fears,
In ſtead of Titan's *pleaſing* Light.

Alas! *what* Light *can mee rejoyce,*
Since ſeparated from my Choice
The Morning-Star *of my* Delight?
This is the worſt of Tyrannies,
To rob It *of* Its *glorious* Light
Or to bereave Mee *of my* Eyes.

By hiding Him *from outward view,*
Vnkindeſt Spirits, *what? think you*
My inward Faculties *to blinde,*
And by th' Eſſay *of your dread* Ire,
Stealing the Pleaſure *of my* Minde,
To barr mee alſo of Deſire?

No, *treacherous* Ingratitude,
Who of my Senſe's *ſervitude*
The Patience *doſt exerciſe,*
By Calms *and* Tempeſts, *as you pleaſe,*
With no leſs Fury *than do riſe*
The Windes *to agitate the* Seas:

Know, *that by a generous* wound,
Rage *in my deareſt* Blood *had drown'd*
My wretched Life *with this* Diſgrace,
If through a fond Timidity,
My Fury *had not given place*
To the Feare *of diſpleaſing* thee.

The *Courtiers* (who were onely able to diſcern the *Vivacity* of this *Reply*, and not to favour ſimply the *Air*, as the *Shepherdeſſes* did, but taſt the *Sweetneſs* which was compriſed in theſe Lines) were hereby invited to diſplay afreſh all their *Rhetorick* to conjure that *Sorrow*, which *Serife* feined with ſuch dexterity, that they could hardly believe it was a *Fiction*; but that ſhee had taken that *Cloak* to cover the reall *Reſentments* of her *Paſſion* for *Almeria*. And with joynt ſupplications they never ceaſed importuning her, untill they had drawn a ſolemn promiſe from her Mouth to requite *Calliante's* courteſie, by changing the Reſolution, ſhee ſeemed to have taken, of *Dying*; as at her intreaty hee had renounced his of killing *Iphis* or *Almeria*. And hereupon *Calliante* beating the *Iron* while it was *hot*, and making uſe of this *overture*, was not ſatisfied with her yeilding to this requeſt; but acting openly the paſſionate *Lover*, hee offered to bee her *Servant*, in caſe her *Husband* did repudiate her to marry *Almeria*, ſwearing to

her

her by all that was moſt ſacred, *That hee would bee as zealous to render her the moſt aſſured Teſtimonies of an inviolable* Loyalty, *as* Iphis *had been forward to afflict her with his unworthy* Ingratitude.

If it bee true *that* the *Thunder* proceed's from the *Antiperiſtaſis* of *Heat* and *Cold*, and *that* there are *paſſages* from one *Extremity* to another, which leave no perceptible *Medium*; whereof the experience may bee ſeen in great *Friendſhips*, which are changed into mortall *Hatreds*: It was in this Point, that *Seriſe* manifeſted either her *Dexterity*, or the *Levity* of her *Sex*; The firſt, in doing like thoſe *Coach-men* or exact *Horſe-men*, who ſhew their skill by their quick turning; the other, in changing *Face* much more ſodainly than the *Night*-ruling *Planet*, which is thought to have ſo much communication with the weaker *Sex*. For, as if *Deſpight* had reſtored her *Reaſon*, which an exceſs of *Love* had raviſh'd from her, ſhee preſently appeared as if ſhee had been cured of her dolefull *Humour*, and putting on a ſerener *look*, her *Eyes* gave an evident teſtimony that her *Ears* were not diſpleaſed with that new Propoſition.

But leſt any ſhould condemn her of too much eaſineſs to bee won, they are to conſider *that* this was onely a *Fallacy* to abuſe the *Country*-People, (the *Gentlemen* knowing it already) and beſides, *that* it was not without divers perſwaſions, as well on *Calliante's* part as of his aſſociates, that ſhee delivered the *Arms* of her *obſtinacy* by bending her *Reſolution* to this *Condeſcendence*. Which ſhee did with ſuch gracefulneſs, that ſhee effaced all ſuſpition out of the *Shepherdeſſe's* Souls, as ſhee left no ſmall admiration of her wit in the *Gentlemen's*, and to crown this action, ſhee demanded Permiſſion to ſigh out this

COMPLAINT.

MUſt I then, Oh! cruell Fate,
Out of my Soul's *Image blot,*
And muſt Deſpaire *now ſeparate*
VVhom Death's *ſeverity could not?*

Muſt my ſincere Affection's *fire,*
Extinguiſh't by Diſloyalty,
Reſign its Flames *to the* Deſire
Of a revengefull Tyrannie?

Sol *may as well ſequeſtred bee*
Of Light, *as I of my* Deſire,
Though his ingratefull Levity
Indeavour's to befroſt my Fire.

His Oaths *and execrable* vowes,
(*From which* Deſpaire *now ſet's mee free*)
Dear Sighs *and* Torments, *pleaſing* Woes,
Can I forget and living bee?

Can I with ſettled Front *behold*
Of his bewitching Face *the* Charms,
As motionleſs as Mountains *bold*
Reject th' inclement Air's *allarms?*

Alas! *my treacherous* Will, *I fear*,
Will render my Fault *pardonleſs*,
As it is ſeen in Treaſon, *where*
They're puniſh't that in Will *tranſgreſs.*

But if by his Inconſtancy,
I am compell'd to this Divorce,
Reſerving of that ſacred tie,
Onely th' ungratefull Mark *of* Force:

To Free *my ſelf from his ſweet* Bonds,
I contradict my proper Senſe,
And this no Reaſon *elſe Command's*
But too much injur'd Innocence.

In fine, the Lot's *now caſt, I'le trie*
(*And let not any think it ſtrange*)
To pay his Mutabilitie,
With a juſt Vengeance *by my* Change.

Calliante

Calliante finding this concluſion favourable to his *Deſign*, interrupted her Singing with theſe words: *Madam*, Nature *hath indued our Souls with a certain inſtinct which inclineth us to the preſervation of our ſelves, as appear's by* Perſons *that are drowning, who lay hold on any thing they can reach to ſave their* Lives. *Some few dayes ſince* you *and I, without* Reaſon *or* Conſideration, *did run to finde out* Roeks, *where* (*according to the violence of the* Paſſions *which blinded us*) *wee could expect no leſs than a deplorable* Shipwrack: *But the juſt* Heavens (*which favour good intentions*) *have not permitted us to fall into thoſe* Precipices, *quite contrary, in having made us known to each other, it ſeem's that they have imitated the* Earth, *which produceth no venimous* Plant, *but hath ordered it's* Antidote *to grow neer it, if wee have the skill to diſtinguiſh them. For, if wee manage aright the* occaſion *that is now preſented to us, wee may reap great* Advantage *by our* Loſs, *and draw an extream* Satisfaction *from the* Center *of our* Afflictions, *as the pureſt* Pearls, *which are ſo clear and ſmooth, are taken out of black and rugged* Shells.

Then, to create a belief that ſhee ſhould finde a more ſolid and firm ſupporter of him than ſhee fancied, hee made her a ſummary Relation of his *Condition* and *Quality* (as hee had done before in *Celian's* Houſe, when hee ſo handſomly cheated all that heard him) adding ſome circumſtances, and ſo quaintly contriv'd Expreſſions, *that* the moſt ſcrupulous of the aſſiſtants could hardly believe their *Eyes*, their *Ears* were ſo ſurpriſed. It is true, beeing touched to the quick, hee animated his Diſcourſe with ſo paſſionate an Action, that it was eaſie to diſcern hee had much intereſt in thoſe paſſages; Which was taken diverſly by the *Shepherdeſſes*, *Courtiers*, *Serife* and Himſelf. In ſumme, upon this laſt Reſolution, the *Sun* beginning to make *Night* by the far extending of his *Shades*, they retired to the Village; the two *Lovers* more inamored than ſatisfied of each other, becauſe, for divers reſpects, they durſt not manifeſt their Reſentments; The *Shepherdeſſes* not very well pleaſed with the *Ladie's* ſodain change, who therein ſhewed herſelf more *Woman* than they could have wiſhed for the *Honour* of their *Sex*, and the *Courtiers* full of admiration at the dexterous conduct of this Plot, whereinto they penetrated no farther than half way.

The Ninth Book.

ARGUMENT.

Serife's *passionate Complaint to* Boleslaus. *His discreet Answer.* Serife's *moansull* Soliloquie *beeing retired into her Chamber.* Calliante's *feined* Plot *to steal away* Serife *in the* Night. *His* Speech *to the* Swains, *perswading them to assist him. Hee discover's his* Design *to the disguised* Gentlemen. *Their's & the* Rustick's *severall resentments.* Merinda *acquaints* Serife *with* Calliante's *intention. Her counterfeited* Astonishment. *The zealous* Pomeran's *serious* Speech *to* Almeria, *thinking her really a* Woman. *Her wittily-fram'd* Answer *to increase his* Mistake. *The* Country-men *by the* Gentlemen's *wrangling with* Almeria (in Calliante's *habit*) *are brought into suspicion of* Serife's, *and* his *transvestment.* Pomeran *demands the* Justice's *Assistance to prevent the feined* Rape *of* Serife. *The* Character *of* Lawyers *and* Judges. Calliante *and the* Rusticks *are imprisoned. The* Rusticks *are presently released upon* Baile. *Upon their* Petition *all the disguised* Gentlemen *&* Serife *are likewise committed into severall* Prisons. *Their contradictory* Answers *to the* Judge's *Interrogatories. The noise of* Iphigenes *his* Country-*Mistress is carried to the* Court. Modestina, *beeing animated by* Love *and* Jealousie, *makes her escape out of* Prison, *and come's disguised to* Plocens *to seek her Husband* Iphigenes. *Her resemblance to her Brother* Liante *makes her be apprehended, by* Miesias's *command, for him.* Arcade *coming to advertise* Iphigenes *of* Miesias *cruelty to the supposed* Liante, *is imprisoned likewise by the* Clowns. *His* Deposition *before the* Country-Judges, *and his ambiguous* Conference *with* Boleslaus, *and his fellow*-Prisoners. Calliante's *and* Serife's distemper *at* Arcade's *news. Their severall* Speeches *to the* Judges. *They are more straitly imprisoned for their high* Words. Boleslaus's *subtle* Plot *to procure the inlargement of* Serife *and the rest. The extorting* Judge, *to screw monie out of his disguised* Prisoners, *condemns* Serife *and* Calliante

ante *to a privy* Search. Celian's *Daughters are appointed to do the* Office. Serife *overcomes her* Shee-viſiters *with* Preſents, *and large* Promiſes. Calliante *payes them with* Kicks and Blowes. Hee *is* Beaten *by the Peaſants* (*that reſcue the* Shepherdeſſes) bound *Hand and Foot, and threatned to be put to a ſhameſull* Death. Humbertus *Captaine of* Iphigenes *Guards, coming with his* Troop *upon notice from* Boleſlaus, *apprehends the* Judge *with all his Complices, and releaſes* Iphigenes *and the reſt.* Humbertus *his ſuſpition concerning* Calliante's *ſuffering. The* Conference *betwixt* Humbertus, Calliante *and* Iphigenes. *A* Conſultation *among the releaſed* Priſoners *what puniſhment to inflict upon thoſe* Clowns *and* Iudge. Boleſlaus *his diſcreet* Opinion. *The* Iuſtice *and* Clemency *of* Iphigenes *in puniſhing thoſe* Offenders.

THey had not been long returned to their Village, before the weary Swains came dropping in from ſeverall parts, as wiſe as when they went out; yet every one, not to appear an unprofitable Servant, made his *report*, which came as neer to the *truth* as *white* to *black*, and had as little reference to each other. For, ſome promiſed him the next day to bring him certain tydings where the Fugitives were; others deſpaired of ever finding them; like the Scouts of the *Iſraëlites*, whereof ſome diſcouraged the *People* from entring into the Land of *Promiſe*, others made them believe wonders to animate them to that glorious Conqueſt. There was nothing to bee talked of, but to provide good cheer for thoſe hungry *Seekers*, who had loſt their labour in following a *Shadow* and imbracing the *Winde*.

Thus the Evening paſſed, not without many Proteſtations of an inviolable affection betwixt *Calliante* and *Serife*, each ſtriving in cozening his companion to deceive himſelf. Their diſcourſe for ſome time was in private, where (after ſome laughter at the ſimplicity of thoſe whom they had abuſed) *ſaid* Calliante, *Amongſt all this* jeaſting *wee may be caught our ſelves in* earneſt. *For, I proteſt*, Brother (ſaid hee in her Ear) *thou doſt act* Serife *ſo admirably, that I cannot take thee for* Iphis, *and I conſume within myſelf by an unknown* Paſſion, *which give's mee a cruell* torment, *but ſuch a* torment, *that I had rather bee cured by the hand of* Death, *than uſe the means which the* Tempter *propoſeth to mee.*

My Soul *abhor's so execrable an* impiety, *so deteſtable an* abomination, *and I proteſt that I love nothing in thee but what ſeem's to be* Feminine, *and if there were a* Fountain *in the World, where* Males *might be* Metamorphoſed *into* Females, *my* Paſſion *would make mee ſo uncivill as to do my beſt to plunge you in it* perforce, *having firſt employed all my* Retorick *to perſwade you. But this is better to be wiſhed for than expected, and fitter to amuſe my* Paſſion *than eaſe my* Pain. *Alas! I ſuffer really what* Ixion *endure's in the* Fable, *and this for deſiring (like him) to embrace a* Cloud: *For, what is that but the ſhadow of a* Feminine *Beauty which I admire in you?* Ah! *Dear* Iphis, *do you not pitty my perplexity?*

So much, anſwered Serife, *that againſt the advantages which* Nature *giveth to the condition of* Men, *you make mee almoſt deſire to bee a* Woman, *that I might poſſeſs you intirely, and under the Lawes of* Hymen *bee perfectly* yours. *But,* Brother, *Is it poſſible that you can jeer ſo handſomly at my ſimplicity, and that you are ſo Artificiall as ſtill to continue your diſſimulation before mee, who plainly perceive your policy? Thoſe Heats of the* Liver *which your Speech diſcover's, reſemble the* Surges *that appear in the Sea ſome time after the* Winds *are down, and the* Tempeſt *of the* Air *ceaſed, as marks of it's* anger, *and precedent* agitation. *You think (I believe) that thoſe* Gentlemen *and* Shepherdeſſes *underſtand what you ſay, not conſidering that you ſpeak particularly to mee, and that you are heard by no other Ears than mine.*

I do not uſe to be ſo raviſhed from my ſelf, replyed Calliante, that *I cannot ſee to whom and before whom I ſpeak, and by calling you,* Brother, *you may well judge that I preſuppoſe no body hear's mee but your ſelf, and therefore I now unmask myſelf to you, aſſuring you that if under the ſimple habit of a* Shepherdeſs *you appeared to my Eyes no leſs beautifull than an* Angel, *under the Ornaments wherewith you are now attired, your preſence doth ſo tranſport my ſenſes* that *I may well forget that you are a* Man, *ſince miſtaking my ſelf I know not what I am, nor by conſequent what I either ſay or do. I feel a dizzineſs of* Brain *which ſo diſturbeth my* Reaſon, *that if you alter not ſpeedily the* Scene, *I ſhall bee overcome with theſe* Illuſions, *and fall into the ſtrangeſt* Frenſie *that ever poſſeſſed a* Spirit *diverſly agitated.*

They had not ſo ſoon ended this amorous Conference, but the hour of the Night ſeparated them, *Serife* remaining in the company of the *Shepherdeſſes* (or rather of her own thoughts) and *Calliante* retiring with the *Men* to take ſome reſt, if the perplexity of his *Mind* would permit. *Boleſlaüs* by the priviledge of his grizled Beard, and the Qua-

lity

lity of *Governour* to *Iphis*, had the favour to stay some while after the rest with the *Lady*, as having some business of importance to impart to her. Being alone, after some merriment at the success of their stratagem, *Serise* who was all on *fire*, or rather all *fire* for *Calliante*, (yet who through a dissimulation, naturall to her Sex, could discreetly retein her impatiences) imbracing the old *Man*, said, *Father, Now is the onely time of setting a period to my miseries, by discovering to* Liante *who I am, being fully assured of his Affection to mee.* Then having related to him from point to point their sweet secret Discourse, *Hee will doubtless*, continued shee, *hold it a perfect Miracle to finde mee as hee desire's mee. If I defer it any longer*, Occasion (*which is bald*) *will presently pass, and perchance I shall never finde one so favourable as this, which now presents it self*; Fortune *envious of* Vertue, *and who hath been my* Enemy *from my* Cradle, *will probably suscitate some cruell* blast *that may nip my* Design *in the* Blossom, *and reducing my* hopes *into* Ashes *make them be blown away with the* Winde. *My* tongue's *end itched to tell him what I was, but* Shame *stopt the passage of my* Voyce, *and besides* Prudence *suggested to my* Thoughts, *that* (*not to disobey my dear* Mother Aretuza) *I ought to do nothing without your advise,* (*my dear* Father) *I pray conform it to my* Desire, *if you* Desire *to preserve my* Life.

Madam, replyed the discreet Senior, *I so much desire the preservation of your* Life, *that I will alwayes be ready to redeem it with the loss of mine own; but I beseech you to consider that all* Passions *are* Precipitated; all Precipitation *is* Blinde & Blindness *is incompatible with* Reason. *What we do through the violence of that* Motion, *is not* judicious; *& that which is without* Judgement *is subject to great* Failings, *& those* Failings *to remarkable* Repentance: *You may do what you please, it is my* Duty *to* Obey *you, and move in the* Sphear *of your* Authority. *You are past* Child-hood *now, the yoak of* Paternall *power doth no longer press your neck, take heed of imitating the* Birds *whom* Love *driveth into the* Fowlers *Nets, and thence to* Death, *or, at least, into* Captivity. *The* Servitude *whereunto* Marriage *obligeth* Ladies *is not small, those* Devoirs *will seem very strange to you, and for a* Pleasure *which you esteem the more, the less you know it, you will purchase to your self much* Pain. *Besides, what will* People *say, nay, what will they not say, if you discover your self, and be* Married *in this manner? You will lose all your* Estate *and* Honours, *and you shall be sure to make your* Father *your Enemy, who will pursue you with* Fire *and* Sword; *your* Mother *will run the hazard of her* Life, *and*

not beeing advertiſed of your proceedings, ſhee will be ſo perplexed, that the fear of Death will perchance make her anticipate the Vengeance of the rigorous Miſſas. Clandeſtine Marriages (whatſoever can be objected) are alwayes ſuſpicious, and bear the Mark of Diſhoneſty in their Faces. What will theſe Gentlemen think that are in your company? At firſt, it may be, they will conceit, that all this was done by Witchcraft, but when Time ſhall have made appear, that there is no other Magick than Naturall, if they do not blame your Conduct, it will be either for want of judgement, or through exceſs of Friendſhip. Conſider moreover, that if the ſecret which we have ſo long concealed, ſhould be diſcloſed in this manner, you will render yourſelf the Fable of the whole World, and the moſt infamous and diſhonoured Creature under the Sun; Whereas, if moderating your Deſires a little, you will but follow my former Counſels, (which you were than pleaſed to reliſh, and your Mother approved, and which are conformable to your Affection and Deſign for Liante) Fame will ſpeak you not onely in Polonia, but through the whole Univerſe, the moſt admirable, the moſt Honourable and the moſt triumphant Virgin, that ever Nature framed: the Mouths of Mortalls will not have Tongues ſufficient, nor their Tongues words, nor their Words tearmes elegant enough to expreſs the Greatneſs of your Name, and repreſent the Splendor of that unſpeakable Glory wherewith you ſhall be crowned, and which will one day, by the Pen of ſome eminent Hiſtorian, convey your Eſteem into the Memory of ſucceeding Ages. Marriage, Madam, is a ſacred and indiſſoluble bond, which ought to be treated of with Grave and Serious deliberation, not amongſt theſe Facetious Recreations; Thoſe that contract Matrimony ought to proceed with great Circumſpection, and think upon the eſtabliſhment of their Fortunes, and the good of their Progeny, rather than the ſatisfying of their Luſts. If you do otherwiſe, the Shadow is not ſo inſeparable from the Body, as Repentance will be from your Action; And it is far more eaſie to prevent a Miſchief, than remedy it when it is hapned. I am not againſt your beeing Married to Liante; ſince from your Infancy it ſeem's that Heaven (where Marriages are made) hath deſtined you for him, but I would adviſe you to deferr your Wedding, and of blameable render it glorious, of private publick; hide not with ſhamefull obſcurity that which ought to be illuminated with the cleareſt Light that ever produced Day. What is but prolonged is not loſt, and my judgement can foreſee no Cauſe (what Venim ſoever envious Fortune ſpit's in Vertue's face) capable of hindering ſo juſt and ſo Legitimate an Effect, which may Crown your Father's Heart with Satisfaction, your Mother's with

Gladneſs

Gladneſs, *the* King *with* Contentment, *and the whole* World *with* Wonder.

Theſe *words* pronounced with a zealous ſincerity, conformable to the diſpoſition of him that uttered them, were as *Water* caſt upon the *Fire* of that *Paſſion*, & as a *Bridle* to that *Temptation* which began to tranſport the *Reaſon* of the vertuous *Seriſe*. And immediately a *Vermillion* colour (the livery of *Modeſty*) over-ſpread her Cheeks, not without ſome trickling *tears*, which the vehemency of her diſtemper extorted from her *Eyes*. Hee that hath ever obſerved the *Pearls* that *Aurora* ſprinkle's upon red *Roſes*, may fancy ſomething neer the countenance of that *Lady*, ſcorched with *Shame* and watered with *Tears*. Thence the prudent *Boleſlaüs* gathered, that her *Heart* was in no ill temper, and that *Honour* gaving gained the *victory* of *Love*, did render *Reaſon* triumphant over *Paſſion*. At length with no leſs *Sweetneſs* and *Modeſty*, than hee had *Compaſſion* to ſee her in that *Perplexity* ſhee anſwered: *Be aſſured*, Father, *that this aſſault, nor any other* (Heavens *permitting*) *ſhall ever make me forget my* duty, *neither have I hitherto admitted any thing into my* thoughts, *contrary to what a* Virgin *of* Honour *oweth to her* Reputation *and* Vertue: *The* End *which I pretend is ſo* Glorious, *that it is ſufficient to juſtifie all the* means *I uſe to* atchieve *it. But ſince your* Prudence, *ripened by the advantage of* Years *and much* experience, *make's you judge that the* fruit *of my* deſire *is not yet come to* maturity, *I will deferr the* gathering *it, untill you ſhall think it time for mee to caſt off my* veile. This ſaid, not to preſs any farther her *Heart*, big with *Sighs*, *Boleſlaüs* having made his obeiſance and wiſhed her good reſt, left her, to retire to his other Companions.

Then, *Seriſe* ſeeing herſelf alone and thinking ſhee was unheard, having opened the *Flood gates* of her *Eyes*, and given *Air* to her *ſighs*, ſhee eaſed the burthen of her overſwollen *Heart* by the utterance of theſe dolefull words. "Wretched *Seriſe*, how long muſt thou (like "a miſerable *Siſyphus*) rowle this *ſtone*, which is no ſooner brought to "the top of thy pretenſions, but by a fatall weight, in ſpight of all thy "*Force* and *Induſtry*, it take's the advantage of the *ſteep* deſcent to "precipitate thee into the bottom of *Deſpair*? Shalt thou never ſee "an end of this *Labour*, no leſs *Unprofitable* than *Painfull*? Shall a clear "*Day*, diſſipating the foggy *Vapors* which environ thee, never *ſhine* "upon thy *Repoſe*? Is it then *Regiſtred* in the *Book* of *Fate*, that thou "muſt conſume in theſe comfortleſs Woods the moſt flouriſhing *ſeaſon* "of thy *Years*, in the *Preſence*, but not to the *knowledge* of *him*, who

" is the innocent and amiable *Cause* of thy *sufferings*? must thou then " *spend*, and perchance *end* thy *Dayes* in these obscurities without in- " forming *him*, who thou art, and of the true manner of thy *Love*? " Oh *Liante*, Oh *Calliante*! if you could read within my *Heart* the " *Torments* which you make mee feele, as you finde in my *Face* the " *subject* of your own *Disturbances*, I am confident you would bee " moved with the same *Compassion* for my *Woes*, as you desire mee to " have of your's. *Alas!* you have this *Comfort* at least in your *Disease*, " that you tell mee freely what you think, *but I* nourishing your " *Perplexities* by my own *Pains*, dare not speak half my *thoughts*, lest " you should discover what I am, and know too soon for my *Content-* " *ment*, what you will never know but too late for my *Desire*. Rigo- " rous *Law* of *Honour*, why hast thou chosen the *infirmity* of our *Sex*, " unless it bee to render more sensible the effects of thy *Violence*? *But* " no, dear *Honour*, Pearl beyond esteem; no sacred *Chastity*, (who " to every well-bred *soul* art a kinde of inviolable *Deity*) I am deter- " mined to consecrate my *pleasure* to thee, and sacrifice upon the *Altar* " of thy *severity* my innocent *Desires*; I have ever hitherto been too " *Religious* an observer of thy dictates, to forget now so lightly what I " have been, what I am, and what I ought to bee, if I will close the " *Period* of my *Life* in that *Reputation*, which in this *World* I have ac- " quired. Yet I finde by *Experience* (which I did not heretofore be- " lieve) that there is no punishment so great as the sight of that which " wee are forbidden; For, the *Object* irritating *Desire*, and *Respect* " striving to suppress it's *Motions*; in this contention is formed the " most exquisite *torment* that ever *tortured* any *Soul*. But when I con- " sider that it is partly for *Honour's* sake, partly for a *subject* which " I esteem beyond Expression, the *Beauty* of these *Causes* abateth the " *Rigor* of the *Effect*, and makes mee finde I know not what *Pleasure* " in my *Pains*. Onely the *silence*, which I so exactly keep, aggravate's " their *smart*, and render's my *Flames* more ardent, the more they are " *suppress*. Hee that dare's vent his *Misery* by *Complaints*, suffer's but " halfe the *Anguish*; they are *Happy* in their *Unhappiness* who suffer " for an *Object* that is informed of their *Martyrdom*, and is capable of " corresponding with their *Desires*: But 'tis a double *torment* to bee " consumed with *Care*, and with the *Fear* of revealing it. This is to " dye like a silly *Sheep*, which without crying receive's the Knife in her " *throat*.

Oh

Oh Heav'n! *the witneſs of my* Moans,
*Who th'*ruine *of my* Joy *conſpires,*
Grant that the Authour *of my* Groans
Like you, may read my Heart's *Deſires:*
Or conſolate my troubled Senſe,
By leſſening my Miſery;
Or, elſe give mee the Confidence
To ſay in Dying, *that I* Die.

As if theſe verſes had had the power to call SLEEP out of his dark *Cave*, where the *Poets* feine, that hee frameth the *fantaſticall* extravagancies of *Dreams*, hee gently powred into her languiſhing *Eyes* ſome juyce of *Poppies*, which cauſed ſo pleaſant a drowſineſs, that letting her body fall upon the bed, all her ſorrows were drowned in that repoſe, which *Nature* hath ordained ſo neceſſary for the preſervation of *Life*.

The *Country-People's* Houſes are commonly ſo ill built, that they let in the Light by as many holes as *Argus* had Eyes, ſo that out of one Chamber one may not onely hear, but ſee what paſſeth in the next. This gave *Celian's* Daughters the curioſity, not onely to hearken to the Diſcourſe betwixt *Boleſlaüs* and *Serife*, and to her complaints after hee had left her, but alſo to obſerve her deportments; whereby they gathered that ſhee was really much afflicted. But neither by their Diſcourſe, nor her behaviour, could they ground any conjecture contrary to the Opinion they conceived, that ſhee was indeed *Iphis* Wife, induced to affect *Calliante* as much out of ſpight to ſee herſelf rejected by the one, as by inclination to the merits of the other. Thus paſſed away the *Night*, whoſe fable veile equalizeth *High* to *Low*, *Rich* to *Poor*, and, by the benefit of *Sleep*, the *unhappieſt* to the moſt *Fortunate*.

Next Morning ſome of the *Swains*, allured with the luſter of gain, offered themſelves betimes to *Calliante* to make another Search; but hee thinking to have better ſport by their preſence than in ſending them away, having warmed their Heads with Wine, made them this pleaſant Propoſition, ſaying: "Honeſt friends, you know the injury "*Iphis* hath done mee by abuſing my *Siſter*; you know the Aſſiſtance "you have promiſed mee in taking my *Revenge* of him, I cannot de-"ſire a more *ſweet*, a more *fit*, nor a more *ready* one, than by ſtealing

"away

" away his *Wife* and making her *Mine*, to oblige him by this irrepa-
" rable *Offence* to *Marry* my *Sister* (as hee hath promiſed) and leave
" *Serife* to mee, whom hee would bee loth to acknowledge for his
" *Wife*, after ſhee hath been in my poſſeſſion. *In ſaying this hee dazled*
" *their* Eyes *with an handfull of* Crowns, *which made them promiſe to*
" *further his* Deſign *without any farther conſideration*; *Then continued*
" *hee*; But you muſt beware leſt theſe *Gentlemen*, (who are his *friends*,
" and as many *Spies* to watch our actions) diſcover this *Match*: For,
" if they ſhould perceive any thing, our *Plot* would bee prevented
" and my *hopes* abſolutely ruined, which would tranſport mee into
" the deſperateſt *Rage*, that can poſſeſſe a *Soul* doubly inflamed with
" *Love* and *Revenge*. You know *that* this *Lady* hath ſome inclination
" for mee, and that the vexation of ſeeing herſelf forſaken by her
" *Husband*, doth animate her to reſent that affront in the ſame man-
" ner as I propoſe to you. It is true *that* as that *Sex* is ſubject to Ap-
" prehenſions, it is incapable of ſodain and violent Enterpriſes; beſides,
" *Ladies* are generally of that diſpoſition, not to yeild without ſome
" ſhew of compulſion, even in things where they are leſt of all
" forced. I can aſſure you, how diſpleaſed ſoever ſhee ſeem's, and
" whatſoever ſhee ſaith to the contrary, *that* the *Rape* which I intend
" will bee attended by her own *Conſent*, which will bee a ſufficient
" juſtification for my action and your aſſiſtance. But, in regard *Re-*
" *ſolutions* of this *Nature*, have all their *Effect* and vigour in their
" ſodain *Expedition*, this muſt bee put in execution this *Night*, by
" favour of the intelligence wee will have with *Celian's* Daughters,
" your *Siſters* and *Allyes*.

This was no ſooner moved, but reſolved. *Calliante* having diſpoſed them to this attempt, diſcovered preſently the deſign to the *Gentlemen*, to the end they ſhould oppoſe the carrying away of *Serife*, and *that* their oppoſition might make another *Scene* of Merriment, which will have an *Exit* contrary to what hee imagined. The *Swains* of neceſſity muſt communicate this Plot to the *Shepherdeſſes*, in regard they were to bee inſtrumentall to the effecting of it. But hee that tell's a Secret to three *Women* muſt not look to have it long kept Secret. They preſently revealed it to their *Father*, that hee might not be ſurpriſed with that action. But Hee, who loved the *preſent* better than the *future*, and *Effects* better than *Promiſes*, did not approve of that enterpriſe, which beſides it's injuſtice, and beeing ſubject to many diſaſters, robbed him of his dear Gueſts, who yeilded him more profit in a week,

than

than hee could get by his tillage in a Year; So that, partly out of *Prudence*, partly for his private *intereſt*, hee abſolutely refuſed his conſent, commanding *Merinda* to advertiſe *Serife*, that ſhee might ſtand upon her Guard; this Office *Merinda* would have performed without his injunction; For, her *Heart* was ſo oppreſſed with that Secret, that ſhee had reſolved to disburden it by her *Tongue*, whatſoever befell.

At this newes *Serife* counterfeited ſuch amazement, *that* ſhee ſeemed, for a while, as if *Fear* had been carrying her *Soul* out of her *Body*; at length having ſomewhat recollected her Spirits, with a trembling voyce ſhee ſaid; *To what a degree of* Miſery *doth* Fortune *redvce mee, ſince ſhee perſecute's mee ſo cruelly*, that *in the ſame* Port *where* Hope *promiſed me* Security, *Shee make's mee ſuffer* Shipwrack? *What? muſt I then follow thoſe I ought to ſhun, and fly from thoſe who promiſed mee all aſſiſtance? Thoſe diſguiſed* Gentlemen, *my* Husband's *Friends, will they be my* Protectors *againſt him that made mee ſuch ſolemn proteſtations to preſerve me from all injuries?* Ah Calliante, *you will ſell at a dear rate the promiſe you gave mee of your ſuccour, ſince without having the* patience *to ſtay till the* Fruit *be* Ripe, *you will* gather *it by* breaking *the* branches, *or rather tranſplanting the* Body *of the* Tree *out of the* Ground *of it's* Duty. *Have you forgot*, Soul blinded with Paſſion, *that I conſented to the admittance of your* Service *and* Affection, *onely in caſe* Iphis *(whoſe yet I am) repudiated me to marry your* Siſter, *and ſo to cure at once the* Honour *of that abuſed* Virgin, *the* Diſloyalty *of my inconſtant* Husband, *your* Love *and my own* Jealouſie? *Believe it* Calliante, *if I finde any* Aſiſtance, *this* Precipitation *ſhall coſt you dear; and if all* humane *ſuccours fail mee, I will borrow from the* courage *of my own* Heart, *and the* vigour *of my* Arm *the laſt remedy of all miſeries, which is* Death; *and ſheathing a* Dagger *in my* Boſome, *I will reduce all your* Deſigns *into* Smoak.

Madam, *anſwered* Merinda, *by* Heaven's *favour, you ſhall not be put to any ſuch extremity: For, if my* Father *expreſly forbid's my* Brothers *and their* Companions *to act any thing againſt your* Perſon, *the* contriver *of this* Plot *will reap nothing but the* Shame *of having attempted it*, and *you ſhall be free from the* Diſpleaſure *his* unadviſedneſs *would have cauſed to your Thoughts.* *Serife* knowing that it was the powder of injection, which made the *Ruſticks* favour that Project, to trie their Diſpoſitions, and tempt them by feeling their Pulſes on both ſides, having put ſome ſmall Chains of *Gold* into the *Shepherdeſſes*

Hands, to make them Bracelets; and ſhewing them ſeverall rich jewells, ſhee promiſed them, *that* thoſe ſhould bee the meaneſt Recompences of their fidelity, if by their means that ſtorme blew over her Head; giving them beſides, ſome pieces of *Gold* to hinder *Celian* to keep his Sons in order, and ſome to bee diſtributed among them; Hereupon they became like that corrupt *Judge*, who cauſed a *Coach* (which a *Client* had given him to pronounce ſentence in his favour) to bee drawn by *Horſes* of a greater value, which the *adverſe Party* had preſented him.

Whileſt this was in agitation on one ſide, *Pomeran* (who was, as wee have ſaid, jealous of the *Palatin's* Honour, and who did not greatly reliſh his Paſſion for *Almeria*) entertained in his thoughts the pleaſanteſt imagination that could bee deviſed: *Hee* fancied that *Seriſe* had an intent to marry *Calliante* under that diſguiſe, and it beeing done and paſt all remedy, *that* (hee reſuming the habit of *Palatine*) would laugh at their ſimplicity, as well as the Country-People's. Therefore out of a deſire to oblige *Mieſlas* and *Modeſtina*, and (as hee thought) *Iphigenes* himſelf (as thoſe do a courteſie to poor Creatures that are frantick, who take the pains to binde them, although they raile and exclaim all the while they are tying) Hee thought it very requiſite, *that* Hee with his two companions and *Boleſlaüs*, ſhould oppoſe in good *Earneſt* that *Imaginary* Rape; and to the end they might the more ſecurely effect their intention, it was not held improper to require the *Juſtice* of the Place's ſuccour.

The Evening beeing come, every one ſtood upon his Guard; *Seriſe* not onely ſtirred not abroad, but refuſed the entrance of her Chamber to *Calliante*; *Celian* watched like the *Heſperian* Dragon over his Treaſure; His *Daughters* were ſet Sentinells, to call for help upon the leaſt allarm, the *Swains* beeing overcome by the Commands of *Celian*, and preſents which *Seriſe* ſent them, pretended difficulties, and ſtood ſtill with their Arms acroſs; and the *Gentlemen* were reſolved to preſerve *Seriſe*; Hereupon *Calliante* feining to bee in an exceſſive Rage, fell to vapouring with the Country-men, thundred out divers threats againſt their baſeneſs, called them treacherous Villains for failing him in the onely time hee had need of their help, and vomited all the bittereſt tearms that Deſpair doth uſe to ſuggeſt in like occurrences.

But the houre of Reſt ſummoning them to retire, they all continued for a while in a ſad *ſilence*, every one allowing the *more* liberty to his Thoughts, the *leſs* hee gave his Tongue; untill *Pomeran*, eſteeming it

neceſſary

neceſſary, to ſpeak in that extremity, thus began; Almeria, *it is now time to quit that* Maſk, *we are not* Men *to be cheated as you imagine, content* your ſelf *with having raviſhed the* Heart *of* Iphis *by the* Charms, *which his* Paſſion *make's him finde in that little* Beauty, *which appeareth in your* Face, *and ſeek not to rob his legitimate* Spouſe *of his* Body; *He cannot be* yours *untill his firſt bonds be diſſolved, which he hath ſo publickly and ſolemnly ſworn never to violate; greater* Ladies, *than* you *can ever hope to be, pretend to his alliance, if that firſt* Marriage *could be declared void. Do not think to inchant us, or ſurpriſe the* Palatine *by your artificiall* Stratagems; *For, we are reſolved with the perill of incurring his* diſ-favour, *and loſing our own* Lives, *courageouſly to hinder your* Deſign *of making your ſelf his* Wife; *be ſatisfied with the part you have in his* Affections, *without aſpiring farther, unleſs you have a* minde *to ſee a ſtrange diſorder, and* humane Juſtice *as well as the* Divine *oppoſed againſt your* Practiſes.

Calliante concluded by this Diſcourſe, pronounced with a grave and ſettled Countenance, that *Pomeran* was ſeriouſly and really deceived. Therefore to intangle him the faſter in his Net, hee replied: "My *Honour* is ſo deeply ingaged in this buſineſs, *that* I muſt die or "bring it to *perfection*, nothing but *Marriage* can make mee *Repara-* "*ration*; *Iphis* hath plighted mee his *Faith*, beeing in full capacity of "*Underſtanding & Self-diſpoſall*, whereas that which you pretend was "forced, *and* in an *Age* ſo tender, *that* he knew not what hee promiſed; "therefore I maintain *that* hee is more *Mine* than *Modeſtina's*, and "*Iphis* is able to juſtifie his ingagement to *Mee* in deſpight of all *your* "indeavours *and* contradictions.

Theſe expreſſions were like *Oyle* caſt upon the *Fire* of that Indignation, which was kindled in the *Gentlemen's* Hearts. So they grew to high *Words*, then to *Threats*, afterwards to *Exclamations*; *Iphis* was named aloud, *Almeria* likewiſe. Hereupon the Country-men that were in the next room, ſending their looks through the crannies, and leaning their Ears to the Wall, ſuſpected there was ſome deceipt in the diſguiſement of thoſe unknown perſons; and *Antalcas* reflecting upon *Seriſa's* reſemblance of *Iphis*, and beſides hearing *Calliante* called by the Name of *Almeria*, hee preſently concluded that *Calliante* was ALMERIA and *Seriſa* IPHIS, which filled thoſe *Ruſtick's* Heads with ſuch ſtrange imaginations, that no ſleep could ſeize upon them for that Night.

Scarce had the baſhfull Harbinger of the Day ſaluted the edge of

the *Horizon*, when *Pomeran* (who had not closed his Eyes) leaving his Companions as Guards upon *Calliante*, went to the *Justice* of the place to require succour for the preventing of a violence intended against a *Lady* of quality. The Officers of *Justice* in villages are a pretty sort of People; For, *Ignorance* having predominance there, the *Dominicall* Letter is less known than the *Golden* Number, so that their *Rule* is *Mony*, and the *Levell* of their *Justice* is this *Maxime* of Law-Makers, *I give thee 'cause thou givest mee*, and *Do thou for mee, and I'le do for thee.* The Springs which make this Engine move are of quick-*Silver*, The first thing they ask is, *who is Plaintif?* the next, *who must pay us?* and before hand, like true Executioners of *Justice*. Those petty *Tribunalls* are the ruine of the People; and whereas true *Justice* is *to give every Man his own*, These have the trick to rob every one of what hee hath: For, those thirsty Leaches suck indifferently the *good* blood and the *bad*.

Pomeran having spared nothing that might induce these to assist him in that Action (which hee thought very important) they went, as the *Grecian* Orator said, to a *Golden* harvest. *First* they seized upon *Calliante* and the *Rusticks*, charging *Celian* with *Sertse*, seeming in this execution as inflexible as *Rhadamanthus*: But it is sufficiently known *that* in the *Country*, one hand rubb's the other as well as in *Cities*, *that* partly by interest, partly by *Favour*, and for respects of *Parentage*, the Eyes of *Justice* are usually blinded, as the brightness of the *Sun* is dimmed by the interposition of Mists and Clowds. In what part soever it bee, a *Stranger* is alwayes more to blame than an *inhabitant* of the place. The *Country men* onely saluted the in-side of the *Prison*, and were presently released upon *Baile*, but *Calliante* found that place according to the description of the pious *Trojan's* descent into *Avernus*, where the entrance was easie, but the coming out very difficult. Such are the Scales of humane judgements, while one is up the other is down, never even.

The *Rusticks* incensed with this affront, and sufficiently instructed by what they had heard the Night before, of the Cheat which had been put upon them, resolved to bee revenged, and to that end presented a Petition to their *Justice*, desiring *that* those *Gentlemen* and the *Lady* also might bee imprisoned, urging *that* they were persons disguised, and who under habits different from those of their condition, were come thither to plot and ingage them in some dangerous Designe; Moreover, *that* they had assumed habits contrary to their *Sexes* against

the

the Lawes of the *Land* and *Modesty*, and *that* upon farther search it would appear, that *Calliante* was a *Woman* and *Serife* a *Man*; which, they said, they would maintain with the hazard of losing their Lives and Goods. This put their wise *Judges* to a *Non-plus*, yet they were not much troubled at it; For, seeing these contradictions they promised themselves good Fishing in that troubled Water, and as the *Raven* in the *Fable*, seeing a *Dog* and a *Wolf* fighting, said, *that* whosoever had the Victory, hee should bee sure of a prey; So, by this Debate they hoped to fill their Purses, beeing resolved to take with both Hands.

Herupon Order was given for the securing of their persons; The *Commons* of the Village assembled in such multitudes, *that* what could three or foure *Gentlemen* do in such an hubbub, unless by resisting, make themselves bee Butchered by ignoble Hands? Besides, *Serife* (who willingly submitted herself) making them signs to do the like; flattering herself *that* only by pronouncing the name of IPHIGENES, shee should dissipate all that *rabble*, as a great *Eagle* Scatter's a flight of *Pigeons* when shee stoops among them.

To bee short, they were all Apprehended and Committed, but to severall rooms, which troubled *Serife* not a little (who thought shee should have been put with *Calliante*) and cast the rest of the *Gentlemen* into strange perplexities; And *Boleslaüs*, (though hee spake not all hee thought) could not refrain from saying as hee passed by *Serife*: Madam, *you see into what troubles your* Passion *hath brought us, now it concern's you to take your measure so as to draw us out of this* Dungeon *by your* power, *whereinto wee are cast for your* Pleasure. *Serife* knew not well how to construe these words of *Boleslaüs*; For, respecting his wisdom as shee ought, having alwayes found her success as evill when shee rejected his Counsells, as advantageous when shee followed them, and gathering by his looks and tone of voyce, that hee spake seriously, her thoughts were in no small perplexity by this allarm, which seem'd a presage of the extremity shee should suffer by that imprisonment. But the short time shee had to reflect upon his advertisement, and the violence of her desire to bee with *Calliante*, caused the ballance of her judgement to incline to the worst side, suffering herself to be immured in that *labyrinth*, whence those *Monsters* (the corrupt formalities which so disfigure the fair Face of *Justice*) opposed her inlargement more than shee imagined.

Their examinations were taken severally, which had as little con-

formity to each other, as the *sable* Mantle of *Night* to the *azure* robe of *Heaven* in a clear *Day*. *Calliante* said hee was a *Man*, and beeing asked if it was not *hee, who not long before, beeing in a* Woman's *habit, went under the Name of* Almeria, he answered, *Yes*: This raised a generall laughter, as if hee had been an *Hermaphrodite*.

Serife denyed that *Shee* was *Iphis*, protesting *that* shee was a *Woman*; and her deposition was the less believed, because true.

Pisides fearing to displease *Iphis*, said, *that hee knew not what that* Lady *was, but hee was* Iphis *humble servant, and that* Iphis *was a* Man *of such quality, that they should finde hee had power to Judge his* Judges, *and punish that* Country *with* Fire *and* Sword, *if they did* Him *the least injury*; Beeing demanded what the Quality of that *Iphis* was, hee answered, *that hee had Age and Wisdom enough to satisfie them himself*: Beeing urged to declare his own Condition, hee told them, *hee was a* Gentleman *of the retinue of that same* Iphis: Beeing asked why hee had so disguised himself, *to passe my time* (answered hee) *and please* him *that commanded mee*.

Argal, in stead of answering to their *interrogateries*, laughed at his *Examiners*; to their *threatnings* hee returned *Bravadoes* (which had suited better with a Man in Liberty, than a Prisoner) and without consideration of his Captivity, speaking like a Resolute Captain, at the head of a gallant Party of Horse, that had command to cut those Rogues in pieces, hee had nothing but *Fire, Sword, Slaughter* and *Revenge* in his Discourse.

Pomeran, more serious and temperate, answered with much more Modesty and Reservednes, and judging *that* a brave *Spirit* ought to say nothing but the *truth*, hee told them really his Opinion, and what hee esteemed ought to bee said for the Honour of *Serife*, in these words; *Gentlemen, it is not good handling a burning Coal, nor an Iron red hot without Tongs, you have* Him *in your Hands, in whose* you *are, and who hath the power to Exercise an horrible Revenge upon you, if you do him the least Displeasure. I advertise you that this* Lady *whom you have imprisoned, and who hath given herself the Name of* Serife, *is your* Palatine IPHIGENES, *whom the love of* Almeria *hath thus transformed*; *and* Almeria *is no other than* Calliante, *who hath made those People* (*that have caused us to be put here*) *believe hee was her* Brother, *but I can assure you hee is the same* Almeria, *who is likewise a* Gentleman *of quality. I confess this* Changing *of* cloathes *is against the* Lawes; *but those* Lawes *are but like* Spider's *Webs, which catch onely the*

smaller

ſmaller Flies, *Great* perſons *(whoſe recreations are Extraordinary) are exempted from their* Rigor: *For mine own* particular *I am a* Gentleman *of the* Palatine's *train, who beeing come with* Him *into theſe Woods to take my* pleaſure *in Hunting, to comply with his humour, did fit my ſelf with this* Peaſant's *habit, not thinking fit to leave him whileſt hee amuſed himſelf in the converſation of this* Creature *whom hee Love's. It concern's you to make your* benefit *of my* Depoſition, *which will ſerve you as an* Advertiſement, *if you make the right* uſe *of* it; if not, *it will prove the* preſage *of a grand* Deſtruction, *that will befall this* Place, *in caſe you ſhould be ſo* unadviſed *as to attempt any thing that may incenſe* him, *who is able to ruine You utterly.*

Thoſe that have gotten the repute of *Liars*, are ſo unhappy as not to be believed when they ſpeak *Truth*; *Pomeran* ſeeming to ſpeak more *wiſely* than the reſt, was held to bee the greateſt *Fool*, and his Predictions were as little regarded, as thoſe of *Caſſandra* by the Inhabitants of *Troy*.

Boleſlaüs beeing laſt of all to Anſwer, deſired to ſpeak in private with him that was to examine him, and (knowing that nothing was impoſſible nor impenetrable by the Power of *God*) dazled his Eyes with ſome pieces in hand, and the promiſe of a greater ſumme in caſe hee qualified that buſineſs, and reſtored to liberty ſo many *Perſons* of *Honour*, who were not accuſed for any crime, and at the worſt could be convinced onely of a piece of Youthfull *folly*.

The *Judge*, who went in as fierce as a *Lyon*, came out again after this Conference as gentle as a *Lamb*, having promiſed *Boleſlaüs* to let them all out by the *golden* Gate; but for the more clear Eſcape it would bee requiſite that they ſhould make themſelves a Bridge of *Silver*.

This done, for Form's ſake hee examined *Him* again and the *reſt* in the Preſence of their *Accuſers* and *Adverſaries*, whoſe *Hearts* were ready to flie out of their *Mouths* for joy, to ſee themſelves triumphant over thoſe that would have affronted them. All their anſwers were ſo ambiguous, and their ambiguity ſo different, that it was no leſs difficulty to expound them than thoſe ancient *Oracles*, which had ſeverall Faces and divers Senſes. In ſumme, there was nothing ſaid, whereon they could build any conjecture.

At length, theſe *Gentlemen* asked leave to write to *Serife*, that by *her* authority *ſhee* might deliver *them* out of trouble: This was granted, upon condition that the *Judge* firſt ſaw their Letters, who found laughing

ſport enough in the diverſity of their *ſtyles*. For one called her *Madam*, another *Sir*, the third *My Lord*, which made the doubt greater; and ſo puzled thoſe *thick-ſcull'd* fellowes, that they could not deviſe what to cenſure. Thoſe *Officers* of *Juſtice*, like *Surgeons* and *Phyſitians* (whoſe profit is by tedious ſickneſſes and wounds that are a long time healing) thought by protracting this buſineſs to make themſelves all rich. But whileſt our *Priſoners* are learning *Patience* in it's true *ſchool*, let us ſee what is acted more ſeriouſly upon the *Theater* of the *World*; and *how* theſe paſſages were but a ſhadow, and a weak repreſentation of that which paſſed, contrary to *Iphigenes* knowledge, in places, where hee had *intereſt*, and *reaſon* to preſerve more tenderly his Reputation.

It is a frequent obſervation of *Hiſtoriographers*, that before Wars (which are God's Scourges) begin in any Country, there are ſeen certain ſigns which ſerve for preſages of Civill Diſſentions, as terrible *Meteors*, *Apparitions*, and *Armies* ſeeming to joyn Battle in the Air. Theſe *Rurall* recreations which wee have here repreſented, were in like manner the fore-runners of the troubles, and divers *Fortunes* which attended *Iphigenes*, as will appear in the ſequele of this *Narration*. The Actions of great Perſons, and of thoſe who are placed like Luminaries in the Orbes of eminent Charges, can bee no more kept hidden than the Light; which (in how cloſe a place ſoe're it bee) diſcover's it ſelf by ſending it's Rayes, and Splendor through ſome little hole or cranny. The *Palatine's* diſguiſement could not bee long diſguiſed at *Plocens*; What hee thought to do in *private*, was ſaid *openly*; what hee practiſed in the ſecret retreats of the *Foreſt*, was the common table-talk in the *City*, either by the indiſcretion of his own Hunts-men, or the Relation of ſome of *Celian's* Neighbours. In ſumme, hee could not keek his *Fire* ſo cloſe but that it was diſcovered by it's *ſmoak*. An ignominious report is like a ſpot of *Oyl*, which increaſeth as inceſſantly as inſenſibly. The *Court* was already filled with theſe *Rurall* Affections of *Iphigenes*, and (as the leaſt failings of *Favorites* are ſifted and aggravated by their enviers) *Heaven* know's with what *Gloſſes* they adorned this ſimple *Text*. Every one cenſured him according to their humours; Some pitied, others fed their Envy with his folly: Onely the *King* could not believe ſo extreme an over-ſight of him, whom hee had alwayes found ſo extraordinary diſcreet beyond what could bee expected from his years. His *Calumniators* without conſidering that this *Report* might bee falſe, publiſhed it for an evident truth with all the

amplifi-

cations their *Malice* could ſuggeſt. But among ſo many *Objects* that were taken with the preſence of *Iphigenes*, none beeing inamored comparably to the *Princeſs Reſpicia*, you may imgaine with what pleaſure her Ears received this news, what a multitude of confuſed thoughts immediately aſſembled in her braine. Shee grew exceedingly impatient concerning her expeditions from *Rome*, (which, according to the *Form* and *Matter* of their *Seal*, go but with *Leaden* Feet ;) this occurrence redoubled her longing, and ſet a ſpur in her *Heart*, which pricked her to know a truth no leſs than ſhee feared to finde it. Shee laboured all ſhee could at *Court* to ſmother this report ; but what could her *Tongue* do alone againſt ſo many *Mouths* opened to *Detraction* ? As for *Mieſlas*, the intereſt hee had in his *Son's* reputation caſt him into a rage not eaſily to bee expreſſed, hearing in what manner it was wounded ; And hee reſolved to applie ſuch remedies as his *Prudence* ſhould inform him to be moſt convenient. For, to undertake as many quarrells as there were ſcandalls, would have been a labour more difficult than that of *Hercules* againſt the *Hydra*. But as Miſchiefs ſeldome come alone, another trouble fell upon the neck of this, which put him into no leſs diſtemper than the former.

If the news of this *Paſtorall Love* of *Iphigenes* diſturbed the *Minde* of the *Princeſs Reſpicia*, aſſoon as nimble *Fame* had diſperſed it in *Podolia*, and conveyed it to *Modeſtina's* Ears, ſhee was poſſeſſed with ſo inraged a *Jealouſie*, that without the *Hope* ſhee had of eſcaping by ſome induſtry out of *Priſon*, to go ſeek her Husband, and tear him out of thoſe Arms unworthy to imbrace him, Shee had doubtleſs by ſome deſperate wound forthwith ſet a period to both *Life* and *Pain*. Shee had no ſooner framed the Deſign of going to him, at what rate and in what manner ſoever it was, but ſhee began to think of effecting it by corrupting ſome of her Keepers. It was in vain, ſhee knew, to offer to tempt her Governeſs *Perpetua* (ſhee beeing too rigorous an obſerver of *Mieſlas* his *Tyrannicall* commands :) Therefore ſhee caſt her Eyes upon a young Youth (Son to ſome Officer of the *Caſtle*) who beeing about her growth, and having yet not the leaſt ſign of any Beard in his Face, might bee taken for a *Woman*, if his habit had been ſuitable.

After ſhee had gained this young Keeper, by her Preſents and Promiſes that the *Palatine*, her *Husband* ſhould advance his *Fortunes*, *Shee* beeing covered with a Suite of *His*, hee found the means by favour of the dusky Evening to convey her ſafely out of the *Caſtle*, and having

provided, a quarter of a League off, a good Horſe for her, and another for himſelf, hee brought her at length to *Plocens*, by the croſſeſt and leaſt-beaten wayes hee could pick out. If the exceſs of her *Affection*, had not been accompained with an extream *Juſtice*, I ſhould bee loth to excuſe her *Action*, or make her appear in ſuch manner as might give Birth to any ſcandalous cenſure. But who can with reaſon blame a *Wife* that followe's her *Husband*, to take him out of the Arms of an *Adultereſs*? unleſs hee will likewiſe accuſe *Marriage* it ſelf, whoſe Law is ſuch, *that* the *Husband* hath not the power of his *Body*, but the *Wife*; as reciprocally the *Perſon* of the *Wife* is not her's, but her *Husband's*, on whom ſhee abſolutely depend's.

Beeing arrived at *Plocens*, ſhee fitted herſelf with handſomer and richer Cloathes, than thoſe which ſhee brought out of her Houſe of bondage: And, leſt *Menochius* (ſo was her *Conductor* named) ſhould be known by any of *Iphigenes's* followers, that might have ſeen him in *Podolia*, ſhee bought him a *Woman's* habit, and charged him to ſtay in the *Inn*, whileſt ſhee went like the *Man* about the *City*, to inquire what news was there of her *Iphigenes*; which ſhee found but too conformable to the report ſhee had heard in her Priſon. But ſhee, having much reſemblance of her Brother *Liante's* favour, was preſently taken for him by ſome of *Iphigenes* followers, who took particular notice of her Lodging, thinking to oblige their *Maſter* at his return, by telling him that his *Brother-in-law* was there. The poor *Lady* was much in pain to know in what *Foreſt* her *Husband* was with his *Shepherdeſs*, yet ſhee durſt not bee too inquiſitive, for fear of diſcovering herſelf; Beſides, that buſineſs was ſo cloſely carried, that although this *Endymion* was known to bee in the *Foreſt* with his *Diana*, yet very few could give inſtructions where to finde him; So that to ingage herſelf in the *Labyrinth* of thoſe intricate Woods, (wherewith that *Province* was abundantly covered) had been the way to *loſe* herſelf rather than finde what ſhee *ſought*.

Whileſt ſhee was in this perplexity, *Mieſlas* (having received Informations out of *Podolia* of her eſcape) arrived at *Plocens*, imagining that ſhee would have poſted thither to her *Husband*, as a *Straw* flie's to *Amber*. This tydings troubled *Reſpicia* no leſs than *Mieſlas*; For, ſhee apprehended, like *Death*, the *conſummation* of that *Marriage*, which was the *Death* of all her *Hopes*. The *Amoretta's* of *Iphigenes* with that *Shepherdeſs* gave no ſmall allarm to her *Heart*, yet eſteeming them onely a liberty of *Youth*, and rather to divert his *Melancholly* than out

of

of any deſire to caſt himſelf away upon a creature ſo much below his Quality, the tumults of her *Mind* were the ſooner pacified; But upon notice of *Modeſtina's* flight, *Paſſion* pleading her intereſt, ſhee departed from the *Court*, within ſhort time after *Mieſlas*; and notwithſtanding all the ſpeed hee could make, ſhee arrived in a manner aſſoon as he at *Plocens.*

Mieſlas was no ſooner alighted at his *Son's* Palace, but inquiring for him hee learn't that hee had been neer a Moneth loſt in the *Foreſt*; but no body could tell him any other particulars, than *that* having found a *Shepherdeſs* which pleaſed his Fancy, hee had diſmiſſed all his train, reſerving onely two or three of his familiareſt Friends to bear him company in his *Courtſhip.* To finde out where hee was thus fettered with the *Chains* of his own *Will*, was a difficult matter; For, hee had ſhifted ſhape and places ſo often, *that* it had been as hard to follow his ſteps, as the *ſtrain* of a *Stag* that doubles and uſes all his wiles to deceive the purſuing *Hounds.* But in ſtead of *ſeeking* him, whom hee had no hope to *finde*, hee was informed of one, whom hee did not *ſeek*.

For, one of *Iphigenes* domeſticks (thinking nothing) ſaid to him, *My Lord, though the* Palatine *bee not here, his* Brother-in-law *is in this* City, *expecting* (*I believe*) *my* Lord's *return. What?* Liante? (*replied* Mieſlas *amazed*) *where is hee?* The ſimple fellow told him his Lodging, and offer'd to goe call him to him, if hee pleaſed to command him: *But leſt hee ſhould not obey, take two or three of my ſervants with you,* (ſaid Mieſlas) *that if hee be unwilling you may bring him perforce.* You may imagine with what aſtoniſhment was poor *Modeſtina* ſeized, ſeeing come into her Chamber (when ſhee leaſt ſuſpected them) four men armed with Sword and Piſtoll, which comanded her to goe before the Lord *Mieſlas Palatine* of *Podolia. Who, I?* (ſaid ſhee) *what's his will with mee?* My Lord *Liante*, replied the chief of them, *underſtanding at his arrivall, that you expected here his* Son's *return, hee judged it more fit for you to ſtay in his* Houſe (*which, you know, is at your command*) *than to lodge in an* Inn, *and I am confident that* Iphigenes *at his coming will acknowledge it. Gentlemen*, anſwered the imaginary *Liante, if that bee all, I had rather enjoy my* Liberty *in an* Inn, *than bee a* Priſoner *in his* Houſe, *as hee hath kept mee already too long; I pray thank him for his courteous proffer, and tell him, that I left not his* Houſe *with an intent to return any more with my good will; Hee hath put us ſo in his* Houſe, *that hee hath drawn our* Houſe *into his, and not content to deprive us of our* Eſtates, *hee will yet triumph over our* Liberty, *which is the greateſt happi-*

neſs on Earth. Sir (ſaid hee, to whom *Mieſlas* had given the command) *do not take it ſo, Wee have order to carry you to him alive or dead, be you willing or unwilling, and you had better go quietly with us than oblige us to bind you, and drag you along the ſtreets, for wee are reſolved to execute faithfully what hee hath injoyned us. Is it thus,* anſwered the diſguiſed Liante, that *you treat perſons of my* Quality? *Lett's goe then, ſince I muſt follow the* Deſtinies, *and ſubmit to the* Law *of* Neceſſity; *I hope his* Majeſty *beeing informed of this* Violence *will do mee* Juſtice, *and deliver mee ſpeedily out of the* Hands *of his* Tyranny. So they went to the Palace, where *Mieſlas* had given order to impriſon *Liante* in a cloſe Chamber, with a ſtrong Guard, untill hee ſhould bee further reſolved what to do with him. Hee would not ſuffer him to come into his preſence, leſt his tender Age, and ſupplications ſhould kindle any ſpark of pitty in his inhumane breſt.

Next Morning, leſt the intreaties or authority of *Iphigenes* in his own *Palatinate*, ſhould reſtore him to *Liberty*, his *Cruelty* ſuggeſted to his *Fancy* the moſt *barbarous* reſolution that e're was harboured in the heart of *Man*, to bee quit of that innocent Creature (whoſe Gardian hee was, and whom hee ought to have cheriſhed as the apple of his Eye.) But to what will that execrable hunger of *Riches*, and the ſtings of *Ambition* not tranſport men's thoughts? In Hiſtories wee finde ſome examples of *Fathers* and *Mothers*, who renouncing all intereſt of *Nature*, have either murthered or made blinde their own children for the *Jealouſie* of ruling. What doth this ſavage *Sarmatian* to extinguiſh abſolutely in the race of his Predeceſſor in the *Palatinate* of *Podolia*, the hope of *Progeny*, and by that means make all the inheritance ſure to his own Family? Hee gave order to deliver the *Priſoner* into the hands of certain bloudy Villains (fully diſpoſed to the execution of his *Barbariſms*) commanding them to carry him back to his Priſon in *Podolia*, and make him an Eunuch by the way, or kill him in caſe hee would not ſuffer that affront, which is the moſt ſenſible that any mortall could receive.

Theſe rugged Executioners led away the ſuppoſed *Liante*, threatning him with *Death*, to make him condeſcend to ſuffer that indignity by the deſire of *Life:* But before his departure they bade him examine his *Conſcience*, and prepare himſelf for a journy, longer than hee imagined, not onely from *Plocens* into *Podolia*, but out of this *World* into the next.

Some of *Iphigenes* followers having intelligence of this *Tyranny*, and

and abhorring it, were inraged they could not prevent it, and *hee* that had been the imprudent Inſtrument of the poor *Gentleman's* beeing apprehended, was ready to bee his own Executioner, fearing the juſt indignation of his *Maſter*, when hee ſhould come to the knowledge of ſo unjuſt and horrid a Fact. Among the reſt, *Arcade* having notice thereof (thinking to oblige his *Maſter* by advertiſing him, and deſiring to ſave the miſerable *Liante's* Life) preſently took Horſe, and rode with all poſſible ſpeed unto that part of the *Foreſt*, where few Dayes before hee had met *Iphigenes*, and ſerved him under the name of *Seriſe*, where not finding him, after much inquiry hee learn't the way to *Celian's* Village.

The report of thoſe *Stranger's* impriſonment beeing diſperſed all over that part of the Country, at his arrivall in the Village, hee asked to ſpeak with the *Lord Palatine*, about ſome buſineſs of great importance. At the firſt the People laughed at him, thinking *that* his coming had been ſome new Impoſture, and illuſion to dazle the Eyes of their *Judges*, and hinder them from doing *Juſtice*. At length hee ſpake ſo much *Reaſon*, that they took his *Folly* for *Diſcretion*; and to act with more aſſurance, they apprehended him and put him into another room of the Priſon, to hear more at leaſure his depoſitions. Wherein hee declared, *that hee demanded a* Nobleman, *habited like a* Gentlewoman, *who made herſelf bee called* Seriſe *for private reaſons which hee knew not*; That *this* Nobleman *was his* Maſter, *and* that *this* Maſter *was* Palatine *of* Plocens, *named* Iphigenes: That *there was hapned ſince his* abſence *an occurrence which required his* preſence, *So neceſſarily*, that *it concerned no leſs than the Life of one of thoſe perſons, whom hee eſteemed the deareſt in the* World.

This relation waken'd the *Judge's* attention; For, *Arcade* ſpake ſo ſeriouſly, *that* they could not think hee came to deceive them. Yet before they told him that *Seriſe* was in Priſon, they led him to *Boleſlaüs* Chamber, who asked him at the firſt ſight, *What*? Arcade *is my* Lord *out of* Priſon? *doth hee take pleaſure to make us lie languiſhing here? For my part I comprehend not his meaning, but I finde no* Felicity *in ſuch* Paſtimes, *I prethee bid him leave off theſe* Foppcries *ſpeedily, at leaſt if hee will oblige mee.*

How (anſwered *Arcade*) *ſhould I tell him that? I know not where hee is; theſe People have made mee a* Priſoner, *I know not whether it bee by his* Order *or by* Inchantment, *but I am ſure there is a buſineſs in hand at* Plocens *(for which I am come hither) that require's none of theſe delayes,*

unleſs hee will ſuffer his Brother-in Law *to loſe his Life. What?* replied *Boleſlaüs* much troubled, *have they ſent* Calliante *to* Plocens? *what talk you of* Calliante? (*ſaid* Arcade) *I know no ſuch* Man, *but I ſay* Liante *my* Maſter's *Wive's* Brother. *That is the ſame I mean,* anſwered Boleſlaus, *and whom they have put in Priſon here with us. I know not,* ſaid Arcade, *wherefore you are* Priſoners, *unleſs it bee to pleaſe the* Palatine's *Fancy,* but *I cannot conceive what pleaſure there is in keeping you penn'd up thus: Is it not that hee may have more liberty to dally in the Woods with his* Diana? *Malediction light upon her, ſhee is cauſe that my* Maſter *is diſhonoured, and his reputation loſt at* Court, *and all over* Polonia. *There's no other diſcourſe at* Plocens, *but of his* Loves; *and no body knowing the certainty, Every one ſpeak's according to his own Fancy.*

Hee is ſo far (ſaid Boleſlaus) *from giving any ſuch command, that I tell thee, both* Hee *and* Liante, *with* Pomeran, Piſides, Argal *and* my ſelf *are all Priſoners here in ſeverall Chambers; whether the* Palatine *take pleaſure in it, or commanded it ſo, I cannot ſay, But wee have been now five or ſix Dayes in this trouble, neither can wee yet tell what theſe* People *intend to do with us. And I know leſs,* Anſwered Arcade, *how they mean to deal with mee, whom they have likewiſe apprehended for no other* crime, *that I know, than for demanding to ſpeak with my* Maſter. *But in earneſt,* Boleſlaus, *are you a* Priſoner, *or is this ſtill to continue the ſtratagem you know of, and for which I was ſent away, becauſe I could not diſſemble and act my part ſo gravely as I ſhould?*

I proteſt ſeriouſly, ſaid Boleſlaus, *there is no jeaſt in what I tell thee, and I have almoſt loſt my* Reaſon *and* Temper *in theſe* fopperies. *The* Palatine *hath brought us into theſe broils, but I do not ſee how hee will bee able to enlarge us again ſodainly, hee beeing in reſtraint as well as wee. How? a Priſoner,* ſaid Arcade, *did the* King *command him to bee committed? No, not the* King, ſaid Boleſlaus, *but theſe* Peaſants, *under the name of* Serife, *and with him (I tell thee) they have impriſoned all us that attended Him.*

What? anſwered Arcade, *is hee then yet in the* Ladie's *habit hee had when I left him, and his* Lady (*by conſequence*) *in* Man's, *and each in a ſeverall* Priſon? *But would hee bee committed to* Priſon, *without diſcloſing his* Quality? *Nay more,* ſaid Boleſlaus, *now that hee is in Priſon hee denieth himſelf to be what hee is, and ſaye's hee is what hee is not.*

This is the ſtrangeſt fancy, anſwered Arcade, *that ever I heard of, and which will produce new Diſcourſes, that will not redound to his* Honour.

However

However I muſt ſpeak with him, *to tell him that hee muſt ſpeedily take ſome order to ſuccour his* Brother-in-law, *whom* Mieſlas (*who is now at* Plocens) *hath delivered into the hands of certain fellowes, that will take away his* Life *or* (*at leaſt*) *his* Honour, *if they bee not prevented by ſome ſodain remedy. Hitherto,* ſaid Boleſlaus, *thou haſt ſpoken like a diſcreet* Man, *but now I perceive thou raveſt ; For, I know where* Liante *is, and am ſure that hee cannot bee in* Mieſlas *hands.*

Their reaſoning might have continued long enough, e're they could have penetrated each other's meaning, *Boleſlaus* not daring to ſpeak all hee knew, for fear of diſpleaſing *Iphigenes*, and never beeing able to imagine the adventures of *Modeſtina.*

The *Judges* and *Commons* of the Village, who heard all this *Dialogue*, knew not what elſe to think, than *that* of all the Fools that they had ſeen in their Lives, they never ſaw any ſo ſenſ-leſs. After this they led him to *Pomeran, Piſides* and *Argal*, whoſe diſcourſe was yet more extravagant ; For, they knowing not *Liante*, ſpake altogether of an *Almeria* and a *Calliante*, names which *Arcade* never had heard : Inſomuch that the *Judges* could pick nothing out of their various Speeches, than cauſe of laughter.

But when hee was brought into *Calliante's* Preſence, hee began to bleſs himſelf, his *Heart* panting as if hee had ſeen a *Ghoſt.* For, hee could not perſwade himſelf that without *Negromancy* hee could appear before him there, having ſeen him (as hee thought) at *Plocens.* At length, *My Lord Liante,* ſaid hee, *is it you whom I ſee, or hath ſome* Spirit *borrowed* your *ſhape ? certainly you cannot bee in two places at once, and I am as ſure that I ſaw you at* Plocens *within theſe two dayes, as that your likeneſs now appear's before my Eyes ; Either that which I ſaw at* Plocens *muſt bee an* illuſion, *or this which here troubleth my* ſight. *Yet me-think's it is your* voyce, *which I hear,* ſaid hee (*Liante* having anſwered him) *But in regard* Magicians *by their* Diabolicall *Art, can counterfeit that as well as* Faces, *give mee leave to touch you,* that *I may know it is your* Body. Which *Liante* having permitted ; *This is Fleſh and Bones,* ſaid hee, *this is no* Spirit *certainly ; I will rather believe that the other which I did onely ſee, and that at ſome diſtance too, was but a* Viſion, *whereby the more than barbarous* cruelty *of* Mieſlas *will bee deceived, and I am glad for your ſake, that you are out of his* power ; *for, if you were in the place of that* Ghoſt *of your's, which hee hath put into the hands of ſome no leſs* inhumane *than* himſelf, *I ſhould eſteem you the moſt unfortunate* Gentleman *upon* Earth.

Theſe

Theſe words having bred in *Liante's* Spirit a curioſity to know what cruelty *Mieſlas* intended to his Perſon: *Arcade* told him what had paſſed at *Plocens*, and *that* it was the main cauſe of his coming into that Deſart, to acquaint *Iphigenes* with that deſign of *Mieſlas*. You may imagine what an allarme this made in *Liante's* Heart; with what impatience hee was preſently ſeized to ſee himſelf at Liberty, *that* hee might flie before that ſtorm, and avoid the clutches of that rigorous *Sarmatian*. Fear, which made him tremble at every ſhadow, bred a ſuſpition in his thoughts, that all this Paſtorall *Comedy* had been invented by *Iphigenes*, onely to impe the wings of Time, and amuſe him untill *Mieſlas* had apprehended him, and ſent him back to his priſon; there to force him to ſuffer the affront whereof *Arcade* had given him notice. Theſe imaginations put him beyond all temper; and, ready to run into deſpair, hee fulminated terrible threats againſt thoſe Clowns, if they releaſed him not ſpeedily.

Theſe apprehenſions ſo violent, and ſoviſible, gave birth to diverſe ſiniſter Opinions in the *Judges* and *Country-men* there preſent, making them ſuſpect him for ſome notorious *Criminall*, or ſome dangerous *Perſon*; in regard *Arcade* talked of murthering or reducing him to an incapacity of aſpiring to *Marriage*: yet the ſtrong impreſſion they had *Calliante* was *Almeria*, and really a *Woman*, made them revoke all this ſtory into doubt, as a fiction invented to delude their Senſes. Inſomuch that in ſtead of giving *Liante* any hope of a ſodain inlargement, they made him cloſer Priſoner, having received no other conſolation by *Arcade's* viſit, than the aſſurance of *Mieſlas* beeing at *Plocens*, and of the horrible deſire hee had to commit in his perſon the Murther of his *Poſterity*.

Thence *Arcade* was conducted to *Serife's* Lodging, who after a long *Paradoxicall* Conference (beeing certainly informed of her *Father's* arrivall in that *Palatinate*, by whom ſhee had no will to bee ſeen in that equipage, and a *Priſoner* to thoſe baſe People, whom (according to the authority of *Palatines* in *Polonia*) with the leaſt word ſhee could have ſent to the Gallowes) raiſing the tone of her voyce in a more grave and *Majeſtick* manner, than became the quality of a *Priſoner*, ſhee thus ſpake to her *Judges*; Gentlemen, *diſpatch quickly your* formalities, *and do mee* Juſtice, *I begin to bee weary of this* Priſon: *Whether I am* Man *or* Woman, *is nothing materiall to any of you.* Beſides, *I believe you can lay no* Crime *to my* Charge, *nor* Calliante's, *who for paſtime onely, not With any ill intent, conſpired with thoſe* Swains (*whom you have ſet at*

liberty,

liberty) *to carry mee away, whereof I was advertiſed and contented, What diſpleaſure ſoever I expreſſed. Do not make mee intreat you twice to diſcharge mee; For, if you compell mee to diſcover who I am, there is not hee among you, but will tremble at my very* name, *being able to render you of Judges* Criminals, *of Apprehenders* Priſoners, *and ſend you preſently, if I pleaſe, from the* Gaole *to* Execution.

Theſe words ſhee pronounced with ſo couragious and *Maſculine* an accent, that notwithſtanding her delicate Complexion and *Feminine* dreſs, they began to perſwade their fancies that ſhee was more than a *Woman.* But if *Hercules* could not reſiſt two, what ſhould ſhee have done againſt ſo many? It is the naturall diſpoſition of *Clowns*, and ſuch Mechanick *Souls*, as compoſe the Lees of the People, to bee inſulting, and as inflexible as *Lions* or *Tigres*, when they have the power in their own hands; as they are like meer *Cowes* and *Sheep*, when they are in ſubjection. They ſcoffed at *Serife's* words, and, according to the cuſtome of ſuch *Brutes*, they imparted their ſcorn to the *Eccho's* of that ſolitude by their lowd ſhouting.

After which, one more impudent than the reſt, replied, *Maſter* or *Miſtreſs*, (*What ſhall I call you?*) *What or Whoſoever you bee, wee ſhall teach you to ſpeak otherwiſe, and not to affront People in this manner. You muſt not think to rule us, but to bee ordered by us, Who have power to keep you here untill your Proceſs bee ended, or diſcharge you at our pleaſure; Wee will teach you to* obey, *not* command, *and if need bee, wee want neither* Bolts *nor* Manacles *for your* Feet *and* Hands, *nor yet* Gags *for your* Mouth, *to the end you may know another time how to reſpect Officers of* Juſtice. *If there bee any* Magicall *operations in all this, the* illuſions *will ceaſe by the* authority *of the* Judges, *and wee ſhall ſo conjure thoſe* Spirits, *that in ſpight of their reſiſtance wee ſhall bring the* truth *to* light, *and make it appear to your* confuſion.

Theſe words having tranſported *Serife* into a more violent *fury* than ever *Anger* had kindled in her Breſt, ſhee was ready to declare her true Name and Quality; and *Arcade* likewiſe was much tempted to tell that ſawcy *Clown*, that hee ſhould deerly repent that Language, (yet hee forbore, for fear of diſobliging him, whom hee deſired to ſerve, and whoſe indignation hee dreaded no leſs than Thunder;) But without further delay they made him quit the room, and having ne're the more cleered their doubts by this confronting of the parties, they left *Serife* to entertain her cholerick thoughts, and re-incloſed *Arcade* betwixt foure walls, threatning to torture him if hee told them not the naked *Truth.*

The like Meſſage was ſent to the other *Priſoners*, and by the *Shepherdeſſe's* means came to *Seriſa's* Ears, which increaſed her Rage to a reſolution of conſuming all that Country with Fire and Sword. But there was no remedy, ſhee muſt indure the bitterneſs of that Pill, not having then the Power to declare her Grievances to any but the Walls of her Priſon, as deaf, as her brutall *Judges* were inexorable.

Whileſt the reſt of the Priſoners, allarmed with the barbarous intentions of the *Ruſticks*, conſume their *Spirits* in impatient fumings, threatning, and meditating moſt remarkeable revenges : The ſubtle *Boleſlaüs*, (who knew *that* Needles are not thredded by violent ſtroaks, and *that* Birds beeing fallen into the Fowler's gins intangle themſelves the worſe, the more they ſtruggle) having preferred a Petition to thoſe *Country-Judges*, full of Modeſt & Submiſſive Tearms, beſides Promiſes of revealing great matters to them, they went to his Chamber, where ſpeaking in private to the ſame *Officer*, (whoſe hand hee had already oyled) and having diſpoſed his Ears to give a favourable audience by repleniſhing the hollow of his hooked hand with *Crowns* ; *Sir* (ſaid hee) *much miſchief may ariſe by this buſineſs, if it bee diſcuſſed by* rigor *of* Juſtice, *in regard it concernes the* Honour *and* Life *of* Perſons *of eminent Quality, who may reſent it in an high nature ; and nothing can fall to your ſhare by the way of* Proceſs, *but perchance ſome Forfeitures and Fees, to make you bee indulgent to thoſe that proſecute ; Were it not better for you to oblige ſo many* Perſons *of* Honour, *who are now in your* Power, *and gain foure times as much ?*

The *Judge* (who hungred and thirſted after *Juſtice*, and who (like another *Leviathan*) could have ſwallowed all the Golden *Sand* of *Tagus* without difficulty, and let a whole *Jordan* of *Silver* run down his throat without ſlacking his thirſt) opened. *with his Ears, his Heart* to this Propoſition, and *Judas*-like, anſwered, *What will you give mee, and I will ſet you free?* Whereupon they agreed upon *a ſumme*, which (though immenſe,) *Boleſlaüs* promiſed to make him good, knowing *that* ere long hee ſhould make him vomit that *Doſe* hotter than hee ſwallowed it, and *that* the Gallowes ſhould bee the ſalary of his extorting *Avarice* : *But that's not all* (ſaid the Judge) *to promiſe*, For, *wee never condemn or quit any but according to what is evidently proved and delivered. I have ſworn never to* play *upon* ticket *with* Gentlemen, *I will not open any dore unleſs I ſee the* golden *Key, and the* Mony *told out upon a* Table.

Sir,

Sir, anſwered Boleſlaus, *I mean it ſo, and Ile aſſure that the* ſumme *you ſhall receive ſhall bee all in good* pieces *and down-*weight : *But you know I cannot coin them here, either give mee leave to go fetch them, or procure mee a truſty* Meſſenger, *who ſhall receive them upon a* Letter, *which I hope you will permit mee to* write. *Ai for going out* (replied the Judge) *that is a thing I cannot condeſcend unto* ; *For*, Priſoners *are like* Birds *which* Sing *no more when out of the* Cage ; *and* Nightingales *which are obſerved never to Warble, but in the* Neſt, *where they hatch their Eggs. But for Writing I am well contented to permit* ; *So that I ſee your* Letter : *For, I am no Man to indure any treacherous dealing. I deſire no better than that you ſhould* read *what I* write (*ſaid* Boleſlaus) *For, my intentions are no other than* juſt *and* honeſt.

Then, Paper beeing brought, hee traced ſome lines to a friend of his at *Placens*, deſiring him to ſend upon ſight thereof the *ſumme*, which hee had indented to deliver that *Juſtice*-ſeller: And at the ſame time hee wrote another note to the Captain of *Iphigenes* Guards, thus; *It is of no leſs concernment than the* Life *and* Honour *of our* Maſter (*who beeing fallen into the hands of* Theeves, *is here impriſoned by them*) *that you ſhould come ſpeedily with your* troop, *whither this* bearer *ſhall direct you, make him give you right* Inſtructions, *by ſetting a* Piſtoll *to his* Throat : *But let not* Mieſlas *know any thing of your* coming, *nor of this* Accident.

The firſt note hee ſhewed the *Judge*, which was according to his own deſire, but hid the other in his ſleeve. The *Judge* having peruſed it, would have ſent it away preſently ; *But*, ſaid *Boleſlaüs*, *without my own Seal it will bee of no effect, therefore give mee leave to ſeal it in regard the* ſumme, *as you ſee, is of no ſmall importance.* The *Judge*, thinking hee ſpake as really as reaſonably, gave it him again to cloſe : But in ſeeming to ſeal it, hee ſlipt *this* into the place of the *other* in his ſleeve, (beeing both of one bigneſs and made up alike) and having written the ſuperſcription, and ſealed the later, hee delivered it to the *Judge* with ſome pieces of *Gold* to give the Meſſenger, deſiring him to let him goe on Hors-back, becauſe the buſineſs required haſte.

After this *golden* conference the *Judge* grew more temperate, hee talked no more of torturing upon the Rack, but of releaſing the *Priſoners*, telling the *Ruſticks* that all thoſe paſſages were onely tricks of *Youth*, and *that* there was nothing to bee done in this caſe, but to plume them like *Pigeons*, and then let them flie again; and *that* it was enough

to let their Purſes blood, and make good cheer at their charge; by which means they would bee ſufficiently revenged of thoſe, that intended no other evill than to laugh at their ſimplicity. But hee found more repugnance in thoſe ſavage *Souls*, than hee imagined; For, with one Voyce they all cryed out, *Juſtice, Juſtice.*

This troubled the *Judge* not a little, knowing the brutality of the *vulgar* People of that Nation. But as hee that betraye's *Juſtice*, may as well betray the *Criminals*, It is no rare thing for *Judges* (whoſe Eyes have been dazled with the luſter of *Gold*) to condemne thoſe that corrupted them, not to ſeem corruptible; and to hide their extortion under a double wickedneſs. This moved that abominable Miniſter of *Injuſtice* to make uſe of a moſt malicious Stratagem, to content that inraged *Rabble* by ſatisfying his own *avarice*. Hee reſolved to condemn to a privy ſearch thoſe perſons whoſe doubtfull faces did not by their Chins give evident teſtimony of beeing *Men*. *Boleſlaüs*, whom the *Winter* of *Age* had already covered with it's *Snowy* Livery, was exempted from that harſh and ſhamefull ſentence; neither were *Pomeran*, *Piſides* or *Argal* concerned in that Decree, the downy ſhadow on their youthfull Cheeks declaring ſufficiently of what Sex they were. *Seriſe* and *Calliante* were the onely ſtumbling-blocks, whoſe changing of Habits multiplied the *Ruſticks* imaginations, and diſturbed their Reaſon; which (what ere befell) hee thought ſhould ſerve to colour his unworthy ACT, adjudging them to very conſiderable amercements, in caſe of diſobedience.

This Deſign hee communicated to the Proſecutors, who received it with a generall applauſe and acclamation, conceiving *that* they could no way have a more ſweet and full revenge of their cozening them, then by doing them this affront under the Cloake of *Juſtice*. The Order was no ſooner drawn, but it was notified to *Seriſe* and *Calliante*.

Calliante, who eſteemed ſuch an indignity much leſs ſupportable than *Death*, threatned to tear in more pieces than the *Bacchides* did *Penthius*, whoſoever ſhould approach him for that purpoſe: But they taking him to bee really a *Woman*, laughed at his weakneſs, telling him, *that they had knockt down* Bulls *far ſtronger, and more fierce than hee*. And the *Phariſaicall Judge*, to ſeem a modeſt and curteous Man, let him underſtand, *that* hee would do him the favour to give him the choice of beeing ſearcht by *Men*, if hee was a *Man*, or by *Women*, if a *Woman*; whereunto *Calliante* inraged, ſaid, *I will have neither one*

nor

nor other, let mee alone as I am, for if any Women *come to mee I ſhall make them aſhamed, and if you ſend any* Men, *I ſhall make them feele the ſtrength of my* Arms.

As for *Serife*, ſhame and indignation ſo tranſported her, that to ſay which was greateſt, were no eaſie matter. — All her Intreaties, Threatnings, Proteſtations that ſhee was a *Man* and their *Palatine*, Son to *Mieſlas*, *Palatine* of *Podolia*, were to their rude Ears but as chaff before the Winde; and notwithſtanding her appealing, the *Judge* commanded them to execute his Order, without which they could not be ſatisfied of the *Truth*; at length, hee offered her the ſame civility as hee had to *Calliante*; to which ſhee returned a like anſwer, deſiring the *Judge to cauſe* Her *to bee ſtrangled rather than condemn* Her *to an abuſe which* Shee *muſt reſent as long as* Shee *had breath, and whereby Her* fury *would bee incited to a* Vengeance, *that could not terminate but by the* ſacking, *and abſolute* ruine *of that Whole County.*

Theſe high menaces that Clowniſh multitude anſwered with lowd laughing, preſſing her ſtill to chooſe, otherwiſe they would proceed to the Execution of the *Judge's* Ordinance: At length, a *Ray* of *Prudence* inlightning her in this extremity, made her Name *Celian's* two Daughters with their Siſter-in-law *Belida*, hoping to gain them by *Gifts*, or compell them by *force* to depoſe what ſhee liſted. Theſe were before appointed to ſearch *Calliante*; whereunto *Merinda* was nothing unwilling, *Curioſity* increaſing her *deſire* to know whether that *Almeria* (whoſe face was the ſame as *Calliante's*, and had raiſed ſuch tumults in her mind) was *Male* or *Female*.

Boleſlaüs and the other *Gentlemen* knew nothing of theſe proceedings; For, the *Judge* promiſed himſelf, that his Meſſenger would bee returned e're night with the *ſumme*, for which hee had indented with *Boleſlaüs*, and his Sentence beeing executed upon *Serife* and *Calliante*, hee ſhould by that means pleaſe the *Peaſants* as well as his own covetous humour, and ſeem *juſt*, though his proceedings were *contrarie*.

Serife's Priſon beeing the neereſt to *Celian's* Houſe, the Shee-*Inquiſitors* came firſt thither to doe their Office. It would bee needleſs to repeat the worthy excuſes they made at their entrance, and with what *Ruſtick* eloquence they imputed their curioſity to the *Juſtice's* conſtraint, whereby they were forced to an action, which they undertook with no leſs unwillingneſs than ſhame.

This kindled ſo much *choller* in the *Heart* of the generous *Amazon*, that

that *Reason* could hardly diſſwade her *Paſſion* from inflicting upon their *Bodies* a puniſhment ſuiteable to the baſeneſs of their *Souls* : But conſidering *that* had her Poniard executed her juſt revenge, the fury of thoſe *Peaſants* would not have been ſatisfied with leſs than murthering her, and *that* the *loſs* of her *Life* would be ſeconded with the *ſtain* of her *Honour* (whereof ſhee was chiefly carefull) ſhee hearkened to the moderate *dictates* of *Policy*, which ſuggeſted to her thoughts this *ſtratagem*, which took better than ſhee expected.

It was to rob her *Neck*, *Ears*, *Hair* & *Fingers* of all the *Rings*, *Chains*, and *Jewells* (wherewith they were ſplendidly adorned) to fill the *Hands*, and ſtop the *Mouths* of thoſe three *Harpyes*, promiſing them beſides a thouſand *Crowns* a piece, before ſhee went out of *Priſon*, if they would favour her in that connivence.

The reſolution of theſe *Women*, whom *Weakneſs* and *Poverty* made inclinable to *corruption*, ſtaggered at thoſe extraordinary Preſents, and large Promiſes ; But (ſeeming ſomewhat ſcrupulous for fear of beeing puniſhed, if they gave in a falſe evidence) *Serife* drawing the Dagger which ſhee wore under her robe, and beginning to brandiſh it with threats, pronounced in a manlike and couragious manner, ſo intimidated their low *Spirits*, that beeing inticed on the one ſide with the hope of *gain*, and ſeized on the other with *fear*, they ingaged themſelves to do and ſay whatſoever ſhee ſhould command, beſeeching her, if they ſhould bee diſcovered, to free them from the *ſeverity* of the *Juſtice*.

Whereunto *Serife* thus replied, *Let not that trouble you, for the* Judge *himſelf (you may tell him) ſhall have his* ſhare *of the* Cake, *I intend more for* him *than all that I have given and promiſed* you. *If you will have a teſtimony of my beeing a* Man, *and the ſame* Iphis *whom you have ſo often ſeen in the company of* Almeria, *look not upon the* Effeminacy *of my* Face, *but conſider the* ſtrength *of my* Arm ; with that ſhee ſhook them ſo forcibly, that *Merinda* fell to the ground, and the reſt had much adoe to keep upon their Feet. *By this* (continued the ſtout *Virago*) *you may ſee what I am, and accordingly you may aſſure the* Judge *of my* Sex. *As for* Calliante, *what* bravadoes *ſoever hee make's, believe mee, hee is a* Woman, *and the ſame* Almeria *whom you have all known already* ; *Therefore if you have any Order to* ſearch *her, content your ſelves with my* Relation, *otherwiſe in regard* ſhee *is ſo robuſt, and ſo uſed to all* manly *Exerciſes (for which I love her more than for her* Beauty*) I fear you will finde but a ſorry welcome* ; *Wherefore make your* Report *according to my* Declaration,

ration, *and fear not* that *I ſhall make you avouch any thing contrary to the* Truth ; *For witneſs whereof ſee the advantages that will redound to you, beſides the immortall Obligations that you will acquire upon* Iphis *and* Almeria.

The Goddeſs *Perſwaſion* with her *golden* Tongue having inthroned herſelf by theſe words in *Serife's* Mouth, there was not one of the three *Searchers*, but judged this good Office as feaſable as reaſonable. In this Reſolution they went forth, and having met the *Judge*, with the *Swains*, who expected their return, they remained ſome while ſpeechleſs, counterfeiting as much baſhfulneſs as if they had been ſeeing ſome ſtrange buſineſs. Which gave ſome of the *Ruſticks* occaſion to cry out, *Oh ! oh ! Did not wee gueſs right to ſay that* Lady *was a* Man? Indeed *Maſter Judge* (anſwered Merinda) *it was not ſo well done of you to ſcoff in this manner at our ſimplicity, and ſend ſuch, as wee are, to ſee* Men *that laugh at our* folly. Then *Belida*, who beeing a Married Wife had ſomewhat more confidence, langhing full mouth, ſaid, *By my* Soul *if that bee a* Lady, *my* Husband *may bee a* Lady *too* ; *For, I am ſure they are both made alike*; and turning towards *Lapicin*, *See friend*, (ſaid ſhee) *upon what employments you ſend your* Wife.

This made an hooting ſuiteable to the condition of the perſons before whom this *Comedy* was acted. That done, the *Judge* gave them Order forthwith to go to *Calliante*. Which they refuſed with much ſeeming unwillingneſs, and far-fetch'd excuſes, untill the *Judge*, holding his gravity of *Preſident*, iterated his Command, telling them *that they muſt obey the Ordinances of* Juſtice, *if not, hee knew how to compell them.*

Whereupon replied the crafty *Belida*, that *ſhee was contented to obey, ſo that ſhee and her Siſters might firſt confer with him in private.* That requeſt beeing thought too reaſonable to bee denied, ſhee told him punctually what had paſſed betwixt them and *Serife*, and *that* there was nothing more ſure than her beeing a *Man*, and *Calliante* a *Woman.*

Then, they ſhewed him the *preſents* they had received of her, beſides the *promiſe* of three thouſand *Crowns* for themſelves, and twice as much for him, if hee would bee indulgent in the Execution of that *Order.*

This made him as gentle as an *Ermine's* skin, and open both his *Ears* to their *Propoſition* ; But to enhaunce his *Juſtice* to the higheſt rate, hee reſolved to gather with both Hands, as if hee had been in a *Treaſury*, in a *Mine*, or at an Harveſt of *Gold* : Therefore after a little

little pause, *This is not enough* (said hee to them) *Wee have now before our* Eyes *the fairest opportunity of inriching our selves that can bee presented, Wee must take it by the* fore-lock, *and beat this* Iron *whilest it is* hot, *onely,* (*if you can*) *bee* prudent *and* secret, *otherwise in stead of* gaining *wee shall* undoe *our selves. You are now going to* search *one that is really a* Woman; *if the other, who is a* Man, *beeing frighted with his* Crime *and* Imprisonment, *hath given and promised you so much, what may you not get of her, who will at what rate soever preserve* her honour, *and free* herself *from the* Infamy *and* Laughter *of all these* People? *Go then, and manage your* business *so,* that *you may get a good* fleece *off* her, *and forget not* mee; *For, you know I sit at the* Helm, *and* that *all must bee done by my* Order, *their* Lives, Honours, Imprisoment, *and* Liberty *beeing wholly in my* Hands: *Bee sure you take not* Promises *for* Payment, *But put* Eyes *into your* Hands *to believe what they shall* see *and* receive: *For, if you do* her *the favour not to* search *her according to the* Order, *it is but* Reason *that* shee *should recompence* your Courtesie *with some remarkeable* Gratification; *Do not quit* Her *for less than what* Iphis *hath given and promised* you, *For, the* Favour *is greater to* Her *than* Him.

Beeing thus instructed, and determined to follow precisely these Instructions, they went, like *Commissaries* deputed by the *Justice*, to know of what *Category Calliante* was. And as a *Ship* saile's swifter when shee is in open *Sea*, and hath the *Wind* more full; So the greater *hope* these *VVomen* conceived, and the more their *desire* of having was increased by the advise of that good *Judge*, the more eagerly and cheerfully did they run to execute this second *Commission*; whereby they hoped to get more than they had done by the former; Neither was their expectation frustrated; For, they were no sooner entred and had made their goodly Speech, but *Calliante* falling into a *Lyon*-like fury, in stead of speaking, began to answer them with his Hands, making them feele the weight of a *Man's* Armes. The dore, which was lock'd again, that they might the more secretly, and without scandall perform their Office, gave him better opportunity of pummelling them; For, not beeing able to run away, they were inforced to indure that *storm* of blowes without shelter. *One* had her *Eyes* beaten into her *Head* with his buffeting, another her *Teeth* struck out, the *third* hee trampled under his *Feet*, which was not without their crying out *Murther, help, help*: But the *Peasants*, who stayed within hearing, thought it had been *Almeria*, whom they three were forcing to a

Mani-

Manifeſtation, which ſhee could not ſuffer without ſtriving and ſhame, & in ſtead of ſuccouring them, they drowned their *cries* with *laughing*, till their *Lungs* were ready to ſplit, and calling out to them, *You are three againſt one, you will overcome her at laſt; continue, do what the* Juſtice *hath commanded you.*

Judge you what leiſure this gave *Calliante* to kick, and beat his *Viſiters*, as if they had been three *barrs* upon an *Anvill*, and his *Fiſts* the *Hammers*. At length having layd them all under his feet, ſo tired and ſore with blowes, that they could hardly breathe, one of them *ſwounded*, another feined her ſelf *dead*; but *Belida*, who ſeeing *Calliante* draw a Knife which hung at *Merinda's* Girdle, thought (as it was probable enough) that hee meant to cut their Throats; as a *Torch* that's going out caſteth the greater *flame*, ſo ſhee in that extremity, ſummoning all that little *Spirit* ſhee had left, cryed aloud, *Lupicin, I am dead, Hee kill's mee, help, help.*

Theſe words made them conſider, that indeed they might have need of *help*, *Deſpair* having perchance tranſported *Almeria* to ſome *action* in her own *defence* beyond the ordinary ſtrength of a *Woman*; thereupon they ruſhed into the room, where they ſaw two lying like dead bodies on the ground, covered over with their own blood, and *Calliante* dragging *Belida* about, with one hand up ready to ſheath the Knife in her boſome.

It was then no time to *conſult* but to *act*; They preſently made towards *Calliante*, who flinging that ſcurvy *Woman* from him, flew, like a *Tigre* that enter's into an *Herd* of *Deer*, among thoſe *Ruſticks*. Who ever ſaw a furious *wild Bore* foaming with rage, beeing incloſed in the *Toyles* between the *Hunts men's* Spears and the *Hound's* mouths, make an horrible ſlaughter, tearing out the bowells of this *Dog* here, toſſing another yonder, faſtning his *Tusks* in an *Horſe's* belly on another ſide, and trample upon the over-turned *Rider*; but at length beeing over-powe'rd with the multitude of *Aſſailers*, is inforced to ſubmit to the greater ſtrength; Hee may imagine the behaviour of *Calliante* in the midſt of that rude company; the firſt whereof that came neer him, received a great *ſtab* in his *Arm*, another a *cut* or'e the *face*, others felt the ſmart of the ſame Weapon in other places: Hee flung himſelf here and there, and ſometimes by *agility*, ſometimes by main *force*, hee wreſted himſelf out of their hands, watching ſtill to get to the dore; But the throng of thoſe that preſſed to come in, rendered the paſſage impenetrable, which put him into ſuch an *agony*, as you may

imagine, seeing himself ready to bee murthered by the hands of those irritated *Swains*.

At last having done all that a gallant *courage* ow'd to a just *defence*, so many People fell upon him at once, that they forced him to quit the *Knife*, and seeing him disarmed and under their Feet, they began, by binding him Hand and Foot, the outrages which they were relol. ved to make him suffer, devising ignominies and revenges inimaginable against him. But the care they had of the wounded *Women*, and to recall their affrighted *Spirits* into their martyred *Bodies*, made them deferr for a while the punishing of *Calliante*, whom they threatned with no less than a shamefull Death.

The Judge, who came in when all the *blowes* were past, and the *Prisoner* fast bound, inveighed highly against *Calliante's* Rebellion, as contemning and resisting the *Order* of *Justice*; and precipitating his *Sentence*, hee said, *that nothing could make a sufficient reparation but* Death, *and if that lewd* Hussif *were not found to bee with* Child, *that* shee *should bee executed the next morning*.

These were the Consolations of the poor *Calliante*, who beeing all bruised with *blowes*, besides the *pain* hee received by the *Bonds* and *Chains* wherewith hee was loden, saw himself upon the point of beeing *Sacrificed* to the *vengeance* of those *Salvages*, whom it is not enough to call *Sarmatians* to expess their *cruelty*.

But as that barbarous *Rabble* was going to make a shamefull *Anatomy* of the Body of *Calliante*, in the Opinion they had that hee was a *Woman*, intending the next day to make him indure a torment conformable to their inhumane Dispositions, the whole Village was allarmed on a sodain with the arrivall of a great *Troop* of *Horse*, that came with great diligence: Before them rode a *Man* with his Arms pinion'd, and his *Feet* bound under the *Horse's* Belly, as if hee had been some Notorious *Thief* whom the *Provost Martiall* had lately taken.

The *Judge* upon notice hereof, (thinking they had been some Officers of *Justice*) went forth to meet them, to desire their assistance for the Execution of a *Prisoner* that would have broke the *Gaole*, and who had wounded divers persons that withstood him. *Doubtless*, said the Captaine, *this must bee the place*: *then*, *turning* towards the fellow that was bound, hee continued, *is not that Prison here*, *whither wee commanded thee to conduct us?* *Yes Sir*, answered hee, *and there is the* Judge, *Who committed them*, *and sent mee to you from one of the* Prisoners *to bring the* summe *of* money *contained in the* Letter.

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At theſe words the *Judge* knew his *Meſſenger*, and his *Conſcience* accuſing him, hee was ready to ſink with *fear*, when two or three of them ſetting their *Piſtolls* to his throat, ſaid, *Deliver us* My Lord *quickly, or you are a Dead* Man. *What* Lord? anſwered hee trembling: *the* Lord Palatine *of* Plocens *whom you have impriſoned here, perchance not knowing him.* Hereat a cold ſweat over-flowing the *Judge's* Face, ſeeing that hee had brought himſelf into a *Premunire*, and that no leſs than his *Life* was concerned; *See Gentlemen*, ſaid hee, *if that bee hee which hath done ſuch havock in the Priſon*; Then ten or twelve alighting went in with their Arms in their hands, where *Humbertus* Captain of the *Guards* knowing *Liante* (having ſeen him often in *Podolia*) ſtood amazed, thinking that *Mieſlas* his Executioners had reduced him to that extremity, to force him to ſuffer the affront, which they were commanded to do him: But ſeeing none of them, and onely the *Country-People*, *Wee ſhall finde* (ſaid hee to his Companions) *that they have given that barbarous* Commiſſion *to theſe villanous* Boors, *holding it too baſe an Office for them to execute.*

Thereupon Hee ſaid to the *Peaſants*; *Friends, what dee you intend to do with this* Gentleman? *why do you uſe him thus cruelly? It is no* Man, replied one of the Clowns, *but a mad* Woman, *who had almoſt ſpoiled us all with a* Knife, *there never was any ſuch* Fury *in the* World. *Humbertus* thought that was an *illuſion*, hearing him ſtyle a *Woman*, one whom hee ſaw in *Man's* Cloaths, and whom hee held to bee a *Man*; *Signor Liante*, ſaid hee to the Priſoner lying on the ground, *is it you, and do you not know mee?*

How ſhould I know you, replied hee, *that do not know my ſelf? For, all theſe* People *will make mee believe* per force *that I am a* Woman, *although I am moſt certain of the* contrary. *Infallibly*, ſaid *Humbertus* to the others with him, *this poor* Gentleman *is become diſtracted, not being able to preſerve his* Judgement *entire, after that horrible* affront *which they have made him ſuffer*; *For, being no longer a* Man, *hee denie's that hee is a* Woman, *which indeed hee is not however.*

Then ſpeaking again to *Liante*, *Sir*, ſaid hee, *who brought you into this place? my owne fooliſh Will*, ſaid Liante. *Who put you in* Priſon *and committed you into the power of theſe* People? *Iphigenes*, anſwered Liante, *I know not whether his intention bee to rid Himſelf of Mee thus.*

This made *Humbertus* preſently conjecture, that *Iphigenes* had an hand in the *Plot* with *Mieſlas*, to purchaſe to himſelf *Liante's* whole

Eſtate by vertue of his Marriage with *Modeſtina.* Therefore not to dive any further into the buſineſs before ſo many hearers, he left *Liante* under the Guard of two of his company, telling them, *that he muſt firſt ſee the* Palatine, or *ſpeak with* Boleſlaus.

So going forth hee ſeized upon the *Judge*, and told him, *that hee muſt ſhew him where the* PALATINE *was. What* Palatine? ſaid hee. *Ha?* replied *Humbertus* roughly, *there's no jeſting nor trifling with mee, I ask for* IPHIGENES *Governour of this* Palatinate, *who is* Priſoner *here. Sir*, anſwered the Judge, *if I were to die immediately, I am not able to tell you where hee is, nor what hee is; For, hee is one whom I never ſaw. At leaſt*, ſaid Humbertus, *you ſhall let mee ſee* Him *that wrote mee this Letter, hee is an old* Man. The *Judge* having demanded to ſee the *Letter*, and having read it, *Ah! treacherous old Man*, cried hee, *are theſe the Mountaines of* Gold *which thou wer't to bring forth?* Then without farther intreaty (*his Meſſenger* deſiring him to releaſe him out of his *pain*) hee conducted *Humbertus* with his attendants to *Boleſlaüs* Chamber, who in few words gave him the full Relation of their *Comicall Chace*, their ſeverall diſguiſes, and their impriſonment, which had like to have had a *Tragicall* concluſion.

Then reſigning his place to the *Judge*, Sir, ſaid *Boleſlaüs* to *Humbertus*, *Let us now go directly to the* Palatine; *For, although for his* paſtime *hee hath been* Author *of all this, I fear his own* trouble *is not the leaſt, and when hee is free Wee ſhall eaſily releaſe the reſt.* This ſaid, the *Judge*, beeing Manacled, was forced to go before to ſhew them where hee had put *Madam Serife*; For, *Boleſlaüs* who knew the ſecret, told him, *that* ſhee was the *Palatine* whom they ſought, and *that* now hee ſhould make him believe by good tokens thoſe verities, which hee before ſo much ſlighted and laughed at.

When *Serife* ſaw *Boleſlaüs* entring into her room; *Ah! Father*, ſaid ſhee, *what good* Angell *hath brought you hither to releaſe mee out of this* Captivity, *where I was in the greateſt perplexity imaginable?* Whereupon *Boleſlaüs* told her his *Stratagem* in ſending for that *Troop*, which was commanded by *Humbertus*, who attended her pleaſure at the dore. *O Father*, ſaid Iphigenes, *ſuffer him not to come in, For, I ſhould bee yet more afflicted if hee ſhould ſee mee in* Woman's *Cloaths; bid him command one of the* Guards *to give mee* his, *and let him take one of the* Peaſant's *habits, that I may quickly get out of this* Dungeon, *where I have indured ſo much unworthineſs.*

This command was preſently performed, and *Iphigenes* appeared in

in the form of *Iphis*, not of *Seriſe*, before her *Guards*. Shee was no ſooner out, but *Paſſion* made her aſk for *Liante*. *Alas Sir*, ſaid Humbertus, *I left him in the* Priſon *with two Souldiers to guard him, but hee is in a pittifull* condition, *I cannot but grieve at his diſaſter, yet it concerne's not us to contradict our* Maſter's *will*. *How, in a pittifull condition? Sir*, ſaid Humbertus, *your* Grandeur *know's better than I the whole ſtory. Tell mee*, Humbertus (*replied* Iphigenes) *what ſtory*? Then the *Captain* related to him, what hee had heard of *Mieſlas* order in *Plocens*, which hee believed his *Father* would not have commanded without communicating it to him.

This ſo troubled *Iphigenes*, that hee could not bee ſatisfied without going to ſee him, notwithſtanding *Humbertus* diſwaded him all hee could; beeing come to *Liante's* Priſon, where hee found a multitude of *Clowns* crouding in, hee commanded his *Souldiers* to ſeize upon them all, and advancing neer *Liante*, who lay upon the ground all covered with *blood* and *duſt*, and loaden with *Irons*; *What is the matter, Brother*, ſaid hee, *in what equipage do I ſee you? Theſe are your ſports*, replied *Liante* angerly, *you may end them when you pleaſe, but I am ſure they have almoſt ended mee. How ended?* ſaid Iphigenes. *It was this infamous Generation of Clowniſh Raſcalls*, anſwered Liante, *that hath put mee in the pickle you ſee mee, and if my* paines *are a* pleaſure *to you, you may let mee alone in my* miſery, Death *it ſelf will bee welcom to mee if it proceed from your* Hand *or* Order: *But you would oblige mee very much to ſend mee into the* Wars, *where I might loſe my* Life *with* Honour, *and not bee* butchered *by theſe* Ox-drivers.

All this was a Riddle to *Iphigenes* and *Boleſlaüs*; for, having been kept every one in a ſeverall room, they knew nothing of each other's ſufferings. And it beeing then no time to ſtand long in Diſcourſe, *Iphigenes* contented himſelf to proteſt to *Liante*, that *hee was innocently the* cauſe *of that* impriſonment, *whereof hee was not then to* repent; *but*, that *hee was in no wiſe conſenting to the treacherous deſign of* Mieſlas, *which hee would moſt evidently make appear.*

What do you talke to mee of Mieſlas, Replied *Liante*, whileſt they were looſing his bands, *I think that Sorcerer* Arcade *hath inchanted you as well as mee, and hath made you believe I know not what ſtory of your* Father *concerning mee, which is the moſt ridiculous* Tale *that e're I heard. Is it not ſo then?* ſaid Iphigenes, *What*, Brother? *have you not been in the hands of* Mieſlas *his ſervants? I have neither ſeen* Mieſlas, *nor any that have relation to him, onely* Arcade (*whom they brought hither to mee*

th'other day) told mee that hee was at Plocens, *and that hee had caused mi to be apprehended there, with severall other idle circumstances, which cannot proceed but from a distracted* Brain.

You have then no other harm than what these Peasants *have done you,* said Iphigenes: *Or than you have made them do mee,* continued Liante, *but if I get once free of these* bonds, *I'le make them feel the* weight *of my* Fingers. *Have you no other Wounds than what wee see?* said Iphigenes. *No other,* answered hee, *but if I had not been succoured in time, and if* Humbertus *had not appeared when hee did (but you gave him his just time that your* Game *might bee compleat) they threatned to do mee the greatest* affront *that ever was offered to any* Man, *and expose my* Body *naked to the view of every* Passenger, *and not satisfied with that* shame, *which I held worse than* Death, *they purposed to make mee* die *publickly by the* authority *of the* Justice, *against which they taxed mee for having committed a* Rebellion *(in defending my self against their* insolences) *which they said could be no otherwise washed away than in my own* Blood; *but all this I believe was but to fright mee.*

Hereupon *Humbertus* said softly to *Iphigenes,* Sir *there is nothing more certain than that* Micslas *servants have delivered him into these* Peasant's *hands, to execute that shamefull Commandement which hee had imposed on them. If it bee so,* replied *Iphigenes* aloud, *I will make them bee hanged immediately in my own presence. If you do not,* answered Calliante, *I shall say that you had a hand in it, and though I were to bee hewed in a thousand pieces, there is not one of them but I will sheath my Sword in his Bowells, the injurious words and unworthy treatment wherewith they have violated my* Patience, *cannot bee satisfied with any less* Vengeance; *For, what command soever you gave them to torment mee, I am confident they have exceeded their* Commission, *and used mee worse than they were injoyned.*

In summe, not to dwell any longer in these lawless proceedings of that *corrupt Justice,* the rest of the *Prisoners* beeing released, when they least expected it, after some mutuall Conferences and Communicating their respective Sufferings in *Prison*; the matter was decided to the confusion of the *Judge,* and all the Inhabitants of that Village, who were as *Blanke* at this alteration as *Bell-founders* when their Mettalls answer not their Expectation. IPHIGENES was acknowledged to bee *Palatine* of that *Country*; *Almeria* known to bee *Liante* (but onely to *Humbertus* and some few others, who were injoyned to silence under pain of the *Palatine's* high displeasure) and *Arcade* found

a true and faithfull ſervant, beeing confronted with *Humbertus*. Nothing was wanting but *Halters* to hang thoſe *Clowns*, and the *Judge* higher than the reſt: Which *Iphigenes*, beeing preſſed by the conjurations of *Calliante* and the other *Gentlemen*, would have had executed forthwith.

The chiefe Actors were preſently apprehended, as the *Judge* and his inſeparable ſhadowes, the *Clarks*, and other blood-ſucking Officers, with *Celian's* Sons and the three *Harpies*, beſides ſome others which were found *Complices* of their *inſolences*; of whom the Souldiers, to revenge the *Palatine*, choſe each of them one, to tie him to the branches of the next Tree.

Thoſe *Ruſticks* who were a little before ſuch inſulting *Tyrants*, became now humble *Petitioners*, and begged pardon upon their Knees, making many *excuſes*, pleading *ignorance* and condemning their *raſhneſs*. *Calliante*, ſeconded by *Pomeran*, *Piſides* and *Argal*, cryed out for nothing but *Vengeance* and ſodain *Execution*, every one relating the particular affronts they had received: Onely *Boleſlaüs* more diſcreet then thoſe young fiery *Spirits*, harkened attentively to what they ſaid without uttering a ſillable, untill *Iphigenes* ſaid, *What?* Father, *do you ſay* nothing?

To this hee replied, *It is not that I have not had my ſhare of the bitterneſs of this Cup as well as the reſt, but me-think's the* Sun *hath now given place to the* Night, *as it were, on purpoſe to give us* Counſell, *and ſomewhat ſettle the* motions *which agitate our ſeverall* thoughts; that *which is done in cold* Blood *is alwayes riper and more* conſiderate *than what is acted in heat of* Paſſion. Choller *is a ſhort* Madneſs, *the productions of that* Paſſion *are ſeldom* judicious; *you may do what you pleaſe, but as the* King *of the Bees is without a* ſting, *So you will finde by experience that* Clemency *is more convenient for thoſe that govern, than a* rigorous Juſtice. *I do not ſay this to excuſe the* Malice *of theſe* Swains; *but you are to conſider that for your own Paſtime you have caſt your ſelf into this* Tempeſt; *if you give a* Tragicall *end to a* Comedy, *you will not obſerve the Rules of the* Play: *You laid the* block *before their* feet, *whereat they have ſo indiſcreetly* ſtumbled. *It becomes not the* Palatine *of Plocens to revenge the injuries offered to* Serife *unknown, nor* Liante *to reſent thoſe which were done to* Calliante *and* Almeria. *When this ſhall come to bee divulged by ſo ſolemn an Execution, what will People ſay, but that you have imitated* Cats, *who firſt play with the* Mice, *and then kill them? and there will not be wanting ſome that will compare this Action to the*

cruelty

cruelty *of the* Roman Emperours, *who at their Feasts made the* Gladiators, *in their* presence, *feed their* Eyes with humane Blood, *whilest they were filling their* Bellies *with the* Flesh *of* Beasts. Calumny, *which forgeth what is not, how will not shee aggravate this which hath some image of* rigour, *although in effect it is but an* Act *of* Justice? *Sir. I tell you again, you may do as you think fit, but the* Zeal *which I have of your* glory, *make's mee desire rather to hear the praises of your* humanity, *resounding on the* Tongues *of* Men, *than* complaints *against your* severity *and* rashness.

What? said Iphigenes, *shall such* crimes *then pass unpunished? by no means,* answered Boleslaus, *I would not have you bee insensible of their* misdemeanours, *but I advise you onely so to manage your* Chastisements, *that your* Enviers *may finde no occasion to defame your manner of* Government, *and cast you farther into the* King's *disfavour than you are. For, as it is easie to impose any thing upon one that is absent, by consequent it will not bee hard to render him odious.*

What? shall this wicked Judge *then escape for such abominable extortions?* said Liante; *I will rather strangle him with my own* Hands, *then that the* World *shall be infested any longer with such an* Harpy; *And wee,* said the other Gentlemen, *will do as much to those other* Monsters, *who have nothing of* humane *but their* shapes.

Gentlemen, answered Boleslaus, *to stop the boyling of your irritated* bloods, *there is a way to content you, to punish them sufficiently, and preserve the* Honour *and* Reputation *of the* Palatine. This proposition having procured all their attentions, hee coninued thus: *Do not you think the* fear *of* Death, *will bee a* punishment *answerable to the* pains *which they have made us suffer, and into which indeed wee cast our selves for our own* pleasures? *whereunto if you adde the* Lash *or the* Strapado *with a perpetuall* Banishment, *I do not see but that you may be throughly* satisfied, *they rigorously enough* punished, *and that those who shall hear of this* penalty *and their* offence, *will not have occasion rather to applaud the* Palatine's Mercie *and* Prudence, *than condemn his* rigour. *And for the* Judge, *I confess hee deserve's* Death *by all* humane *Lawes*; *but if you consider how his case is linked with the* Peasant's, *and that by your* disguisements *you puzled their* understandings, *you will finde* that *if they are not worthy of* Grace *for their own sakes, you ought to* pardon *them for the* Love *of your selves, since by your secret* connivance *you did in a manner make them tumble into the* ditch *of* Error, *which led them into these* exorbitances.

At

At laſt *Boleſlaüs* by his mild and diſcreet Arguments ſtopt the impetuoſity of their wrath, as heaps of ſoft Earth uſe to ſtifle *Cannon*-bullets, and perſwaded thoſe high *Spirits* to condeſcend to his remonſtrances. So *Night* beeing far ſpent, they ſettled themſelves to reſt, reſolving to put his advice in Execution next morning.

In mean time, the Trances and Agonies, which the apprehenſion of *Death* made the *Country*-People feel, were beyond expreſſion. The *Day* which rejoiceth all the *World* was odious to them, as that, which was to veile their Eyes with an everlaſting *Night*: But *Heavens* provided for them otherwiſe then they expected. For, to give them a full meaſure of fear, *Iphigenes* commanded they ſhould bee all hanged forthwith upon trees neer their own dwellings, which the *Souldiers* were very ready to execute; but, as they were about to give them the *ſwing*, *Boleſlaüs* and the other *Gentlemen* caſt themſelves at the *Palatine's* feet, to beg their *Lives*, of which, Apprehenſion had almoſt bereaved them already. Then came the deplorable *Celian* watering his hoary-Beard with tears, and proſtrating himſelf before *Iphigenes*, beſeeched him by all that was moſt ſacred in *Heaven* and on *Earth*, not to deprive him of all his children at once, and quite extinguiſh thoſe ſparks, by whom hee hoped to revive in his Poſterity.

This ſupplication was ſeconded with the lamentable *cries* of the three *Searchers*, who were tied to their ſeverall *Gibets* like the reſt; the *image* of *Death* (painted on their *Faces*, and which danced before their *Eyes*) touched with ſome *compaſſion* thoſe who were the day before ſo eager for *revenge*, deriving all the fault upon the *Judge*, who eſcaped very narrowly beeing ſacrificed to *Example*, and having been (as the *Hebrew's* Emiſſary *Goat*) loaden with the Faults and Maledictions of all the People. But in ſtead of periſhing for the reſt, hee had his *grace* as well as they, a diſgracefull *grace*, yet *juſt* and full of equity.

For, if their lives were given them, it was to prolong it by a condition, which thoſe that are happy in a *Country*, and who love their *native* ſoile, would eſteem worſe than *Death*: It was *Baniſhment*, which was ſo dreadfull to the *Romans*, that they thought it was to *die*, to *live* out of *Rome*. 'Tis true, that with *poor* People it is as with thoſe that are extreamly *generous*, to whom every *Land* is their *Country*, as the *Air* and *Water* are the *Elements* of *Birds* and *Fiſhes*.

But before the pronouncing of this *ſentence*, (which could not but bee ſweet to thoſe that were recalled from the *Sepulcher*) It was decreed, to ſpare the pains of fetching *Surgeons*, preſently to let blood

thoſe People, whom the fear of *Death* had caſt into a violent *Feaver*, so recommend them to the *diſcretion* or rather *indiſcretion* of the *Souldiers*, who to ſave *rods*, laced their ſhoulders ſo well with their *ſtirrop-leathers*, that they made them ſwim in their own *blood*, which was inflamed with the *Wine* they drank ſome dayes before in ſo great abundance. And the three *Shepherdeſſes*, deputed for that *ſearch*, had their ſhare of this whipping-*cheer*.

After this blooding, ſix Souldiers were appointed to conduct them forthwith to *Danzic*, to bee imbarked and tranſported thence into *Moſcovia* (a Country more rude and barbarous than *Sarmatia*) there to continue to perpetuity, under pain of beeing Hanged if ever they returned. Where they remained untill *Iphigenes's* re-eſtabliſhment at *Court*, who then conſidering that they were ſufficiently puniſhed, ſent them his *Grace*, and permitted them to repoſſeſs their former Habitations.

The

The Tenth Book.

ARGUMENT.

Iphigenes *to prevent the malicious Practices of* Mieſlas *againſt* Liante, *cauſes* him *to bee ſecured in a ſtrong Caſtle in his* Palatinate. *Hee returns to* Plocens *to meet his Father* Mieſlas. *Their Salutations, and Speeches concerning* Liante, *and* Almeria. Mieſlas *perſwades* Iphigenes *to give the* Princeſs Reſpicia *a viſit. Her imaginary contentment at* his *ſeeming Profeſſions of Affection.* Iphigenes *beeing with his* Father, *and the* Princeſs, *is ſent for by* Menochius *in a* Ladie's *habit, who gives him an account of* Modeſtina's *eſcape out of Priſon, and her beeing taken in* Man's *Cloaths for* Liante *by* Mieſlas *ſervants.* Iphigenes *perplexed at this Relation, conſults with* Boleſlaus *how to demean himſelf. His ſage advice: to ſatisfie* Iphigenes, *Hee undertakes in perſon to inform* Liante *of what had paſſed at* Plocens. *The affront offered to* Modeſtina *by the barbarous inſtruments of* Mieſlas *cruelty againſt* Liante, *is related to* Mieſlas *in his Son's preſence. The juſt reſentments of* Iphigenes *for that indignity done to his* Wife, *and his reſolute* Speeches *to his* Father *concerning* Her *and* Liante. *The furious* Mieſlas *ſevere* Replies. Iphigenes's *reſerved carriage towards the* Princeſs Reſpicia, *after this paſſionate* Conference *with* Mieſlas. Her *Amorous* Complaints. Liante *relates his* Dream *to* Boleſlaus. He *applies the circumſtances of that* Dream *to the* tranſfiguration *and* Diſaſter *of* Modeſtina. Liante *upon this aſſurance of* Maieſlas's *barbariſme, without acquainting him, or any elſe with his Deſign, ſteals privately out of the Caſtle.* Mieſlas *having learnt where* Iphigenes *had concealed his feined* Shepherdeſs, *marches with a ſtrong* Party *of* Horſe *thither in the Night; beeing entered, under the Name of* Iphigenes, *hee commands his Men to leave no corner unſearcht for* Almeria. *Next* Morning *early* Iphigenes *with a more conſiderable ſtrength haſts after his* Father; *Meets him coming forth of the Caſtle;* Paſſion

perſwades Iphigenes *to charge* him: Boleſlaus *diſſwades it. The bluſtering words betwixt the* Father *and* Son *at this* Incounter. *After ſome Diſpute they returne to* Plocens. Mieſlas *much diſpleaſed at his* Son, *retires himſelf to his own* Palatinate: *the* Princeſs Reſpicia *to the* Court. *Shee cauſes a complaining* Letter *to be left upon the Table in* Iphigenes *Chamber. Hee ſlights her* Torments, *but is much perplexed for the loſs of* Liante. Liante's *Letter to* Iphigenes. *The Grand* Duke *of* Lithuania *commonly Elected to the* Crown *of* Polonia. *The Reaſon of the* Lithuanians *Rebellion againſt their* Prince. Liante *is received and honourably treated by the* Palatines *of* Troc, *and* Minſce, *chief Commanders of the revolted* Party. Iphigenes's *reſentment for* Liante's *ſiding with the* Rebells. *The* King *prepares a great* Army, *to ſuppreſs them.* Mieſlas *returnes to* Court, *is made* Lieutenant Generall. *The* Princeſs Reſpicia *procures* Iphigenes *to be repealed from* Baniſhment, *leſt he ſhould ingage in the* Warrs. *His anſwer to the* King's *Letter inviting him to the* Court. *The* Subſtance *of* Modeſtina's *Letter to* Iphigenes, *and of his* Anſwer. Iphigenes *raiſes a conſiderable* Party *of* Horſe *for the preſent* Service, *meets his* Father *at the* Rendez vous. *The* Royall *Army beſiges* Minſce *the* Rebells *chief* City. *A deſcription of the* Palatine *of* Minſce's *two Daughters* Oloria *and* Amiclea. Liante *falls in Love with* Amiclea; Oloria with *Him.* Liante *ſends a* Challenge *to any of the* Royall *Party: Is incountred by* Iphigenes, *both unknown. After ſome diſpute* Liante *is worſted. The* Gallantry *and* Courteſie *of* Iphigenes *to his* Enemy, *before hee knew him to be* Liante. *Their* Deportments *and Speeches after this Diſcovery.* Mieſlas's *rage againſt his* Son *for ſparing* Liante's *Life.* Mieſlas *beggs of the* King *the confiſcation of* Liante's *Eſtate, pretending he was in actuall* Rebellion. Liante *ſends* Mieſlas *a Challenge.* Iphigenes *is* ſecond *to his* Father, *and* Polemander *to* Liante. Iphigenes *unhorſes* Polemander, *and* Liante *had killed* Mieſlas, *had not* Iphigenes *reſcued him. The* Lithuanian's *Reception of* Liante *after this Victory.* Olavius *deſignes his Daughter* Oloria *for* Liante. *Shee diſcovers her* Paſſion *to* Him. *Hee rejects* her, *and becomes more inflamed for* Amiclea.

THe *Peaſants* having thus payed for their inſolence, the *Palatine*, accompanied by thoſe *Gentlemen* and his *Guards*, repaired towards *Plocens*, to meet his *Father*. And in regard hee could not conceive who ſhould bee that miſerable Creature, whom *Mieſlas* had taken for *Liante*, and had commanded

ded to bee so ill-treated, not to expose that innocent *Nobleman* to the hazard of receiving any affront from that rigorous *Sarmatian*, hee sent him with a *Convoy* of twelve Souldiers to a Castle in his Dominion, intreating him to stay there untill further intelligence from him, with an exact account of *Miesla* intentions ; and whence that news was derived, which *Arcade* brought in such hast, and was afterwards confirmed by *Humbertus*.

Liante beeing thus secured from *Miesla* fury, *Iphigenes* gave order that his other Domesticks, and Hunts-men should meet him a league from *Plocens*, where hee dismissed his Souldiers, and entred into the City with a more peaceable train. His *Father* received him with great demonstrations of joy, and hee returned the Honours and Respect which *Nature* obliged him to render to the Author of his life. The complements and imbraces beeing past, they presently fell into the Discourse of what was said and done at *Court*.

There hath been no Action *of late* (said Miesla) *whereof, I believe, you have not been informed ; But perchance your intelligence hath not been so punctuall in letting you understand what is* said *there ; For, generally what is reported of us come's last of all to our knowledge : the* Eye *which seeth all other* Objects, *see's not it self, and knowing how every thing else is made, is ignorant of it's own composition.* Thereupon *Iphigenes*, not without colouring his cheeks with a gracefull vermillion, having inquired how *People* censured him, said ; *It is no wonder if my Name be traduced, the ordinary Discourse of* Courtiers *beeing principally of* Favorites, *or of those who are in disgrace, to whose Actions they give what colours they please.*

I will tell you really (said Miesla) *it is not of your* perfidiousnes *or any* treason *that you have committed : For, every one know's the education I have bestowed on you, and how I never recommended any thing so much to you as* Loyalty, *and* Obedience *towards your* Soveraign. *Neither is there any mention of your absence from* Court, *which cannot be called a* disgrace, *in regard the* King *and* Queen *never speak of you but in very* honorable *and* advantageous *tearms : But, all mouths are filled, especially the* Ladie's, *with your new* affection *for a certain* Shepherdess *in these* Forests, *who is esteemed an invisible* Diana, *and you her* Endimion. *There are some, who beare her as much* Envy *as they are full of* Pitty *and* Passion *for you, admiring that you who have sailed through the* Sea *of the* Court *without striking upon any* Rock *or* Sand, *should now be* shipwrack'd *in a sorry* Brook ; *and who having despised the splendor of so many* Suns *in*

the Sphear of the Grandeurs *of* Polonia, *should abaſe your ſelf to do homage to a* Moon *in the obſcurity of theſe* Woods. *And divers ſpeaking with mee concerning you, have ſaid* that *they believed this ſervile yoak, ſo diſproportionable to your quality, Was fallen upon your neck as a puniſhment for the ſcorns wherewith you payed the merit of theſe* Ladies *of* honour *that affected you.*

Iphigenes deſiring to turn all this into a *Gallantry* of *Youth*, and prepoſſeſs *Mieſlas* in caſe hee ſhould chance to learn any farther particulars, gave him a brief relation of his *Rurall* Recreations, of the *Country-People's* inſolence, and what puniſhment hee had inflicted upon their unworthineſs, verniſhing his *Narration* as hee pleaſed, to the end this *firſt* impreſſion might take place of *after*-reports, which flew about in ſeverall formes, but all ſo far from the *truth*, that it might properly bee ſaid of *Fame*, ſhee is like a *Camelion*, which take's all ſorts of Liveries, except the whiteneſs of *Verity*. In concluſion, hee ſaid, *that hee Was more paſſionate in ſhew for his* Shepherdeſs *by much than in* effect, *in regard ſhee Was nothing recommendable for* Beauty, *but onely for her extream* Nimbleneſs, *and* Dexterity *in the Exerciſe of* Hunting.

So much I have alWayes promiſed my ſelf of your judgement (*anſWered* Mieſlas) *what ever others Would make mee believe of your Affection to this* Country-wench, *Whom they ſtuck not to give out that you Were reſolved to Marry. I am not yet arrived to that degree of folly* (replied the ſubtile Iphigenes) *neither have I ſo little ſenſe of my* condition, *that I ſhould make a* Shepherdeſs *my* Wife, *conſidering that the conqueſt of ſuch* People *is not ſo difficult, but that a Man may accompliſh his* deſires *better cheap, than by a publick* ſhame, *and the loſs of both* Fortune *and* Honour: *Beſides, I ſhould eſteem myſelf unworthy of the* Blood *I have from you, of the* rank *which I poſſeſs by the* King's *Favour, and of the* Eſtate *which I injoy and expect to have by* him *and* you, *if the onely thought of ſo ridiculous an* alliance *ſhould harbour in my breſt.*

I can believe no other (ſaid Mieſlas) *but the* Women *are not ſo ſatisfied: For, beeing the pure* ſubſtance *of* infirmity, *they preſently take the* allarme, *and ſeizing on the* Fire-brand *by the burning end, they conſtrue every action in the worſt ſenſe. This is averred by the* Princeſs Reſpicia, *who at the firſt broaching of this news (out of exceſs of* Paſſion *for you) fell into ſuch ſtrange diſtempers, imagining that you would give her the ſlip, that ſhee never ceaſed perſecuting mee, untill I came to bring* water *to quench this new* Fire, *and diſſipate or at leaſt hinder by my* preſence

your

your imaginary Marriage: *And to make you ſenſible of her* impatience, (*which cannot be blamed but for an* extremity *of* Affection) *ſhee hath followed mee ſo cloſe, that I arrived here but one day before her. How*, ſaid *Iphigenes*, (counterfeiting an aſtoniſhment, though hee had been informed of her comming) *is ſhee in this* Country? *I muſt acknowledge as much* Obligation *to her* Love, *as her* jealouſie *hath done mee* injury: *But doth ſhee eſteem mee ſo little* judicious, *or guilty of ſo much* inconſtancy, *as to change the* glory *of appertaining to* her, *for the* imbraces *of a ſilly* Shepherdeſs, *who cannot be compared to* her, *unleſs it were to make appeare how* beautifull *the* Day *is by the* horrours *and* darkneſs *of the* Night?

I am glad, ſaid Mieſlas, *that this* oppoſition *make's you conſider the* value *of that* Lady, *and eſpecially to hear you ſpeak in ſuch tearms of her* Merit, *which is yet greater than you imagine, and her* affection *to you beyond* compariſon. *If you had expreſſed your ſelf thus before, things would not have been in the* condition *they now are; but your firſt* Marriage *not beeing conſummated, you might have freely contracted this ſecond, without ſtaying for any needleſs* Diſpenſations, *whoſe tedious* delayes *are incompatible with her* Deſires. *You may be confident, Sir* (replied Iphigenes) *that I ſuffer no leſs then* ſhee *the rigour of that* Law; *but me-think's my* Conſcience *would never be at eaſe, if that be not declared void by a publick* authority, *which was ſo* ſolemnly *contracted. It is true, what* ceremonie *ſoever was uſed, I never had any* intention *to marry* Modeſtina, *which may eaſily be judged by the tenderneſs of my* Age *in which your abſolute* Will *made me take* her *to* Wife, *rather than my own* Inclination, *which neither at that time nor ſince, hath been much bent towards any* Woman *in particular. I muſt confeſs as* Love *is paid but by it* ſelf, *this* affection *wherewith the* Princeſs *is pleaſed to* honour *mee, obligeth my* Soul *to a reciprocall* reſentment, *unleſs I would purchaſe to my ſelf the* title *and* blame *of the moſt* ingratefull *among* Mortalls; *And, I will aſſure* her, *that aſſoon as I ſhall be legally freed from the* yoak *of* Modeſtina, *I will render my ſelf* her Seave, *and make* her my Wife, *if ſhee continue in the ſame deſire of having mee to* Husband.

Mieſlas, beeing much ſatisfied with this Speech ſo conformable to the Paſſion hee had to ſee this Marriage accompliſhed, and the former diſſolved, ſaid; *if the* Princeſs *heard you ſpeak thus much in her* favour, *I think* Joy *would ſo play the ſweet* Tyrant *in her* Breſt, *that it would in a manner rob* her Heart *of* Life. *It is a ſingular* happineſs *for mee* (anſwered Iphigenes) *that I am able to give* you *and* her *ſatisfaction, and*

(*in*

(in obeying you by Duty and Obligation) finde beſides what correſpond's to my own deſire. For, I am not ſo void of underſtanding, as not to ſee how much this alliance, both for Eſtate and Parentage, is more advantageous to mee than Modeſtina's, whoſe Fortune will be much diminiſhed by Liante, who having now taken his flight into the World, will firſt or laſt finde the means, either by the favour of ſome Eminent Perſon, that may perchance make him his Son-in-Law, or by the ſupport of the Juſtice of this Kingdome, regain the poſſeſſion of his Inheritance, whereof indeed wee cannot fruſtrate him without expoſing our ſelves to the detraction and Envy of thoſe, who carp at my actions.

Let not that trouble you (ſaid Mieſlas) For, I have taken ſuch a courſe, that wee will enjoy both, beeing moſt undoubtedly ſure of that I have already in my Hands. For, Modeſtina hath proteſted very ſolemnly, if her Marriage to you be declared void, that ſhee will never have any other Husband than a Cloiſter. As for Liante, I have unexpectedly met with him, and committed him into the hands of ſuch truſty Executioners, as will cleer all theſe doubts, if hee will not indure to be reduced into a condition of never having iſſue.

Iphigenes having brought him to the point, whereof hee deſired with much impatience to bee ſatisfied, deferred not to aske him, how Liante happened into his Hands? Mieſlas thereupon told him, that coming to Ploeens hee found him there, expecting his return from Hunting. Sir, anſwered Iphigenes, did hee tell you that hee came to ſee me? No, ſaid Mieſlas, for I ſaw him not, but thus he ſaid to thoſe whom I ſent to apprehend him. Did not you ſee him then, anſwered Iphigenes? No, I would not, ſaid Mieſlas, leſt the compaſſion which the tenderneſs of his Youth might have ſuſcitated in my Breſt, ſhould have made mee lament his Fortune, and recant the Deſign which I had reſolved to execute upon him. That Deſign, ſaid Iphigenes, is very ſevere, and it is to be feared, that being divulged (as it is no eaſie matter to conceal ſuch actions long) it will produce one of theſe two miſchiefs; either that it will caſt you into the King's diſfavour, (who doubtleſs will abhor ſo ſtrange a proceeding) or elſe that the deſpair of ſo inhumane a violence, may make that poor Gentleman reſolve to preſerve his own Life to take away yours, and revenge himſelf at what rate ſoever of that affront, which is the moſt ſenſible any Man can indure.

I have other Wayes, anſwered Mieſlas, to bridle his fury: the Priſon whither I have ſent him, ſhall keep him ſafe enough, untill hee hath purged away all his Choller. As for the King's diſpleaſure I fear it not, conſi-

dering

dering that I have rendered him ſervices *capable to counterpoiſe this* action, *which will rather excite* laughter *than any thought of* puniſhment. *You are too* conſciencious *for a* Palatine, *if you quit not theſe vain* Scruples, *you will never raiſe your* fortune *to the height. In this World a* Man *muſt be daring, and allow ſomewhat to* adventure; *hee that hath ſo much* circumſpection, *will never acquire great* Riches; *be ſure to get what you can into your* Poſſeſſion, *and then you may diſpoſe afterwards at* leiſure. *I have alwayes* (replied Iphigenes) *held* Scruples *to be vain* doubts, *which make us eſteem* evill *that which is not* ſo; *But it is neither* Superſtition *nor* Scruple *to call* evill *that which viſibly is* ſo; *and for my part I had rather* Live *and* Die *poor, than inrich my ſelf by unlawfull wayes: if you call this* Humour, *I call it* Reaſon, *and I am ſo wedded to this* Reaſon, *that nothing ſhall make mee renounce it, no, not all the* Wealth, *nor all the* Scepters *in the* World.

Leave this Diſcourſe (ſaid Mieſlas) *and go give as much ſatisfaction to the fair* Princeſs, (*who is come to ſee you*) *as you have given mee, by the promiſe you have made to anſwer her* affection *by your* ſervices, *and make my* Prayers *follow by your* Obedience. So, they went immediately to wait upon the *Princeſs*, whoſe agitations of *ſpirit* I will not ſtand to repreſent, nor repeat her words, contenting my ſelf to ſay, that *Iphigenes*, who was *Wit* and *Eloquence* it ſelf, omitted no ſort of Honours, Complements, reſpectfull Behaviour and quaint Tearms to foment her *Fire*, and fill the ſails of her *Hope* with a thouſand Proteſtations as frivolous as the Winde: Inſomuch that beeing raviſhed with *joy* to ſee her ſelf, as it were, at the top of her pretentions, her *Fancy* floted upon the *Sea* of her deſires, and fed it ſelf with imaginary contentments.

The whole *Fable* of *Almeria* (the *Diana* of thoſe woods) was repreſented in new colours, wherewith *Iphigenes* ſhadowed his Narration ſo artificially, that the *Enamell* hath not ſo much grace when moſt curiouſly laid on *Gold*, as thoſe flowers of *Rhetorick* in his Mouth gave ornament to that ſtory.

Night ſummoning every one to a Retreat, a *Page* came to acquaint *Iphigenes*, that there was a *Lady* in the Hall, who deſired to ſpeak with him about ſome buſineſs of great importance. *Hee*, who was all *Courteſie*, eſpecially towards *Ladies*, made her not long expect him: But ſhee having intreated him to hear in private what ſhee had to impart to him, hee led her into his Chamber, where ſhee ſaid, *My Lord*, the perſon that ſpeak's to you under this *Woman's* habit is a *Man*. *Iphigenes*

not a little surprised at these words, & the room beeing somewhat obscure, thought it had been *Lisane*; which made him presently say, *Ah!* Brother, *wherefore are you come hither? do you long to be butchered, and precipitate your self into* Death? *you do not (it seem's) know the affront* Mileslas *intend's to your Person.*

"*My Lord*, answered the disguised *Man*, You take mee for another, "*I* am *Menechmus*, one of your Mother *Arsenza's* servants, appointed "to waite upon your *Lady*, *Modestina*, in the Castle where your *Father* "commanded her to bee kept close Prisoner: There shee first gained "my heart by *Pitty*, then by *presents*, and lastly by *promises* and *assu-* "*rances*, that the service shee desired of mee would bee acceptable to "you; It was to convey her out of Prison: which I effected very for- "tunately, having covered her with one of my Suits; and having pro- "vided Horses in a convenient place not far thence, I conducted her "hither, where shee commanded mee to take the habit wherein you "see mee, whilest shee went abroad to inquire after you: And here "was confirmed to her the newes, which made her resolve to finde "you out, beeing pricked with *Jealousie* and the *apprehension* of losing "you, by a *Passion*, which shee was informed, possessed you for a "*Shepherdess* in these Neighbouring *Forests*, whom you were report- "ed to have been resolved to marry. But her ill *fortune* was, at the "arrivall of *Mieslas*, to bee observed by some of his followers or yours, "and to bee taken by them for *Lisane*, by reason of her likeness to "him in Face, and her beeing in *Man's* cloaths. Upon this mistake "shee was apprehended by order from *Mieslas*, and I hear that hee "hath sent her back into *Podolia*, to the same Castle where *Lisane* was "Prisoner: But when shee is known, I believe shee will bee sent "where shee was before, with her Governess *Perpetua*. And I, *My* "*Lord*, remain here destitute of all relief, having no *hope* but in your "*Pity*, no *confidence* but in your *Mercy*. If I have transgressed in ser- "ving her in her desires (which proceeded onely from the extream "and incomparable affection shee bears you) I am ready to "receive such punishment as you shall please to ordain. If your more "favourable censure judge mee not culpable, I flie for refuge under "your Protection against the fury of *Mieslas*, who will make mee "bee torne in pieces, if hee come to know that I have contributed "any thing to her escape: For, hee dreaded nothing so much as to see "her with you.

Iphigenes seeing that *Menechmus* ended there his Speech, asked him

if

if hee knew no farther news of *Modeſtina*? *No*, anſwered hee, *For, fearing to diſcover my ſelf, I durſt not inquire after any other particulars.* By this Diſcourſe *Iphigenes* preſently perceived what gave the riſe to that Report, which *Areade* brought him into the Priſon, and the veile fell from thoſe *Enigma's*, which held his imagination in ſuſpenſe. But this was to him a falling out of the *Frying-pan* into the *Fire:* for as his *Paſſion* for *Liante* was great, ſo his *Affection* to *Modeſtina* was not ordinary; and if hee would have deſired to change his *Sex*, it ſhould have been meerly for her ſake, and to bee really her *Husband*; none among all the *Ladies* hee had ever ſeen deſerving more than *Modeſtina* to poſſeſs his *Body* as well as his *Heart*. And indeed *Iphigenes* had loſt much of the glory of his ſweet Diſpoſition, if hee had done leſs than love Her, who beſides their long education together, the conformity of their humours, and the bond of their *Souls*, came to give him ſo remarkeable an evidence of her *Love*, expoſing her *perſon* to ſo many perills to ſeek him, & enjoy the felicity of his Preſence. So *Liante* being already ſecured from his *Father's* rage, all his care was bent towards *Modeſtina*, as the *Object* which had moſt need of his ſuccour; and having diſmiſſed *Menochius*, after adviſing him to continue in that *Woman's* habit, and ſtir little abroad untill *Mieſlas* were returned to *Court*, promiſing him his Protection and Aſſiſtance againſt whomſoever: and in acknowledgement of the ſervice which hee had rendred to *Modeſtina*, hee filled his hand with a good ſumme of *Gold*, as an earneſt of the favours hee would do him, aſſuring him in mean time to exempt him from *Danger* and *Neceſſity*.

Which done, hee caſt himſelf upon his Bed, overwhelmed with ſuch a multitude of thoughts, that his *Eye-lids* were hardly cloſed all *night*; For, his *Heart* beeing divided betwixt *Modeſtina* and *Liante*, and ſuſpended like a piece of *Iron* between two *Load-ſtones*, hee knew not which way to incline his reſolution. This reſtleſneſs of *Mind* denying repoſe to his *Body*, hee ſent very early in the Morning for *Boleſlaüs*, to take advice of that faithfull *Councellour*, how hee ſhould ſhape his *courſe* in that *tempeſtuous* occurrence. Hee repeated in brief what *Menochius* had told him; and the fear leſt (*Modeſtina* beeing diſcovered by his *Father's* bloudy inſtruments) they, to comply with his ſeverity, ſhould murther her, put his *Heart* into an unſpeakeable perplexity. To poſt preſently to her relief, had been to contradict what hee had made the *Princeſs* and his *Father* believe of his ſlender eſteem of that *Wife*, from whom hee ſeemed to them to deſire nothing more than a

separation: Not to go, and not to assist her in so urgent a *necessity*, hee deemed an *ingratitude* not to bee digested by any generous *Spirit*. On the other side beeing too well acquainted with the *cruelty* of *Miestas*, and the *design* hee had against *Liante*, hee began to think that hee had not provided sufficiently for his *safety*, keeping him so neer that inexorable *Sarmatian*. And although *Palatines* (who are incontrouleable in their own *Governments*) have no authority in another's Dominion; yet the quality of *Father* gave *Miestas* I know not what priviledge in that of *Plocens*, which *Iphigenes* would not have permitted to another.

Having communicated all these painfull imaginations to *Bolestaüs*, hee answered; "My Lord, it happen's oft-times that recreative sports "are the *presages*, and as I may say, the *Prologues* of more serious oc- "currences: It was your *pleasure* to make your's lately in the *Forest*, "and perchance it is the *Heaven's* Will now to act their part. You "made *Liante* bee covered with *Woman's* cloathes, whilest his *Sister* "made her escape in *Man's*; and whilest you courted Him in that "feined appearance, Shee followed you in her disguise. Hee love's "you with perplexity, because hee think's you are a *Man*; and Shee "is jealous of you, not imagining that you are a *Woman*. You perso- "nated *Modestina* in the Woods, while shee represented *Liante* at "*Plocens*; your *Friends* were deceived in *you*, and your *Father* in *her*. "Observe how all these *passages* are linked to each other. *It* was not "without the particular *providence* of *Heaven*, that wee escaped the "affronts which those irritated *Clowns* would have made us suffer; and "I beseech the *Powers* above to continue us the same *grace*, and draw "us out of the *Labyrinths*, wherein, I foresee, that wee are likely to bee "involved. Indeed it would require the thred of a greater *Prudence* "than mine to conduct us safely forth; But since you do mee the "*honour* to believe mee, my *fidelity* having been approved by you, I "can do no less than persevere in assisting you till *Death* with my "*Head*, *Hands*, *Advice*, and *Life*. All the remedies you can now "apply to *Modestina*, will bee too late; For, since her beeing appre- "hended, shee is infallibly either *Dead* or *re-inclosed* in her *Prison*; "besides, by going in *Person*, or sending to rescue *her*, you would dis- "cover a Meaning contrary to what you have professed in Words to "your *Father* and the *Princess*; which would bee very *prejudiciall* to a "*person* of your *condition*, who never ought to bee surprised in *double-* "*dealing*. The best way therefore in my opinion is to expect the cer-

"tainty

"tainty of this *Event*, and take it as from the hand of *Providence*, "what e're it bee. If ſhee bee *Dead*, conſider that your *Sorrow* will "not recall her to *Life*; and beſides, ſhee is a *Creature*, the privation of "whom ought to bee the leſs grievous to you, in regard *Nature* hath "forbidden you the *injoyment* of her *Perſon*. But for the preſervati-"on of *Liante*, whom you cheriſh above all the reſt of *Mortalls*, you "ought in time to apply your *Care*, *Diligence* and *Authority*. Yet as "the deepeſt *Waters* make the leaſt *noiſe* in their *courſe*, ſo the ſolideſt "*Judgements* conduct their *affaires* with more *temper*, and leſs *rumour*, "more *Effects* and leſs *ſhew*. The ſureſt *guards* you can give *Liante*, "are *Secrecy* and *Silence*. Make as if you knew not where hee is, and "let *Piſides*, *Argal* and *Pomeran* remain in the *error*, which poſſeſſeth "them that hee is *Almeria*; Cloſe with the *Seal* of *Authority* *Ar-*"*cade's* lips by a ſevere prohibition to reveale this *Myſtery*; and com-"mand *Humbertus* and his *Souldiers* under pain of *Death* not to de-"clare what they know concerning him. If, notwithſtanding all theſe "veiles, *Mieſlas* ſhould chance to diſcover the place of his retreat, "wee ſhall eaſily make him eſcape out of this *Country*, or by *Night* "convey him into ſome private *Corner*, which ſhall bee known but to "very *few*.

However wee muſt advertiſe him of what particulars wee have learn't ſince our arrivall (ſaid *Iphigenes*) *and who ſhall wee appoint to carry him this* meſſage? *Do you think* Arcade *fit for this purpoſe? I would not adviſe you* (anſwered Bokhaus) *to commit this* ſecret (*which toucheth you in the Apple of the* Eye) *neither to* Arcade, *nor to* paper; *For the one may miſcarry, the other be corrupted: If you conceive mee worthy to ſerve you therein you may freely command* mee; *For you are the onely* Maſter *whom I do, or will ever ſerve.*

Father, ſaid Iphigenes, imbracing the old *man's* neck, and waſhing his Face with tears, *you continue obliging mee in things that are more ſenſible, and which I eſteem more pretious than my* Life; *do mee then the* courteſie *to go in my Name to him, for whom I preſerve my ſelf, and tell him that to preſerve him there is no* force, *but I will imploy it, no* reſpect *of* Father *that I ſhall ſtick to violate; ſince chooſing him for my* Spouſe, *I ought to prefer him before* Father *and* Mother. *You ſhall be a living* Letter, *and I am ſure you will repreſent to him the paſſages here much better then I can write; onely in one thing I ſhould ſurpaſs you, that is, in repreſenting him my affections: For, there is none but that* Tongue *whoſe* Heart *is pierced with* Love, *which is able to expreſs to the* Life *the reſentments of a paſſionate* Soul.

Boleslaüs, to satisfie the impatience of *Iphigenes*, departed presently with this *Commission*, and had hardly delivered his message to *Liante*, when newes was brought to *Mieslas* (his *Son* beeing then with him) of the Discovery of the imaginary *Liante*, the Story whereof was thus.

The Discovery Of Modestina.

"THose who had taken upon them the charge of conducting *Mo-*
"*destina*, disguised in *Man's* habit, beeing arrived in a place where,
"they thought, they might securely execute their *damnable* design on
"the person of that *innocent* Creature, having to that effect procured a
"*Chirurgien* for a great summe of Mony, and masked him, lest beeing
"afterwards known by him to whom they intended to do that hor-
"rible affront, hee might bee liable to the *Law* or his *Revenge*; The
"pitifull *Prisoner* suffered herself to bee bound, like an harmeless *sheep*
"whom the rugged *Butchers* carry to the Slaughter-house, without the
"least Replication; And whether *Modesty* tied her *Tongue*, or the
"*horrour* of the affront by a sodain apprehension deprived her of the
"use of *Speech*, shee remained some time without so much as asking
"what they intended: At length as if her *Spirits* had returned out of
"a deep trance, and fearing more the loss of her *Honour* than of her
"*Life*, shee screaked out like a *Virgin* calling for aid against the
"*violence* of some dissolute *Ravisher*: For, shee conceived that they
"having perceived what shee was, would have sated their brutall ap-
"petites on her. But shee learn't other newes by him that brought
"the *Commission* from *Mieslas*, who speaking as if shee had been
"*Liante*, told her, that *shee must resolve to imitate the* Beaver *when hee*
"*is chas'd, or lose her* Life; that *if shee were wise, of those two* evills *shee*
"*should choose the* least, *and save the* whole *by losing a* part. In a word,
"hee Made her understand the Will and Command of *Mieslas*, which
"was to make her an *Eunuch* against her *Will*, since shee had refused
"to make herself such by a *voluntary* embracing of an *Ecclesiastick*
"Life.

"Then *Modestina* seeing herself reduced to this extremity, judged
"it time to declare her condition, and disabuse them of their errour:
"But it was after attempting this last means, protesting *that shee was*
"*ready*

"*ready to obey the* Will *of* Miesius *in resigning herself wholly to the ser-*
"*vice of the* Church, *beseeching to defer their Execution untill they had*
"*received his definitive answer. For that the lot is already cast* (reply-
"ed the chief of the Band) *there is no other* determination *to be expected*
"*than your* choice. *It concerns not us to interpret the* commands *of our*
"Master, *wee have now no leisure to discourse, time require's a speedy*
"*Expedition, choose the* hand *of the* Chirurgion, *or* that *which shall plunge*
"*a* Poniard *in your Breast.*

"Hereby *Modestina* perceiving *that* her last remedy was invain, and
"*that* shee must use other tearms; *Thou Barbarous Wretch,* said shee,
"*couldst thou have the* Heart *to sheath that murtherous blade in an inno-*
"*cent* Woman's *bosome, Who is capable of receiving* Death, *but not the*
"*affront which thou proposest? There is as much difference betwixt* him,
"*to whom thou think'st to speak, and* mee, *as between* Brother *and* Sister;
"*I am not* Liante, *but* Modestina, *the Daughter-in-Law to thy* cruell *and*
"impious *Master,* Wife *to* Iphigenes, *who will bee able to revenge my*
"Death, *if thou killest mee, or my* honour, *if thou dost mee the least*
"*affront.*

"*See,* said the inhumane villane, *what an invention this* Gallant *hath*
"*found upon a sodain to save himself in this storm, how the extremity of*
"danger *doth subtilize* men's *Wits? But wee are not come thus far to*
"*stop in so fair way, wee must put him in a condition of never pretending*
"*to the possession of the Lady* Clemencia, *shee is reserved for a person of*
"*more eminent quality than hee.* This said, hee prepared himself to make
"a search much different from that which the *Shepherdesses* would
"have made of *Liante* in the *Prison.*

"What resistance should this poor *sheep* have made in the midst of
"so many *Wolves?* that chaste *Andromeda* had recourse to her tears,
"whose tender drops were able to penetrate *Marble,* and mollifie
"*Hearts* more rigide then the sensless *Rocks.* Shee conjured them by
"all that shee thought might have most ascendance over their brutall
"*Souls,* to bee pleased onely to take notice by her *Hair* if what shee
"said of her *Sex* and *Condition* were not *true.* Then having unbound
"her *Head,* a wave of delicate *Curling* Hair overflowed her shoul-
"ders; and covered all her Body to the waste, which made them
"spend some time in Admiration; yet they thought this but an
"*illusion.*

"That not satisfying, shee intreated them to unbutton her *doublet,*
"and they should finde in her *Bosome* a disposition correspondent to
"her

"her *Hair*. Which done, as by the ſweetneſs of the *Mountaines*, one "may judge of the Soile in the *Vallies*; So the *Chirurgion*, who was "preſent, and had ſome knowledge in the conſtitution of *humane* Bo-"dies, ſeeing the gentle riſing of thoſe Snowy *Hills* upon her *Breaſt*, "aſſured them of the *Naturall* condition of the *Dale*. Inſomuch that "this *Conjecture* (which in all reaſon was ſufficient) might have ſerved "as a bridle to their *curioſity*, if *Misfortune* (which had not yet ren-"dered the ſtate of that miſerable *Lady* deſperate enough to bee "releaſed by *Miracle*) had not ſuggeſted to thoſe *Tiger's* thoughts the "*deſire* of beeing farther ſatisfied by the *viſitation* of certaine grave "*Matrons*, who affirmed upon their *Conſciences* (having uſed the *Lady* "with all ſort of civility, and made no farther ſearch than of her *Head* "and *Boſome*) that ſhee was a *Lady* full of as much *Honour* as *Vertue* "and *Integrity*.

"How *cruell* and *fiery* ſoever thoſe *barbarous* Executioners were, yet "they could not hinder cold *Feare* from freezing up their *Hearts*; "which diſtilling it's Icy liquor through every *vein*, benum'd their *ſpirits* "ſo, that they ſtood in a no leſs maze, then one who (unawares) chan-"ceth to tread upon an angry *Snake*, lying in ambuſh under the green "*Tapiſtry* of the *Earth*, whoſe horrid hiſſing invite's the *Paſſenger's* "Eyes to behold him raiſing his poiſonous *Head*, and darting *Death* "from his forked *Tongue* againſt the *Foot* that preſſ'd him: They be-"gan to think themſelves loſt Men, for offering ſuch an affront to a "Perſon of her Quality, believing that neither in her's nor her "Husband's Heart there could be any place for *pardon* of ſo unſpeak-"able an *injury*.

"In this deſpair they conſulted together to render their laſt error "worſe than the firſt. The blood of the innocent *Modeſtina* was put "into the ballance; The principall *Men* of that accurſed *crue* made "a propoſition to take away her *Life*, alleadging *that* they might "juſtifie themſelves to *Mieſlas* for that action, by the reſiſtance which "they wou'd fein ſhee made; and beſides *that* thereby *Iphigenes* would "bee in full liberty to marry the *Princeſs Reſpicia*, without expecting "the iſſue of ſo many *formalities*. This Propoſition was put in delibe-"ration, and diſcuſſed both wayes. At length mercifull *Heaven* (whoſe "Eyes continually behold the juſt, and watch over their preſervation) "contrary to the ordinary courſe of the *World* (where *evill* Counſells "commonly overſway the *good*) made the beſt and diſcreeteſt advice "prevaile in favour of that innocent captive. So that at length they

"concluded

" concluded to ſuſpend that cruell Execution, untill they had adver-
" tiſed *Mieſlas* of that miſtake, and received directions from him, how
" to demean themſelves in that occurrence. And this newes was
" brought to the *Palatine* of *Podolia*, whileſt hee was with *Iphigenes*,
" the *Meſſenger* adding of his own conceipt, *That of a* Hen *they could*
" *not make a* Capon.

Iphigenes having been already informed by *Menochius* of *Modeſtina's* beeing taken, was the leſs aſtoniſhed at this relation; But *Mieſlas* was no leſs *ſurpriſed* than *angry*; *ſurpriſed* with the *ſtrangeneſs* of the *error*, beſides the *uncertainty* wherewith his *thoughts* were perplexed of the *impreſſion* which this *event* might make in his *Son's* mind, who hee believed would bee very ſenſible of that *affront* done to a perſon of ſo neer relation to him: And *angry* to ſee that, in ſtead of *Liante* (whom hee intended to raze out of the number of *Men*) hee had but a *ſhadow*; and which was worſe, *that* the deſign hee had againſt his perſon beeing divulged, and coming to his Ears, hee would bee more carefull to avoid falling into his hands; or elſe, that perchance *Deſpair* would tranſport him to ſome memorable *revenge*. Nevertheleſs diſſembling the diſtemper of his *Minde*, and hiding his *Choller* under a ſmiling *Countenance*, hee feined to turn this *evenement* into *Laughter*; yet could not forbear proteſting if ever *Liante* did fall into his hands, that hee would deal him hard meaſure.

His manner of ſpeaking, drew from *Iphigenes* mouth this reply; *The* affront *which you had plotted againſt* him *was the* cruelleſt *and moſt* barbarous *that could enter into the* thoughts *of* Man, *and I ſhould bee very* ſorry *if it had been executed in my* Palatinate: *For, I do ſo abhor the* injuſtice *of that* proceeding, *that I ſhould have imployed all the* power *and* force *I could command to hinder it before it was attempted; and there is no ſort of* vengeance *and* puniſhment *but I ſhould make them ſuffer that had put it in execution. What? if I had commanded it?* ſaid the fierce *Mieſlas*.

Sir, anſwered the reſolute *Iphigenes*, *I know my* duty *to you as my* Father, *but you muſt give mee leave likewiſe to conſider what I owe to my* King, *to my* Province, *to the* People *who under my* Government *are committed to* Juſtice *and my* Conſcience. Alexander *the* Great *denied a requeſt his* Mother *demanded of him, becauſe in his Opinion it was not juſt. As beeing your* Son *I owe my* Life *to you, but for the* Honours *and* Eſtate *which I poſſeſs, I muſt acknowledge my ſelf indebted to the* King's *beneficence; and for my* Government *I muſt thank my* Sword. *You know*

that the jealousie *of ruling makes* Children *not regard their* Parents; *That of commanding likewise make's* Parents *disown their* Children. *I have read in the* History *that a certain* Consul *of* Rome *having made his own* Father *alight from his* Horse *to render him the* Honour *which was due to his* Magistracy, *was applauded for that Action not onely by all the* Senate *and* People *of that* City, *but by his* Father *also, as making the* Lawes *of* Nature, *which were but* particular, *give place to those of his* Charge, *which was* publick. *And this I say to you,* Sir, *to the end that not any of your Attendants may dare to attempt any thing against* Liante, *if they should meet him within the* territory *of my* Palatinate; *otherwise I should torture them with so cruell a* Death, *that their* punishment *should serve for an example of* horrour *to* Posterity. *And let not those* brutall Villains, *who have done that unworthy* affront *to Her who is yet my* Wife, *be so audacious as ever to appear in my* presence; *For, as the* Creator *live's, before whom I stand, I will pass and repass my* Rapier *through their* Bodies *for* punishment *of their* insolence.

The furious *Miesias*, who was not accustomed to suffer such *caresses*, without retorting an *answer* with his *hands* aswell as his *Tongue*, seeing himself out-braved by *him*, whom hee esteemed to bee his *subject*, had no small *pain* to contein his *Passion*. Hee did however for that time, beeing bound by a certain respect, which *Vertue* and *Verity* do usually imprint in the most brutall and least tractable *Spirits*. So, having calmed his countenance, hee replyed, *Iphigenes, I see that contrary to your custom you grow cholerick, and that your* Passion *transports you beyond the limits of that* reverence *which is due to mee; I thought I had had more* power *with you, and a greater credit in your* Dominions, *than I finde I have; But you are to remember* that *how eminent Dignities soever the* King *hath conferred upon you, no* humane *Law can exempt you from the* obedience *which by the Precepts of* Heaven *you owe to mee as your* Father. *In contradicting* mee *you plead against* your self: *For, do you not see* that *what I do is for you?* that *I scrape together onely to make you rich? Will you undoe what I design for your good? will you preserve those whom I seek to destroy, to establish you? Are not you like the* Peacock, *which uncover's the House where hee roost's, or* Ivy *which pull's down the* wall *that hold's it up?*

Sir, answered Iphigenes, *Every one act's according to his* understanding, *and is the Artificer of his own good or bad* Fortune; *I will not ground* mine *upon the* maximes *which* you *hold, nor therein imitate* your *ways. If I am an* honest Man, *I have* Wealth *and* Honours *enough already by*

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the meer liberality *of the* King *my* Maſter: *If I am* wicked, *I have but too much. And I hold as an eſpeciall* favour *of* Heaven *this image of diſgrace which hath abſented mee from* Court, *and thereby hinder's mee from attaining to that utmoſt degree of* Fortune, *that is envied by all the* World, *and which caſt's thoſe who are elevated to that height into the publick* Hatred, *and tearms of continuall* apprehenſion, *when* Hope *can promiſe them no more. And to declare freely my* ſenſe, *I had rather be reduced to the extreameſt* Period *of* Miſery, *than live* ſplendidly *by the unjuſt* acquiſition *of another's Eſtate, beeing reſolved, if I do* Marry *the* Princeſs Reſpicia, *to renounce all that I can pretend of* Modeſtina's, *without compelling* her *to intomb* herſelf *alive within the Walls of a* Monaſtery, *much leſs to force* Liante's Genius, *which hee hath ſo oft profeſſed to mee to be averſe to* Learning *and an* Eccleſiaſtick *Life, and Wholy inclined to* Arms *and* Martiall *Exerciſes: and it may happen, if of a good* Souldier *hee become's a good* Captain, *that hee may make you reſtore by* force *of* Arms *in his* Majority, *What you have uſurped of his during the Weakneſs of his* Minority. *For my part I will not mingle the* Good *with the* Evill; *that is, What I have* juſtly *acquired by the* King's *Bounty, With that which you ſhall rake together by ſuch* unjuſt *practiſes.*

This diſcourſe, ſaid Mieſlas, *is the* Child *of your* Scruples, *and proceed's from the little experience you have yet in* Worldly *affairs. You think it is but to open the* Sailes *and receive the* Wind *of* Favour, *as you have done hitherto; But if once* Fortune *knit her brow, you will catch at what you can, and to uphold yourſelf you Will graſp with both* hands *as well as others. But I perceive through the* aſhes *of the counterfeited* coldneſs, *Which appeareth in your Speeches, certain* coales *that are yet burning in your* Breſt *for that* Modeſtina, *whom you call your* Wife, *although ſhee Was no more joyned to you in* Heart *then in* Body, *according to your own confeſſion, ſince you acknowledge never to have conſented but With your* Lips *to her* Marriage; *And you are ſo ſimple as to conſider* Liante *as your* Brother-in Law, *although hee hath not the leaſt relation to you.*

I ſay ſtill, anſwered Iphigenes, *that I never was greatly in love with* Modeſtina *but my* Friendſhip *can admit of no* out-vier: *For, if our* Faces *tan inſenſibly by beeing in the* Sun, *and* cloaths *are* perfumed *by lying neer ſweet* odours, *it is impoſſible but that the long* education *you have given us together, ſhould have planted in my* Soul *the roots of* affection, *which make's mee deſire her* happineſs, *and deteſt that which doth her* miſchief; *I may ſay With much* truth, *I love her as my* Siſter, *and by the ſame reaſon* Liante *as my* Brother, *and in this quality wee have ſo often*

joyned hands of aſſociation, that I ſhould eſteem myſelf a Traytor and an execrable Monſter both to God and Men, If I ſhould imbrace the thought of doing them any injury. Therefore, Sir, I conjure you by all that hath any power to move your Heart, to give order ſpeedily that no harm be done to Modeſtina, otherwiſe I will go my ſelf to reſcue her. If it be your pleaſure to re-impriſon her in the ſame Caſtle where ſhee was, untill the arrivall of the Diſpenſation for my leaving her, my Conſent ſhall attend your Will, but upon this condition, that finding another Match you ſhall give her a Dowry according to her quality; otherwiſe I will ſettle upon her of my own Eſtate as much as you detein of her's, proteſting to do the like for Liante, & what is more, to become their Protectour in ſuch manner againſt all their enemies, that I will proſecute with Fire and Sword whoſoever ſhall do them any injury.

I fore-ſee then, replied Micſlas, (ſparkling Fire out of his Eyes) that you and I muſt have a quarrell. Sir, ſaid Iphigenes, I ſhall kiſs your weapons and lay my Standard under your Feet, whenſoever you appear; but (excepting your Perſon) I ſhall eſteem my mortall Enemies thoſe that ſhall attempt any thing againſt Creatures who are ſo much my Friends. If I ſuffer for ſo good a cauſe, I ſhall bleſs my Perſecutions, and hug Death if ſhee ſeizeth on mee in ſo juſt an action; humbly beſeeching you to excuſe mee, if for the lawfull defence of my Friends I uſe theſe words of Precipitation, and exceed the terms of a reſpectfull Modeſty.

I ſee, ſaid Micſlas, that you ſpeak like a Palatine in your own Palatinate; that is like a Sovereign and not a Son; But Fortune may ſo turn her Wheel, that you will bee glad to creep under the ſhadow of my wings, and ſhelter your ſelf under my Authority. Sir, you ſee that I do what You will, and I judge to be reaſonable; I marry without injoying my Wife, I unmarry, I marry again, and all this more to ſatisfie your deſire, than follow my own inclinations; you are the Rock, I am the Polypus, I receive my colours but from you, I am as Wax to your impreſſions; and yet if I ſpeak in favour of a friend, you preſently cry out againſt my diſobedience. Pardon mee, Sir, if I tell you that you requite very ill the ſincerity of my intentions, and that you give mee cauſe to make uſe of that liberty which the Heavens gave mee at my Creation; the liberty that is in my Soul, which Soul I received by their infuſion, having nothing from you but this wretched Body, which I can no leſs than abhor, when I contemplate it's miſery; yet in the greenneſs of it's youth you will bind it to a Withered old Woman, whom it is fitter for mee to reverence as a Mother than embrace as a Wife; as if Love, which proceed's from our own choice, were the child of Duty.

At

At length, (ſaid *Mieſlas* (who felt *Choller* gaining the aſcendant over his *Reaſon*) *you will ſay ſo much, that my* Patience *beeing too far tempted will turn to* Fury, *and conſtrain mee to let you ſee by ſome violent effect, how much this Language diſpleaſe's me. Sir,* replied Iphigenes, *my* ſorrow *is ſo* juſt, *and my* reſentments *ſo* legitimate, *that if I were not moved for this* outrage *done to my* Wife, *I ſhould be unworthy of the* Name *of* Husband ; *And of* friend, *if I did not with all my* power *oppoſe the* miſchief *intended to* Liante. *The Worſt that can befall mee, is to loſe by your* hands *the* Life *which you have given me, but to take away my* honour *and* fidelity *is beyond the power of* Man.

Hereupon *Mieſlas* beeing ready to burſt with *rage,* and thundering out no ſmall *Oaths,* ſaid ; *Wee ſhall ſee* (Gallant) *if* Liante *ever fall into my* clutches, *how you will hinder mee from executing my* will *upon him. As for* Modeſtina *her* innocence *move's mee to ſome* pitty ; *beſides that, her* Sex *protects her from my* choller, *with the* deſign *ſhee hath of eſpouſing a* Monaſtick *life when you are* married *to this other* (*who is more worth then* ſhee *or* you) *which reſolution will make mee treat* her *with leſs* rigour, *and for the preſent I am contented to ſend* her *back to the ſame* Caſtle, *whence ſhee made her eſcape* (*but her Guards muſt bee more carefull than they were before*) *or elſe I will commit her to* Aretuza's *charge, who will bee watchfull enough of her deportments, and execute upon* her *as I ſhall command. I ſee that hence forwards you will follow your own* fancies, *and do but what you liſt ; But in believing your ſelf take heed you be not counſelled by a* fool ; *For, ſuch have onely a dear* repentance *for their* Wages. *The* Court *hath taught you* looſneſſ, *which it ſeem's you reſerved to put in* practiſe *untill you came into your* Palatinate, *and beeing puff't up with his* Majeſtie's *favour you take upon you* Liberties *againſt my* will, *by withdrawing your ſelf from my* ſubjection. *However, I will have* patience, *and making* Vertue *of* Neceſſity, *I will forbear, expecting the time to expreſs my* Reſentments ; *But if you reſolve not to* marry *the* Princeſs, *who doth you too much honour in deſiring your alliance, let* Heaven *never pardon mee if ever I pardon you.*

Sir, replied Iphigenes, *Wee are* Men *onely by* Reaſon, *and* Reaſon *is manifeſted by your* Words; *I am a* Man *of* both, *and I will never recede from what I* promiſed, *So that the* conditions *annexed to my* promiſe *be performed ; the one is* my diſpenſation, *the other if* ſhee will have mee in the condition I am. *I would to* Heaven (anſwered Mieſlas) *that the firſt were as ready as the ſecond. For, in the* Paſſion *wherewith ſhee is inflamed for you, I know there is no exile ſo* diſgracefull *no* condition

so miserable, *wherein shee would not esteeme herself happy to injoy you*; *And for my part I think her very unhappy in having placed her* affection *on a* subject *so full of* ingratitude, *and who acknowledgeth so little her* Love *and* Merit.

After much other discourse to the same effect, they parted very little satisfied of each other. *Miesias* went to see the *Princess*, to whom, though hee dissembled, hee could render no pleasing account, which put her into such distemper, as may bee imagined in a *Woman* of her *Spirit*, haughty by reason of the *nobleness* of her *extraction*, *eminence* of her *dignity*, and the vastness of her *Estate*; besides all which beeing inflamed with *Love*, and yet who perceived through all these advantages, her *affections* repayed with some kind of *slight*.

Not long after *Iphigenes* went to visit her; But to repeat what passed in this interview, were to fill these *pages* with *Passions*, which are better concealed than published, and more easily conjectured than rehearsed. All that I can say, in short, was, *that* the *affection* of *Respicia* made her act the part of an earnest *Suiter*, who indeavour's by all sorts of perswasion to charm the inclination of his *Mistress*; And the *reservedness* of *Iphigenes* made him seem like a *Virgin*, whom *Modesty* obligeth to express a pure indifference to those that court her, and an absolute resignation of her *will* to her Parents *pleasure*. All that shee could obtain of him, was a solemn protestation (which hee often iterated) *to take her to Wife*, *when hee was released from* Modestina, with this Proviso, *That Shee would accept of him for her Husband*, *when hee should be in full liberty of disposing of himself*. Which clause was offensive to her Ears, as revoking into doubt her *constancy*, and the *resolution* which shee had taken to bequeath herself irrevocably to the beautifull *Palatine*. Mean time shee languished almost to *Death*, though neer her remedy; and in the midst of so many occasions of *delight*, as his splendid entertainment afforded her, shee could not hinder her *sighs* from discovering by stealth her *grief*. So, having *imprisoned* herself within her *Closet*, where shee had full *Liberty* of expressing her thoughts, shee brake her perplexed Silence with this Complaint against

THE

THE INCONSTANCIE OF MEN.

I *Can no longer hide this tort'ring* pain;
Soul *waſt thy ſelf in* Sighs, *diſcloſe my* ſmart;
And ſince my Paſſion's *anſwer'd with* Diſdain,
Let Iphigenes *know,* Love *broke my* Heart.

Unfaithfull Iphigenes, *who did force*
Thee to make ſhew of ſo much fervent Love
To mee, when by I know not what remorſe,
*Th'*effects *a perfect* contradiction *prove ?*

But of ſuch faithleſs Souls *it is the uſe*
To make a purchaſe of our *firm* Deſires,
And by falſe Oaths *our credulous* Hearts *abuſe,*
And quench with Icie diſreſpects *our* Fires.

Yet why ſhould I be troubled at his Change,
Since 'tis the humour *of all* Men *to* vary *?* (*range,*
Their Words *are* Wind, *their* Fancies *love to*
And all their Faith *is but* Imaginary.

The Conſtancy *which they ſo deeply vow,*
Is but the paint *of their* inconſtant Hearts;
And by their Levities *too late wee know,*
They glory in augmenting of our Smarts.

That there a Phenix *is moſt People ſay,*
But who her ſpicy Neſt did ever ſee ?
And if by the Effects *wee cenſure may,*
Such is my Idol's *vow'd* Fidelity.

While

VVhile ſhee is ſpending her Breath in *Sighs*, and thirſting like *Tantalus* in the midſt of pleaſant *Waters*; Let us go ſee how *Boleſlaüs* hath diſcharged the Commiſſion of his *Embaſſie*. Beeing arrived where *Liante*, by Order of the *Palatine*, was concealed; *Father*, ſaid the young Gentleman, *your appearance rejoiceth mee no leſs than* Phebus *doth the* VVorld, *when hee chaſeth away the* ſhades *wherewith the* Night *had covered the* Face *of the* Earth. *This laſt* Night *I had the moſt extravagant* Dream, *and which put mee in the greateſt paine of any I can remember*; *For, mee thought that beeing eſcaped out of the* clawes *of thoſe* Harpies, *which I belaboured ſo handſomely in our* Country-priſon, *I was fallen into the* Hands *of thoſe barbarous* Ruſticks, *who ſearching mee, bound as I was, found mee to be a* Woman, *which bred a ſtrange* Agony *in my* Thoughts; *For, I ſpeak really, I had rather imbrace* Death, *than be ſubiect to their ſad* Condition: *And that which troubled mee moſt, was that* brutall *newes which* Arcade *brought us of the Deſign* Mieſlas *had againſt mee, which my* Fancy *made mee believe thoſe raſcalls had executed on my perſon. But, wakening put mee out of all pain, and your arrivall, unveiling all theſe* Enigma's, *will ſet my* Thoughts *at reſt.*

I never was with Artemidorus *of* Morpheus *Councill*, ſaid Boleſlaus, *but it is probable that by ſome kinde of* tranſpiration, *or by the means of* Spirits *things acted at a diſtance are conveyed to perſons abſent, and repreſented to them in their* ſleep *with ſtrange* diſguiſements. *Your* Dream *is but too true; for, that* Liante (*of whoſe diſaſter* Arcade *brought us notice*) *is no other than your* Siſter, *who came in* Man's *apparrell to ſeek her* Husband, *beeing prick't with* Jealouſie *for* Almeria; *the poor* Lady *had made her eſcape out of* Priſon, *but at* Mieſlas *arrivall at* Plocens, *ſhee was apprehended for you, and delivered into the* Hands *of ſome* Villains *who undertook to execute what* Arcade *told us*: *But, I believe, if their* barbariſm *tranſport them to the* impudence *of a* ſearch, *finding themſelves miſtaken, the apprehenſion of being ſeverely puniſhed by* Ighigenes *will make them ſeek their* ſecurity *by* flight.

If this newes doubly diſtempered *Liante*, I give him leave to judge who know's how ſenſible to a *Bother* that's full of *honour*, is an affront offered to his *Siſter*: Beſides, conſidering how much more precious the *Skin* is then the *Shirt*, the danger whereunto hee ſaw himſelf expoſed by the rigour and proximity of *Mieſlas*, agitated his *mind* with no ſmall perplexities. Hee would have inquired divers particulars concerning *Modeſtina*, but *Boleſlaüs* could informe him no farther than what

what hee had learned by the relations of *Menechius* and *Arcade*; Onely hee assured him *that Iphigenes* intended an exemplary revenge against those inhumane instruments of his *Father's* cruelty, if they attempted any outragious act upon the person of her who was so dear to him. And as for him, *that* hee came purposely to let him understand, that the *Palatine* would expose his own *Life* in his defence against the rigours of *Miesla*; by whom hee need not fear to bee surpised, as well in regard *Iphigenes* was more powerfull than hee in his own government, as that *Miesla* could not learn where he was, those same *Gentlemen* whom hee had seen in the *Forest*, beeing still in the opinion that he was *Almeria*.

Notwithstanding all these reasons, *fear* made so hot an allarm in the poor *Gentleman's* Heart, that *confidence* could finde no admittance. Hee was too well acquainted with the imperious and brutall humour of his *Tyrannicall* Guardian to trust him, the experience of his long imprisonment and unworthy treatment formerly, represented themselves feelingly to his *Memory*. Insomuch that thinking his onely safety was in his heeles, hee determined by withdrawing himself secretly out of that *Province*, (where he had passed so many perills) to secure his person from the violence of that *Tempest*. Nevertheless hee prudently dissembled his resolution to *Boleslaüs*, lest hee should divert his design by perswasions, or oppose it by the authority of *Iphigenes*. Insomuch that after some other discourse, *Boleslaüs* (thinking that hee had sufficiently pacified his thoughts by the assurance of *Iphigenes* protection) took leave of him to return to *Plocens*, whence hee promised to give him frequent intelligence of what passed.

But *Liante*, who studied nothing more than to be out of *Miesla's* reach, easily accomplished the design of his security: For, not beeing *Prisoner* in that Castle, it was no difficult matter to steal away from those, who were commanded to defend, not to detein his person. And doubtless it was not without the suggestion of some good *Angell*, that hee so sodainly took the resolution of leaving that fatall coast, which was no less dangerous to him, then *Scylla* and *Charybdis* are to those *Mariners* that saile through the *Sicilian* Sea.

For, whether *Miesla* would revenge himself upon that imaginary *Shepherdess* for the liberty which *Iphigenes* took in speaking to him, or whether hee conceived *that* shee was the main obstacle that hindered him from answering *Respicia's* desires, beeing moved thereunto by her instigations, hee set so many *Engines* to work, that in short time

hee learn't where that *Caſtle* was in which *Iphigenes* concealed that ſuppoſed *Miſtreſs*. And it beeing an hard matter to keep long undiſcovered a thing done in the preſence of many; whether *Pomeran* out of *zeal* for the *Palatine's* honour defired by that means to divert his friend from that *Paſſion*, which hee eſteemed ridiculous; or whether ſome of the Souldiers, corrupted by mony, revealed the ſecret to *Mieſlas*; hee ſtole away from *Plocens* in the *Night*, and beeing well accompanied hee marched to that *Caſtle*, where hee introduced himſelf cunningly under the Name of *Iphigenes*. Beeing entred hee asked for *Almeria*; but the inhabitants anſwering him that *Liante* was no longer there, hee thought they mocked him: The *Maſter* of the houſe on the other ſide thought *Mieſlas* mocked him, and began to grow angry to ſee himſelf braved in his own Houſe by perſons whom hee knew not, onely they had made uſe of the *Palatine's* Name to facilitate their admittance. *Mieſlas* fearing leſt, during thoſe debates, the party whom hee came to ſeek might by ſome ſubtility bee evaded, commanded his followers to ſearch diligently every corner of the *Caſtle*. But neither *Liante* nor *Almeria* could bee found, for they were both retired to a place unknown as well to the *Governour* of *Plocens*, as the cruell *Palatine* of *Podolia*.

Day had no ſooner opened the watchfull *Iphigenes* Eyes, but beeing informed of his *Father's* nocturnall *chace*, and fearing leſt hee ſhould take his *Turtle* in the *Neſt*, you may imagine what perplexities diſturbed his thoughts. But at length *Love* gaining the aſcendant over all other reſpects, made him preſently take Horſe, and having aſſembled as many *Gentlemen*, beſides his *Guards*, as could not but over-power the *Party* which attended *Mieſlas*, hee marched with all ſpeed towards that *Caſtle*, reſolving to defend his *Friend* againſt the violence of his *Father*. Undoubtedly their incounter had been very bloudy, if hee had found *Liante* taken: For, what would not our *Amazon* have done for the *price* of ſuch a *victory*?

Hee arrived at the *Caſtle* juſt as *Mieſlas*, after an exact Search, was coming forth. In his heat *Iphigenes* would have charged his *Father's* Troop without further Examination, beeing determined to reſcue *Liante*, or loſe his *Life*: But *Boleſlaüs* tempered that impetuoſity, telling him *that* before hee came to ſo deſperate an *effect*, hee ſhould firſt conſider the certainty of the *Cauſe*. Then asking ſome of his *Father's* Attendants if *Liante* was taken, hee was anſwered, that *Almeria* was not to bee found. *Paſſion* having too much overbalanced his ſenſes,

I care not for Almeria (ſaid *Iphigenes*) *ſo that* Liante *be free, You may well think,* (ſaid Boleſlaus in his Ear) *if* Almeria *be not taken, that* Liante *is ſafe enough; For, they go both one way, and under the ſame Cloaths.*

But when hee advanced towards *Mieſlas*, that meeting of the *Father* and the *Son* was like to the *oppoſition* of the *Planets* of *Mars* and *Saturn*, whoſe Aſpects dart none but maligne influences. *Mieſlas* taking occaſion to ſpeak firſt, ſaid to his *Son*; *I think this is an inchanted Caſtle, for the People anſwer all by contraries; I asked for your* Diana, *and they told mee that* Liante *was no longer there; hath your* Bother-in-law *been in this place then? Sir,* replied *Iphigenes* angerly, *are you come hither to ſearch? ſhew what* Commiſſion *you have from the* King *to that purpoſe, otherwiſe give mee leave to tell you, as* Palatine *of this* Country, *that you have nothing to do to ſeek either of them here.*

But if I had found either of them (ſaid Mieſlas) *I ſhould have made them know what my* Power *is, and all your* ſtrength *would have been too* weak *to have taken them out of my* hands. *As being my Father* (anſwered Iphigenes) *you have priviledge to uſe theſe tearms, But there's none elſe breathing upon* Earth *whom I ſhould not make throughly ſenſible of the* Power *I have in the* Countries *which depend on my* authority. *Therefore,* Sir, *you muſt tell mee if you have taken either of thoſe perſons; For, I will die in the place, or I will make him that hath them in keeping releaſe them; and whatſoever you are able to do or ſay, nothing ſhall hinder mee from cutting in pieces all thoſe that accompany you, if they are not delivered to my hands: For, to ſuffer this breach in my* Charge, *and that before my Face any one ſhould ſeize upon* Perſons *that are under my* Protection, *is an* affront *which I can leſs indure than* Death.

This inflamed the fiery *Sarmatian* with ſuch *Fury*, that fetching a *Career* hee had fallen upon *Iphigenes* like an haſty ſtorm, if hee (who was no leſs *dexterous* than the other *fierce*) had not handſomly ſlipped aſide, and let paſs the impetuoſity of that *Torrent*. Then thoſe that attended him interpoſing themſelves to hinder them from joyning, you might have ſeen *Mieſlas* foaming with rage, and brandiſhing his naked Sword, with threats to dip it in his own blood, (that was) in the body of *Iphigenes*; who having not ſo much as laid his hand upon the Guard of his, was reſolved rather to die by his *Father's* hand, than draw his Sword againſt him.

But as how graceleſs ſoever Children are, yet there remain's ſome raye of *Paternall* reverence in their *Souls*; So in the *Heart* of a *Father*,

what *Choler* ſoever animate's him againſt his Children, there is a ſecret *Advocate* which plead's their *Cauſe*, and make's the Weapons fall out of their hands. This was verified by that occurrence; for, what *Paſſion* ſoever tranſported *Mieſlas* at the preſent, hee was afterwards glad of thoſe *Gentlemen's* oppoſing his *fury*, and that they had given his *Indignation* leiſure to appeaſe the impetuoſity of it's violent *Surges*, beeing better ſatisfied to have killed his Son with his *Tongue* then his *hands*, and run him through with *threats* then with his *Rapier*.

At length *Iphigenes* beeing aſſured by the *Gentleman* of the *Caſtle*, and the Souldiers, that *Liante* had given them the ſlip the day before, his *mind* was indifferently well pacified, but yet much troubled, that hee knew not whither hee was gone. So, the ſtorm beeing quite blown over, the *Father* and *Son* accoſted each other; and *Mieſlas* abating not a little of his rigid haughtineſs, *By*--(ſaid hee ſwearing deſperately) *I think you will force mee to deliver thoſe whom I have not in my power, but if I had, you ſhould aſſoon wreſt the* Club *out of* Hercules *hands, as teare them out of my* clutches. *I bleſs the* Heavens, *Sir*, ſaid *Iphigenes, that things be in the condition they are: For, I muſt confeſs I ſhould be much troubled to ſee perſons ill treated in my territories, whoſe preſervation is pretious to mee.*

But, ſaid Mieſlas, *may not I know if that was* Liante? *Sir*, anſwered Iphigenes, *that equivocall appellation deceive's you; it is* Almeria, *who having put on* Man's *cloaths to go a Hunting, and do violent exerciſes with more Freedom and Activity, call's herſelf* Calliante, *which name I impoſed upon her in an humour, it ſignifie's* Fair-Flower. *What*, Fair-Flower? ſaid Mieſlas, *indeed ſhee did well to vaniſh before I came; For, never any* Haile *did ſo much ſpoil in the Vineyards, as my* Blowes *ſhould have done on Her* Shoulders, *if I could have laid hold on* Her.

With ſome other ſuch like paſſages which wanted not Quips and Jarring words, they re-entred the *City* of *Plocens*, *Iphigenes* having alwayes his hand upon his wound, that is, his thoughts continually returning to his Loſs of *Liante*.

The *Pilot* that in the midſt of dangerous *Rocks* is agitated by a raging *Tempeſt*, and from whoſe Eyes the horrid ſhades of *Night* doe hide the twinkling flames of his directing *Star*, is not in greater perplexity then our *Iphigenes*, not knowing which way to ſteer his courſe in purſuit of his dear *Liante*. With what an *Eye* did hee behold the *Princeſs* at his return, eſteeming her the principall cauſe of all theſe troubles?

troubles ? Hee carried himſelf with ſuch indifference towards her, abating ſo much of thoſe Courteſies, and Compliments, whereof hee was eſteemed the onely *Maſter*, that it was much the *deſpight* of ſeeing her *affection* ſo ill recompenſed, had not cured her of that wound which the *Beauty* of *Iphigenes* had made in the Center of her *Heart* : But alas ! it was incurable, ſince neither *Time*, *Abſence*, *Cruelty*, nor *Diſdain*, the ſovereign remedies of that *Diſeaſe*, were able to aſſwage the torment of her languiſhing *Pain*.

Mieſlas very unſatisfied with his *Son's* deportments, reſolved to depart next Morning for *Podolia*, as well to give orders concerning the affairs of his *Charge* and *Family*, as to cauſe *Modeſtina* to be more ſtrictly garded, & take his Daughter *Clemencia* with him to *Court*, there to attend the *Queen* untill the *Prince Caſſin* ſhould marry her. And the *Princeſs Reſpicia* ſettled her reſolution to return to the *Court*, more in love than ever with the *perfections* of *Iphigenes*, but leſs ſatisfied with his *Courteſie*. Onely *Hope* (which never leaveth us in the midſt of the greateſt diſaſters) ſomewhat appeaſed the tempeſt of that *Ladie's* thoughts, by the aſſurance which *Iphigenes* confirmed to her of making himſelf her's, aſſoon as his *diſpenſation* had reſtored him to himſelf.

The ſame Night ſhee went from *Plocens*, *Iphigenes* found under the Carpet in his Chamber a note, the Characters and ſenſe whereof accuſed the hand and invention of *Reſpicia* ; all the contents were amorous complaints and exclamations againſt inconſtancy, but no ſubſcription, nor any particular addreſs to him ; yet hee needed no *Oedipus* for the expounding of that *Riddle* ; hee plainly ſaw *that* ſhee complained of him, but hee feared leſs that *deſpight* would cure her *Love*, than to ſee her *flames* increaſe by the *Ice* of his *neglect*. *Let her be pleaſed or diſpleaſed*, ſaid hee within himſelf, *that concerne's mee little* ; *For, ſooner or later her* error *muſt be manifeſted: and coming at length to underſtand how unable I am to anſwer her* deſires, *that knowledge will make her loſe all farther* hopes. *Oh ! that my* miſery *conſiſted onely by beeing in her* Priſon, *then my* diſeaſe *would never trouble* ; *mee, for any mean* medicine *would be able to heal my* wound. *But the* rigour *of my* Fate, *never ceaſing to perſecute mee, make's mee love in ſo ſtrange a manner, that groaning under the pangs of* Death *in my* Martyrdom, *I dare not expreſs my* ſufferings. *Oh ! if in the* preſence *of the* Object *which raviſhed mee, and which is now raviſhed from mee with ſo much* cruelty, *I had not the* confidence *to declare my* condition *and my* ſmart, *how ſhould I doe*

is in his absence, *and such an* absence *as is to mee an* absolute *loss; since in my* disaster *I am yet so unhappy as not to know where hee is?* Ah! Liante, *could you have the* Heart *to steal your self away from the person in the* World *which love's you most, without leaving mee the* consolation *of being advertised where you were retired? For your* flying *and my* following *should have been in the same* path; *and if you had flown before as the* Lightning, *I should have come as close after as the* Thunder-claps.

Judge by this discourse how forcible is the attraction of *inclination*. *Iphigenes* was no more where hee *was*, but where hee *loved*; and as hee knew not where that *was* which hee *loved*, hee knew not well where hee *was* himself; like an *Archer* that shoot's without seeing the *mark*, or one that run's a race without knowing where to end his *Career*. So great *riches* and such high *honours* as environed him, were but as many *burthens* to the *wings* of his *desires*, hee would have esteemed himself more *happy*, if his condition had been more *miserable*.

To repeat his Exclamations against the severity of his *Father*, (who not satisfied to have persecuted him from his birth, seemed to aim at nothing but the ruine of his contentments) would bee superfluous. What recreations soever *Pomeran*, and his other friends invented to mitigate the sense of his *Affliction*, nothing had the power to divert him from his *Melancholly* musings. Beeing deprived of the Aspect of the *Star* of his desires, nothing but obscurity and confusion possessed his thoughts.

At length after the revolution of some dayes, consumed in a comfortless discontentment, having received no answer from the severall places whither hee had sent to inquire after *Liante*, at a time when hee least expected newes, hee received from the hands of an unknown *Messenger* a Paper wherein hee read these words.

LIANTE's Letter to IPHIGENES.

SInce the Fortune *of your* Family, *and the* Misfortune *of mine, have conspired to make mee perish, be not displeased* (dear Brother) *that I go to seeke in the* Warrs *an honourable* Grave: *the edge of* Mars's *Weapons cannot cut so deep, but that*

that it will yet bee more favourable to mee, than that which the rigour of your Father, (*insatiable of my calamities*) *hath designed for mee. You conceive* (*I presume*) *my meaning, therefore I shall not express myself in any other tearms, lest this* Paper *should blush at that, which cannot bee related with any* Face, *under which remain's the least drop of generous* Blood; *nor projected but by a* Soul *that's absolutely* Brutall, *it were too little to say* Barbarous. *This* Reason *is sufficient to justifie my flight, which I never would have undertaken without your privity, could I have given my* Soul *as much* confidence *in your* Power, *as I had of your* Will *to protect mee; and could I have banished from my* apprehension *the just distrust I conceived of the* fury *of that inhumane* Tartare. *The greatest displeasure I have, is, that before the* Death, *whereinto I am going to precipitate my self, I could not give you the last* Adieu, *and assure you* that *my* Affection *to you shall survive my* Ashes, *and* that *the* coldness *of* Death *shall never have the* power *to lessen it's agreeable* ardours. *If I have not deserved to* Live *neer you, and in your service, at least it shall bee for your service that I* die *thus distant from you; too too happy in this last indeavour, if I could make you see the* oblation *which I shall* Sacrifise *to you of my own* Life. *I know* that *this is the intention of* Miesias; *and* that *I can doe nothing through the whole course of my* Life, *that will bee more agreeable to him than to end* it; *and thereby sate his extream coveteousnese of having that little fortune which my* Father *left mee.* Oh Heavens! *if the resigning of my whole Estate to him, would purchase mee the happiness of injoying freely your presence, how well satisfied should I bee? Let all Riches, the causes of so many troubles, perish: Hee did well that cast all his into the* Sea, *saying,* that hee had rather lose them, than stay till they lost him. *And for my part I should think nothing lost if I possessed you; but not seeing you any more, I have now nothing to lose but my* Life, *if it bee* living *to spin out tedious*

Dayes,

Dayes, languiſhing in the privation of that, which wee eſteem the deareſt of any thing the World produce's. All my Deſpair is, that going to the War (wherewith this Kingdome is threatned by this laſt commotion) I ſhall bee conſtrained by the ſevere Law of Neceſſity, to imbrace an intereſt which my own Conſcience, and the generall Opinion holdeth the leaſt juſtifiable. But what ſafety could I promiſe my ſelf in the King's Army, where Mieſlas cannot faile of having eminent Command's? were not that to deliver my ſelf to my Enemies in doing ſervice to my Prince? Hee that hath a will to die, preſent's himſelf to the blow; ſuch is my reſolution, not to diſſerve his Majeſty, to whom my Family oweth all its Fortune. I conjure you, if you are recalled to the Court, to make him underſtand the ſincerity of my intentions, and aſſure him, that my caſting my ſelf on the Rebell's ſide is not to maintain their intereſt, or foment that unnaturall Fire, but to ruine and ſubvert their deſignes; at leaſt, if my birth procure's mee any power and credit among them. In mean time I bid you a long ADIEU by theſe Lines, leſs black with their Ink than my ſorrow. ADIEU, Brother, no leſs beloved than you are lovely, and the onely Idoll of my Heart. ADIEU, ſince the unkinde influence of our Starres ſeparates us; and ſince I could not Live to Die at your Feet, if I Die (as I am determined) let mee Live in your memory. Preſerve mee ſome place in your Thoughts, and believe that your Name, and the Idea of your Perfections ſhall bee to Eternity the moſt pretious Treaſures of mine.

Was not this Diſcourſe ſufficient to make our Amorous *Palatine* die with *Love*, had hee not already been overwelmed with *Grief*? Oh ſighs of *Iphigenes*, the Winds muſt bee your ſupporters; for, no other Tongue, but that of ſilence is capable of expreſſing you. The words of this Letter were as *Oyle* upon his *Fire*, and *Wood* in the *flames* of his diſquiet *Minde*. Well, *Iphigenes*, you complained, that you had no news from your dear *Liante*, nor what Region hee had choſen

chosen for his Retreat; and now this *knowledge* is more afflicting, than the torment of your *ignorance*. Poor *Mortalls*, let us cease to wish, since our proper desires are contrary to us, and that the inflamation of our wounds increaseth by the application of those remedies, whereby wee think to refresh and lessen their anguish.

But for the perfect understanding of *Liante's* Letter, and to give light to the sequele of this *Narration*, I am inforced to make a little Digression in the History of those times, to describe the condition wherein *Polonia* then was.

The *Monarch* of that Kingdom is accustomed to add to his Title of *King* of *Polonia*, the style of great *Duke* of *Lithuania*, *Prussia* and *Russia*, although the *Knights* of the *Teutonick* Order possess a great part of *Prussia*, and the *Emperour* or grand *Knez* of the *Muscovites* a great part of *Russia*; but as for *Lithuania* hee injoyeth it intirely, and hath reason to stile himself *Grand Duke* thereof, in regard it is a *Dutchy* of a very large extent. In the *Sea* the *great* Fishes devour the *smaller*, In the *Heavens* the appearance of the *Sun* Eclipseth the *Stars*, and in the *World* the *strongest* States swallow the *weaker*. Divers *Dukes* of *Lithuania* were chosen by the *Polonians* to be their King, by which means the *Lithuanians* having reigned in *Polonia*, made *Polonia* reigne in *Lithuania*. For, from the time of *Iagellon* (as yet an *Idolater*) who, beeing turned *Christian*, received in *Baptism* the Name of *Uladislaüs*, and married the Daughter of *Lewis* King of *Hungaria* and *Polonia*, that *Crown* continued for many successions in the *Family* of the *Jagellons*, untill the reign of *Sigismond Augustus*, in whose time happened the event which I now relate. All which by their birth-rights, beeing *Dukes* of *Lithuania*, were elevated by *Election* to the *Royall* Throne of *Polonia*: And although they joyntly held those two *Sovereignties*, yet they were distinct, and might bee separated; Not that the *Polonians* omitted any indeavours to unite that *Country* to their *State*, and add that pretious *Pearl* to their *Diadem*; but the *Lithuanians* powerfully opposed them. And this was their *Reason*. There is no *Nation* nor *Province* so petty, but the People would bee glad to have a *Prince* of their own *Land*, though in this they know not what they ask. For, beeing received for a *Maxime* by the sagest *Politicians*, *that little* Principalities *are great* Tyrannies, *and that* a Soveraignty *is the more just the greater it is*, Who see's not that the pettiest *Princes*, striving to imitate great *Monarchs* in their Pompous Trains and Magnificence, to maintain that state are inforced to oppress their Subjects

with extraordinary impositions? Nevertheless the *Lithuanians*, sick of this *popular* error, desiring alwayes a particular *Duke*, would never consent to an union with the *Polonians*. Insomuch that during all the forementioned successions, very few years passed without some insurrection and revolting in *Lithuania*, to keep in breath the valour of the *Polonian* Gentry. And at the same time *Liante* took this resolution to perish in the *Wars*, the *Palatines* of *Troc* and *Minsca*, beeing returned mal-content from the *Court*, made a League offensive and defensive against the *Polonians*, and hooked into their *Confederacy*, besides those of *Kiovia* and *Polocia*, divers *Castellains* of other *Palatinates*; in a word, the rising was in a manner universall through all *Lithuania*.

Liante had no sooner made his addresses to the *Palatines* of *Troc* and *Minsce*, chief instruments of this *Commotion*, but hee was received by them with respects answerable to his Birth; the *Palatine* of *Minsce* protesting *that* hee had alwayes made profession of a singular friendship to his *Father*. They were presently *Cozens*, and *Liante* intrusted with places of great command, before hee had passed through the *Military* Discipline and Obedience: Like *Themistocles* banished, hee blessed his misfortune, seeing himself raised on a sodain to those honours which hee so vehemently ambitioned. Hee troubled not his thoughts to penetrate into the depth of the *Cause*; it suffised him, that hee had met with an employment wherein, by the *effects* of his *valor*, he might make appear the *Greatness* of his *Courage*.

Iphigenes beeing certified of *Liante's* beeing among the *Rebells*, (although his *Love* pleaded an excuse for the other's *Despair*) could not comprehend how that generous *Soul* should fix upon that resolution of taking Arms against his *Sovereign*, which hee held the unworthiest action any *Gentleman* well-born could bee guilty of; For, in effect the *Sun*-beams are not more inseparably concomitant of *Titan's* luster, than the *Nobility* ought to bee of *Royalty*.

Miesias had no sooner settled the private affairs of his *Family*, with those which concerned his Publick *Charge*, and remitted *Modestina* to the guard of his Wife *Aretuza*, but upon a Summons from the *King* hee repaired speedily to the *Court*, giving order that his Daughter *Clemencia* should bee brought shortly after him, whom hee placed at her arrivall among the *Queen's* Maids of *Honour*. The Lord *Castellain* of *Cracovia* (who is above all the *Palatines* of that Kingdom, and one of the principall persons of *State*) was made *Generall* of the *King's* Army, and *Miesias* Lieut. *Generall*.

The

The *Princeſs Raſpicia* (leſt her *Iphigenes* ſhould bee diverted by the Functions of *War*, from anſwering her pretenſions, after ſhee had obtained his *Diſpenſation*) dealt ſo with the *Queen* by the interceſſion of ſome *Ladies* neer her perſon, and her own perſwaſions, *that* ſhee reſolved to intreat the *King* to repeale the beautifull *Palatine* from his exile; whereunto, after ſome conſideration, hee condeſcended; beeing informed beſides, that hee beeing much afflicted at his ſo long abſence from *Court*, was determined to ſeek a glorious *Death* in the *Bed* of *Honour*, rather than train ſo obſcure and diſcontented a Life. And beeing overcome by the *Ladie's* importunities, hee diſpatched a *Meſſenger* to him with Letters ſo favourable, and full of ſuch charms, as had been capable not onely of drawing *Diana* out of the Woods, but the *Moon* out of her Sphear. But this kinde invitation, which would have raviſhed *Iphigenes* with *joy*, could hee have injoyed *Liante's* company; without him, ſeemed inconſiderable and irkſome. Therefore hee forthwith returned an anſwer full of reſpect and humility to the *King*, with no leſs expreſſions of the *Greatneſs* and *Gallantry* of his *Courage* in theſe Words.

IPHIGENES Letter to the KING.

Moſt Gracious SOVEREIGN,

I *Should eſteem my ſelf unworthy, not onely of ſo many* Favours *which render mee your* Creature, *but alſo of beholding the* Sun, (*who is the image of your* Bounty, *as you are* that *of* God) *if* Fortune *now preſenting an* occaſion, *to make appear the* devotion *of my* Heart *to your* Service, *and the* zeal *of my* fidelity, *I ſhould plunge my ſelf in the* Delights *of your* Court, *whileſt others are mounted in the* field *for the* defence *of your* Royall Authority, *againſt the* Inſolence *of the* Rebells. *What would thoſe* envious *perſons ſay, whoſe* Calumnies *have for ſo long time deprived mee of the* Honour *of your* preſence (*the onely* felicity *of my* Life) *or rather what would they not ſay, if in this* publick *occurrence, I ſhould not give ſome teſti-*

mony, that I am not so desirous of receiving your Liberalities, *as to deserve them by my* indeavours, *and the* effusion *of my* Blood? *which are but slender proofs of the boundless affection I have to serve you. Permit therefore,* gracious Sir, *by whose* Munificence *I injoy both my* Honour *and* Estate, *that I may expend* this, *and imploy* that *for your* Majesty, *to whom I am so far ingaged, that although I should sacrifice my* Life *in your* Wars, *I should not requite the least of those* Obligations, *which render me* Eternally *your* Debter.

Scarce had hee by this answer waved the inticements of the *Court*, but a *Surcharge* (shall I say of *Affliction*, or importunate *Affection?*) opposed his *determination*; it was a tedious, but loving Letter from *Modestina*, adorned with the *Flowers* of so plaintive a *Rhetorick*, that *Iphigenes* heart was much more moved at those sad Contents, than allured with the *King's* invitations; yet having paid her with a like excuse, hee continued his preparations for the *War*.

The *Palatine's* power is so absolute in *Polonia*, that when they command the *Drums* to beat for any *Expedition*, all those in their territories, who are obliged to the exercise of Arms, must presently bee in a readiness to march. Besides this Authority, *Iphigenes* beeing of a very obliging and liberall disposition, in short time hee raised a considerable party of as gallant Horse, as any were in the whole Army. *Miestas* used the like diligence in his *Palatinate*; but beeing of a greedy tenacious humour, and more ready to take from others than impart any thing of his own, his Levies were not comparable to his *Son's*, who met him at the *Rendez-vous*: And although they were ill satisfied enough of each other, yet at that time they trampled under feet all *private* considerations, to apply their united forces to the present service of the *Publick*, and their Prince.

The revolted *Lithuanians* not daring to incounter the *Royall* Army in the Field, sheltred themselves under the bulwarks of the strongest *Holds* then in their possession. So that after some slight skirmishes, the *Loyall* Party besieged the *Mutiniers* in their chief *City* named *Minsce*, scituate upon the River *Nepor*, which the *Antients* called *Boristhenes*. *Liante* amongst others had cast himself into this place with *Olavius Palatine* of that *Province*, and *Bogdales Palatine* of *Troc* his *Confederate*, besides divers *Castellains* and *Gentlemen* of note.

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This City was ſtrongly fortified, and well ſtored with Proviſions, and all neceſſaries requiſite to maintain a Siege. And as *Deſpair* redouble's the courage of thoſe who know the unjuſtneſs of their *cauſe*, there was not any of thoſe Factious *Spirits*, but reſolved to ſuffer the utmoſt of extremities rather than ſurrender.

Olavius had retired within thoſe Walls his whole *Family*, *Wealth*, and as I may ſay, all his *Fortune*. Whileſt the *Royall* Army were drawing their Lines of *Circumvallation*, the *Rebells* made Sallies daily, and allarmed them with hot skermiſhes; and ſometimes ſent *Challenges* for ſingle *Combats*.

I ſhould ſwell this Volume too much, if I ſtood to relate the particulars; therefore, not to tire the *Reader*, I ſhall onely mention ſome perſons principally concerned in my Hiſtory. But firſt I muſt crave leave to ſay, that the *Planets* of *Mars* and *Venus*, who do ſo frequently interchange their *glances* in the *Heavens*, have ſuch powerfull influences upon *Earth*, that it ſeem's the one hath no ſooner caſt his *Aſpect* upon any *Morrall*, but the other by ſome agreeable *Sympathy*, take's poſſeſſion of the ſame *Object*. And in effect among thoſe who make profeſſion of handling a *Sword*, it ſeem's *that* the wearing thereof would not bee fortunate to them, if it were not imployed for the conſideration of ſome *Lady*; as it is commonly ſeen, that *Gentlemen* expoſe their Perſons to moſt eminent dangers, to give teſtimony of their *Valour* in favour of *Her* whom they ſerve.

Liante, who till then had lived in exceeding reſtraint, ſeeing himſelf in full liberty of his deſires, was eaſily induced to the *naturall* inclination hee had to *Love*. *Olavius*, among divers other Children, had two Daughters, whoſe Beauty deſerved obſervation: But the *younger* had a great advantage of *Nature* above her *Elder* Siſter, who was inferiour to her in all things but her age, wherein ſhee ſurpaſſed her by many years. The one was *full-ripe*, and in a condition that ſeemed viſibly to demand an *Husband*. The other was a *Bud* not quite blown, yet diſcovered ſomething that promiſed in her *ſeaſon* all the excellences of a perfect *Roſe*, but as yet ſo green, that her yeares might have diſpenſed the haſtieſt of her *Sex* to render her ſelfe under *Hymen's* pleaſing *yoak*; her *humour* was childiſhly vain, and more apt to give then receive *Paſſion*, her *Judgement* beeing yet inſuſceptible of any.

It was *Liante's* Fortune to be *caught* with this *bait*; betwixt ſeeing her

her and beeing taken, there was no great intervall. His *Birth* and *Eſtate*, which hee hoped to recover by *Olavius* means, gave him confidence enough to aſpire to that *alliance*, and the merit of the *Object* contein'd captive but too many attractions to his deſire. Nevertheleſs hee hid his *Fire* under the *Aſhes* of *diſcretion*, expecting a fit time and opportunity to diſcloſe his intentions.

Clemencia Siſter to *Iphigenes* poſſeſſed no ſuch charms, as could oblige him to much *Conſtancy*; her *fidelity* onely having moved his Heart to a reciprocall *amity*: but in regard the *Deſpair* of poſſeſſing her, by reaſon of *Mieſlas* cruelty, and the *Prince Caſſin's* reſearch, forced him to relinquiſh that *deſire*; hee thought more of beeing revenged of that ſavage *Palatine* of *Podolia*, than of ſeeking her *alliance*, beeing the rather incited thereunto by *Deſpight*, ſeeing his Siſter *Modeſtina* upon the point of beeing repudiated by *Iphigenes*. Upon theſe conſiderations hee ſuffered the inclinations of his *Minde* to bend under the *yoak* of this new *Captivity*, ſuppreſſing however his *flames* within his *breſt*, allowing nothing to outward appearances, but what *Modeſtie* and *Decency* might permit.

Whileſt hee was contriving projects for the conqueſt of this *Rachel*, *Olavius* ſtudied how to ingage him in his alliance, by giving him the *Leah*: It beeing the cuſtome in theſe dayes, as well as in *Laban's* time, to marry the *Elder* Daughters before the *yonger*, Age, Reaſon and Decency requiring no leſs. *Olavius* having formerly been familiarly acquainted with *Liante's* Father, and knowing to how great an eſtate hee was *heir* (though *Mieſlas* unjuſtly deteined it from him) thought it no ſmall advantage to have him for a *Son-in law* (notwithſtanding his *diſgrace*) which hee could not have hoped for, if *Fortune* had been more kinde to him. Therefore to make him fall into his Nets, hee received him, as yet all wet with his *Shipwrack*, into his houſe, cheriſhed him as his *Son*, and rendered him all the indeering Offices, that could bee expected from a tender *Father*. His *Table*, *Horſes*, *Attendants*, and his *Purſe*, hee might command with as much freedom as himſelf: So that *Liante* feeling his generous heart o're-charged with ſo many Obligations, meditated nothing more then *Olavius* ſervice, and how beſt to comply with his diſpoſition, that hee might ſee hee had not ſowed his *favours* on an ingratefull *Soil*.

This *Palatine* of *Minſce* had a *Son*, whoſe tender *youth* might have excuſed him from the uſe of *Arms*, had not his high *Courage* invited him to *Martiall* exerciſes for the defence of his *Father's* Fortune, then

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ingaged in the *Party* of the *Revolters*. Him *Olavius* commanded to render ſo many, and ſuch reſpectfull devoirs to *Liante*, that at length thoſe *Courteſies* (which would have won the moſt untractable of *Spirits*) abſolutely charmed our gallant *ſtranger's* noble *Heart*, and laid the foundation of an inviolable *friendſhip* betwixt them.

Already the deſire of dying was half quench't in *Liante's* Minde, and the *Ambition* of living to eſtabliſh his *Fortune*, and ſerve *Amiclea* (ſo was *Olavius* yonger Daughter named) wholly poſſeſſed his thoughts. And through the dore of this *Love* entred another ray of *Glory*, tickling his aſpiring *Heart*, which inflamed him with a deſire of conquering that *Michol* by the death of many of her enemies.

Whileſt hee conſumed in this ambitious impatience to ſignalize his valour by ſome honorable Combat, *Oloria*, *Olavius* eldeſt Daughter, ſuffered a no leſs torment, but of a contrary quality: For her Eyes having fed too greedily their ſight with the delicacies of *Liante's* Countenance, that ſweet *Idea* ſlipt into her *Soul*, and there ingraved it ſelf with ſo deep an inciſion, that it was beyond her power to efface it. Beſides this inclination (which ſhee diſſembled as much as poſſibly ſhee could by the *priviledge* and innate *Modeſty* of her *Sex*) when ſhee had an inkling from her *Mother*, to whom *Olavius* had communicated his deſigne, that they intended to marry her to *Liante*, you may imagine with what *joy* her *Heart* was dilated.

Upon this aſſurance ſhee let her *thoughts* take *Wing*, and reſtreined her *deſires* with the leſs caution, becauſe the *end* of her pretenſions was honourable and lawfull; and paſſing ſomewhat beyond thoſe Limits of *Diſcretion* and *Modeſty*, which a fervent *Love* is eaſily perſwaded to exceed, ſhee prevented his *Courting* of Her with extraordinary *careſſes*, which made his *Heart* recoile as faſt as ſhee advanced; According to the generall cuſtome among Men, who never eagerly purſue any, but ſuch as flie them, and contemn thoſe that meet or follow them: And it is likewiſe the Order of *Nature* and *Civility*, that *Ladies* ſhould make themſelves bee ſerved and obſerved, untill of *Soveraigns* Marriage rendereth them *Subjects:* Thoſe that do otherwiſe have found the direct means to make themſelves the *Fable* and *laughing-ſtock* of all that ſee and know them. But to what extremities doth not that *Paſſion*, which blind's the diſcreeteſt Eyes, reduce the firmeſt and moſt reſolute *Souls*?

Liante, who acknowledged himſelf highly obliged to her *Father*, for his favourable treatment, and her *Brother* for his Courteous reſpects,

reſpects, could hardly conſtrein his *humour* from letting her underſtand, that thoſe affected attractions, and too fond indearments were not pleaſing to him. Shee uſed all the Plots her *Paſſion* could invent, to accoſt him, but hee ſhunned her incounter by ſuch ſtudied evaſions, *that* they ſeemed rather to proceed from the caſualty of occurrences, than any ſubtilty of his. This caſt the poor *Oloria* into perplexities beyond expreſſion, and inflamed her deſire to exceſſes unimaginable. And as if *Liante* had premeditated to conſume that paſſionate admirer of his perfections, the more ſhee importuned him with her unwelcome *kindneſſes*, the more hee addreſſed his *Courtſhips* to *Amiclea*, whom though hee feined to love onely for divertiſement, her *Image* was imprinted in the *Center* of his *Heart*. Which poſſeſſed *Oloria* with ſo devouring an *Envy*, that it deprived her Soul of all ſort of contentment and repoſe; I might ſtyle that *torment* of her's *Jealouſie*, if ſhee had ever communicated her affection to *Liante*, and hee given her any hope of reciprocating her flames; but no ſuch correſpondence having paſt between them, me-think's the name of *Envy* doth better repreſent her pain, underſtanding but too well, by the faithfull report of her Looking-glaſs, the advantages *Nature* had beſtowed on her *Siſter* above *her*; and ſeeing *Amiclea* preferr'd before her by him whoſe ſenſes ſhee deſired to captivate, and render ſuſceptible of her reſentments.

Prudence and *Decency* permitted not *Olavius* to break the Ice, and offer his Daughter to *Liante*, leſt that might give him occaſion to think that hee intended to ſell his favours to him, and preſs him with a bond which ought to tie none, but thoſe that are willing. *Polemander* (ſo was *Olavius* Son named) who would have been very glad to have had him for a *Brother-in-law*, that already profeſſed to bee his *friend*, deſired nothing ſo eagerly as to ſee *Liante's* Eyes turned towards his Siſter *Oloria*; But what Gins and Netts ſoever the Fowlers uſe, the Birds doe not alwayes light where they could wiſh. Thus *Liante* was eſteemed by her whom hee neglected, and adored her who had not yet *Judgement* to diſcerne his *Deſert*, nor recompence his *Love*.

In this condition to divert the cares, which diſturbed his thoughts, by the *importunity* of the one, and the *inſenſibility* of the other, there beeing every day occaſion of *action*, hee watcht for ſome opportunity of rendering himſelf remarkeable by his *valour*. Few dayes paſſed without ſome deſperate *Sallies*, *Skermiſhes*, *Aſſaults*, or *Surpriſalls*, wherein

wherein *Liante* was continually one of the forwardeſt to charge, ad laſt in the retreat: And divers ſingle Combats were fought betwixt particular *Gentlemen*, wherein the beſieged were ſometimes Conquerours, ſometimes conquered, according to the chance of Armes.

Liante intended to challenge *Mieſlas*, and take an honourable Revenge of the unworthy outrages which hee had received from his *Barbariſme*; but *Olavius* (who tendered his preſervation as his own *Son's*) adviſed him firſt to make his triall upon ſome other, leſt undertaking a Combat with too much unadviſedneſs hee ſhould not come off with his *Honour*. At length having obtained leave (not without much perſwaſion) of the chief *Commanders*, hee put on a ſuit of black *Armour* imbelliſhed in the extremities of the Joints with fillets of *Gold*; and having choſen in the *Palatine's* ſtable an Horſe of the ſame colour, capariſon'd with black *Velvet* inriched with a golden *Purle*, and all his furniture of the like trimming, hee ſent a Trumpeter forth to invite any *Gentleman* of the *Royall* Army to break a *Lance*, and unſheath his *Cimeterre*, in favour of the *Lady* whom hee chiefly honoured.

Upon this invitation appeared in the Field, mounted on a ſtately *Steed*, more white than the newly fallen Snow, a *Knight* of an admirable preſence, covered from the Head to the Knees with an *Armour* of refined *Silver*, ſo curiouſly wrought, that the value of the *Mettle*, though pure and precious, was ſurmounted by the rarity of the *Workmanſhip*. The harneſs of the Horſe was ſet all over with plates of burniſht *Silver*, which made a ſhew like ſo many ſeverall Looking glaſſes, according to the motion of the *Palfrey*, no leſs couragious than full of gracefull pride; a Milk-white *Plume* ſhadowed the *Torſe* of his glittering *Helmet*, and floted in agreeable waves upon his ſhoulders: His *Port* was full of ſprightlie *Activity*, in his *Countenance* hee ſeemed another *Mars*; and his *Carriage* made appear leſs *fierceneſs* then *Courage*. *Liante* could not have pickt out a more worthy *Adverſary* to content his *Vanity*.

Scarce were they come within ſight of each other, but the *Trumpets* on both ſides ſounded; and the *Champions*, having taken ſpace enough to make a full *Career*, incountred with ſuch *Violence* and *Dexterity*, that ſitting as immoveable as *Mountaines*, their *Lances* (beeing broken to the very *Handles*) ſent their *ſplinters* into the *Airy* Region; then caſting away their *Truncheons*, they ended their *cours*, in ſo exact

and handſome a manner, that it ſeemed rather a *Turnament* than a *Combat*: And to conclude with their *Swords* what they had begun with their *Lances*, they both drew and rejoined upon their *Manege*; but having both *Armour* of proof, they hack't a long time before either of them received any wound. At length the white *Knight* thinking to cut *Liante* over the *Beaver* with a back-blow, his Horſe curvetting received it upon his Head, the pain whereof made him reare on end, beating the *Air* with his Fore-feet ready to caſt his *Rider*.

But that which troubled *Liante* moſt, was to feele the reins in his hand and the bit out of his Horſe's mouth; for, his *Adverſarie's* Sword having cut the head-ſtall, the Bridle fell preſently from him. The fiery-ſpirited Beaſt, which could neither bee tamed nor guided by him that back't him, inraged with the ſmart of his wound, running full gallop croſs the field, carried *Liante* towards the beſieger's *Trenches*. Hee, who would rather have embraced *Death* from a generous *Enemie's* hands than fall into *Mieſlas* power, ſeeing the unrulineſs of his Horſe, leap't nimbly out of his Saddle, and returned on Foot to preſent himſelf to the Silver *Knight*, who purſued him full-ſpeed.

But when his *Adverſary* was come within hearing, a clear voyce out of the Silver *Helmet* pierced his Ears, ſaying, *Knight, I will not make uſe of this advantage which* Fortune *hath given mee, true valour is not to bee tried upon ſuch unequall tearms*: *Liante* (who gave himſelf for *Dead*, imagining that his *Enemy* came with ſuch fury to make his Horſe dance upon his belly) received a new *Life*, when hee heard the beloved voyce of that perſon whom hee eſteemed above all Creatures breathing. So the white *Knight* had ſcarce ſet foot to ground, but hee in the black *Armour* bowing his *Knee*, and lifting up his *Beaver*, cryed alowd; *Brother, as it never Was my intention to* offend *you, ſo I will not* defend *my ſelf againſt you; although I ſhould give you my* Life, *I ſhould not conceive that I had ſatisfied the leaſt of thoſe* Devoirs *which I owe you.*

By this you may know it was *Iphigenes*, who beeing no leſs deſirous of *Glory*, than *Liante* of putting himſelf in credit, had undertaken this *Combat* in that white *Armour*; and upon *Liante's* words hee preſently replied, *My dear* Brother, *it is you that have overcome mee; yet alas! you are ignorant of your victory. But this is no place for us to diſpute of Courteſies, leſt Wee ſhould bee ſuſpected of ſome private* intelligence *and* treaſon. *Riſe quickly, and let us give notice to our ſeverall* Parties, *that*

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after knowing each other, our long education together having rendered us Brothers *by* Alliance, *wee would not renew the* tragicall *ſpectacle of* Eteocles *and* Polinices, *nor change into* Horrour *the* Admiration *which wee deſired to breed in the beholders of our* Courages. *Wee may confer ſecretly in the* Night, *or interchangeably make known our intentions by* Letters, *and other means which ſubtility will ſuggeſt to our inventions, for the advancement of his* Majeſtie's *intereſt: And to the end wee may have no advantage of each other, return you to the* City *upon my* Horſe, *which I give you, I beeing ſure to have* your's *reſtored mee, in regard hee hath taken his courſe towards the* Quarters *where I have a* Command.

Liante took *Iphigenes* advice; ſo the two *friends* parted to the great aſtoniſhment of the *Enemies*, who obſerved theſe paſſages at a diſtance. But when they underſtood that the *Combat*, which they had ſo gloriouſly begun, before they knew each other, was terminated, after their diſcovery, by the force of their antient friendſhip, which ſnatcht their Arms out of their hands, there was not one but rather commended them for that generous affection, than condemned them for want of courage, deploring the uncivill condition of civill Wars, which conſtrein ſometimes, in like Occurrences, friends to murther Friends, and Fathers to plunge their Weapons in their own Blood.

Onely *Mieſlas*, (whoſe *Rigour* could not bee ſatisfied with leſs than the *ruine* of *Liante's* Honour and Life) gave out in all Companies that hee had baſely begg'd his Life of *Iphigenes*, againſt whom (ſuch is the blindneſs of *Fury*) hee murmured and expreſſed much diſpleaſure, that hee had not made uſe of his advantage to ranke *Liante* among the number of the Dead. And in regard the motion of that ſordide intereſt, which made him ſo thirſt after *Liante's* Blood, could not bee publiſhed without his own diſparagement, hee covered it with the *Cloak* of the *Publick* Cauſe, indeavouring to make that poor *Gentleman's* revolt more odious than the *Lithuanian's*, hee beeing a Native of *Polonia*, and owing all his *Fortune* to the *King's* munificence: But the barbarous *Sarmatian* was not ſo ready to declare the occaſion hee gave his *Ward* to take that deſperate courſe, and in thoſe commotions to ſecure himſelf among the *Rebells*. Nay, his Brutality tranſported him ſo far, that hee ſtuck not to taxe his own *Son* of *intelligence* with the *Enemy*, becauſe hee had left *Liante* living, when hee might have kill'd him, or at leaſt made him Priſoner, which hee rather deſired: Not contented to reſemble *Hogs-heads*, which (beeing filled with new

Wine) bedawb themſelves with their own froth, hee thought that during this revolt of *Liante's*, was the onely Harveſt-ſeaſon for him to reap his Eſtate, by vertue of the *King's* Letters of confiſcation: Which hee obteined at his firſt requeſt, His *Majeſtie* beeing willing to oblige Him, whom hee eſteemed one of the beſt *Politicians* in his *Army*; and beſides to terrifie, by this example, any other *Polonians* from aſſiſting the *Lithuanians* in their *Rebellion*.

This Grace made *Mieſlas* triumph, and boaſt *that* hee had done *Liante* more harm with a ſheet of *Paper*, than his *Son* with his *Sword*. Fame with her airy trump at length conveyed theſe *Bravadoes* to *Liante's* Ears, which kindled a rage in his couragious breſt as unutterable as inſupportable; Inſomuch that returning to his former *Deſpair*, hee perſwaded himſelf (conſidering *Mieſlas* as his ſcourge) that *Honour* obliged him to take away that Wolviſh *Gardian's* Life, or loſe his own. In this reſolution hee ſent him a *Challenge* to fight with him on Horſe-back in the view of both *City* and *Army*. At firſt *Mieſlas* ſcoffed at his Childiſh indiſcretion (as hee tearmed it) ſlighting him as much as the grand *Apollo* in the *Metamorphoſis* did *Cithorea's* little *Son*. But at length feeling his *reputation* prick'd, and his *Choller* incenſ'd by ſome notorious *reproaches* and *braving Language* in the *Letter* of *Defiance* (whereof *Liante* had diſperſed diverſe Copies through the *Camp*) hee reſolved to diſpoſe himſelf to chaſtiſe that peremptory *Boy* publickly, as a *Pedagogue* would correct his *Scholler*: Theſe tearms *Paſſion* made him utter againſt his youthfull adverſary.

This *Challenge*, beeing ſo divulged, could not bee unknown to *Iphigenes*, who would not bee diſwaded from beeing a *Second*; as well to purge himſelf of that ſtain wherewith his *Father* had indevoured to blemiſh his fidelity to the *King*, as to preſerve the Life of him that gave him *his*, (in caſe *Liante* ſhould gain the advantage) or *Liante's*, on whom his own Life depended, in caſe *Mieſlas* ſhould have the better, which was moſt probable. I will not ſtand to particularize the ſeverall equipages of theſe *Combatants*, there beeing this difference betwixt *Turnaments* and *Duells*, that in the former every one ſtudie's what is moſt magnificent and pompous, not what moſt ſerviceable; in the later the richneſs or curioſity of the *Armour* is not ſo much conſidered, as the excellency of the *temper*. However they were not negligent to ſhew themſelves in good order, and upon the beſt Horſes they could purchaſe.

Iphigenes having ſent back *Liante's* black Horſe, obliged him by that

that action to return him his, leſt that exchange might breed any *ſuſpition* of *intelligence*: yet they took others for this ſecond incounter, that breathed *Fire* out of their *Mouths*, & threatned *Death* with their *Looks*. *Mieſlas* appeared in *guilded Armour*, upon a *pide* Horſe of a ſize bigger then ordinary: *Iphigenes* was mounted upon a *Sorrell*, well maneged and ready, armed as before, but with a coat, after the *Sarmatian* faſhion, over his *Armour*, all imbrodered with Gold.

Liante march'd proudly out of the *City* upon a ſtately *Bay* horſe, trapped with black, in the ſame *Armour* hee wore in the former Duell, but with ſome different trimming: His *Second*, who was the young *Polemander*, ſeemed rather dreſſ'd than arm'd, Inexperience making him go to this ſhock as to a Wedding. His *Armour* was *Graſs-green*, artificially ſet out with ſcales of burniſht *Silver*; a delicate *Plume* of white and green, curiouſly mixt, o're ſhadowed all his *Casket*; his *Horſe* of a *Dapple-gray* colour, (whoſe Make and Manegement was fitter for a Feſtivall ſhew before *Ladies* than exploits of Warre) was harneſſ'd with a *Capariſon* of green *velvet*, inriched with a Silver *imbrodery*; his *Deportment* ſpake him rather a ſpruce *Courtier* than a reſolute *Souldier*: In ſumme, he was a fit *Subject* to honour the triumph of *Iphigenes* victory. The glory of making his eſſay of Arms againſt the *King's* Favorite, & a *Palatine* of ſo eminent eſteem in *Polonia*, heightned his *courage*; and his *vanity* promiſed him a ſucceſs, that ſhould make him touch the *Firmament* with his *Crown*. But *Heaven*, which diſpoſeth the events otherwiſe than *Men* propoſe them to their fancies, made this *Gallant* a prey to him whom hee thought to devour; and *Iphigenes*, who was *Courteſie* it ſelf, became to him like the *Lion* of *Samſon's* emblem: For, inſtead of ſwallowing him, hee gave him *Life*, and in the Effects of this *Valour* hee made him feel the proofs of his *Civility*.

For, aſſoon as they were come into the *Field*, and the *Judges* had aſſigned the ground, every one reſolved to do his beſt, except *Mieſlas*, who carried himſelf negligently in that Action, as if hee diſdained to meaſure his *Sword* with a *Novice*, or had been to play at cuffs with a *Boy*. At length having taken the ſpace that was convenient for their *Horſe's* full *Career*, they charged each other with ſuch impetuoſity, that the banks of *Boriſthenes* returned by frighted *Eccho's* the ſound of their *Palfrey's* thundering Feet, and his Waters halted away for fear. *Iphigenes*, whoſe dexterity on Horſe back was beyond compariſon, having hit *Polemander* in the right place to make him quit

his Saddle, carried him ſo furiouſly from his *Horſe* to the *Earth*, that with the force of the fall hee ſeemed to have digg'd his own *Sepulcher* in the Sand. The weight of his *Armes*, the violence of the *Shock*, together with the tender *Age* of that young *Aſtianax*, caſt him into a *Trance*, which depriving him of the ability to riſe or move, made him appear, as if his *Soul*, not daring to withſtand ſo invincible an adverſary, had left his *Carcaſs* as a *trophy* to the Victor's *glory*.

Iphigenes ſeeing him in no fighting condition, turn'd his *Eyes* whither his *Heart* was already flown; But *Heavens!* what ſaw hee? his *Father* in the greateſt danger that could befall an *Enemy*; For, as hee gave his Horſe the half-turn, to ſet him in his *Career*, the right ſtirrop brake, which diſcompoſed his Port, and rendred him incapable of executing what his *Vanity* made him believe unqueſtionable: For, the heavineſs of his *Armour* weighing him down in the *Saddle*, that inconvenience hindered him from ordering his *Lance*, which glanced without effect under *Liante's* Arme, who having dexterouſly directed *his*, where the point found entrance, the thruſt was ſo violent, that had not *Mieſtas* been well fixed in his ſeat, hee had doubtleſs held *Polemander* company: However it bare his *Body* ſo far backwards, that his *Creſt* almoſt kiſt the *Crupper*, and the *Lance* flying in pieces, a ſplinter entered into his *Horſe's* ſhoulder, the pain whereof diſabling him for ſuch an incounter, put his *Rider* beyond his ſchoole-play, and in no ſmall apprehenſion. *Liante* without loſing time, having caſt away the *truncheon* that remained in his hand, drew his *Sable*, and his *Horſe* beeing ſwift of foot and ready at hand, hee preſently gained the *Crupper* of his no leſs arrogant than inhumane *Enemy*; and begin to deal blowes ſo thick upon him, that you would have thought you had heard all the *Cyclopes* beating upon one Anvill. Who ever ſaw a furious *Bull* tormented with the ſtinging of a *Gad flie*; or a great wild *Boare* lugged by the Ears by a young *Maſtiffe*, may the better fancy that luſty *Sarmatian* aſſaulted by the generous *Liante*. At length the little *ſtone* caſt down the great *Coloſſus*; it happened thus.

Mieſtas ſeeing his *Horſe* uſeleſs, and one Leg hanging without a ſtirrop, thought to alight, judging that hee might better defend himſelf on Foot, than in that incommodious poſture; but having his *Sword* in his hand, and beeing incumbred with his *Armour*, his other foot remain'd ingaged in the ſtirrop; The *Horſe* who had not yet loſt all his fury, perceiving this diſorder, began to kick and drag *Mieſtas* after him ſome ſteps, which ſo cruſhed and bruiſed him, that hee thought

hee

hee had been at the laſt period of his Life. Then was it in the brave *Liante's* power to take a full revenge of all his barbarous dealings, by making his *Horſe* trample his unworthy *Soul* out of his conquered *Body*. But *Iphigenes*, ſeeing the danger of him from whom hee had his *Being*, leaving his adverſary on the ground, ran preſently to *Mieſtat*, whoſe deplorable condition ſufficiently implored his ſuccour: At length hee ſtopt the *fugitive* Horſe, and leaping from his own, hee cut the ſtirrop that trailed his *Father's* Body, which was in little better caſe than *Polemander's*. Hee was already without motion, and queſtionleſs had taken his leave of the *World*, if the pious *Iphigenes*, opening his *Head-piece*, had not given him ſome *Air*; which hee no ſooner felt, but hee recovered *Breath*, not without voiding blood at the Noſe and Mouth in great abundance.

After ſome paſſages of the triumphing *Liante*, the deſire of preſerving *Mieſtat* drew theſe words from *Iphigenes* Mouth (which his high *ſpirit* would never have permitted his *Tongue* to utter, if his own perſon had been reduced to the greateſt of extremities) *Liante, it is now in thy power to rid thy ſelf of both* Father *and* Son *at once, if thou permitteſt thy* Vengeance *to deſpiſe my* Friendſhip: *but know that* Heaven *never leaves* Ingratitude *unpuniſhed; content thy* Ambition *with the advantage the* Chance *of* Arms *hath now given thee, without abuſing by Inſolence thy* Victory; *and if thou art as good a* Friend *as a ſtout* Champion, *go ſuccour him whom I have reduced to the ſame danger as thou haſt my* Father. *Brave Iphigenes*, replyed Liante, *thy* Friendſhip, *which ſhall never die in my* Soul, *ſhall alwayes have more* power *over mee than the* Outrages *of that Tyrant; It is pitty that a Son ſo full of Vertue ſhould proceed from a Father ſo worthy of Hatred.* ADIEU, *and know that thy* Will *is the* Chain *of my* Freedome.

This ſaid, hee paſſed as quick as a flaſh of Lightning, ſpurring towards *Polemander*, in whoſe pale Face *Death* had already plac'd her *Enſignes*. Having looſened his *Helmet*, hee ſaw his *Eyes* begin to open, as if hee came from the other *World*. But not to ſpend any longer time in this *Relation*, at length every one returned to his *Quarters* the beſt he could, leaving the judgements of the Spectatours ſuſpended upon the ſtrangeneſs of this incounter; which gave ſcope enough for diſcourſe on both ſides. But let this ſuffice, that all acknowledged the hand of *Heaven* upon the *Arrogance* of *Mieſtat*, had compaſſion on *Polemander*, eſteemed the fortunate *Valour* of *Liante*, but

extolled

extolled to the Skies the *Courage* and *Piety* of the *Palatine* of *Plocens*.

To expreſs the *rage* that ſeized *Mieſlas*, when (come again to himſelf) hee repreſented to his thoughts the Affront hee had receiven in the Face of the whole *Army*, were impoſſible; *Eloquence* want's tearms to relate the *Exceſs* of his *Fury*. Sometimes hee accuſed *Heaven* as the *Cauſe* of his *Diſaſter*; Sometimes hee condemned his *Servants* for bringing him that *Horſe*; Sometimes hee was in the humour to dy, rather than ſurvive ſuch a diſgrace; Sometimes in ſtead of acknowledging the *courteſie* hee had received from his *Enemy*, hee ſeemed as if (like a *Torrent* or *Thunder-bolt*) hee would force through the Walls of the beſieged *City* to tear the *heart* out of *Liante's Boſome*. Hee that hath e're beheld a *Bear*, wounded with an *Arrow* ſticking in his *Flank*, beat himſelf againſt the *Shaft*, take it in his *Teeth*, and ſtriving turn it within his *Entrails*, hath ſeen an *emblem* of *Mieſlas* Paſſion, which bred ſuch torment in his *mind*, as cannot bee expreſs'd but by the Name of *Deſpair*. All bruiſed as hee lay in his Bed, beeing hardly able to move, hee ſtudied memorable *revenges* againſt him to whom hee owed his *Life*. But leaving him to foam out his *Choler*, let us ſee what *Liante* do's within the *City*, where there were not *Lawrells* enough to make him *Crowns*, nor *Praiſes* ſignificant enough to extoll his *Merit*.

The indiſpoſition of *Polemander*, ſomewhat diſturbed the Inhabitants rejoicing; but the *publick Good* always overbalancing the diſaſter of any *particular* perſon, it did not diminiſh the applauſes of his *Gallantry*; Beſides, hee having no other harm than what hee received by his fall, the care of his *Parents*, his own *youth* and good *conſtitution* ſoon reſtored him to a condition that promiſed more *Hope* than *Fear* of his recovery.

Mean time, whileſt the *Brother's* Body was healing, the *Siſter's* mind impaired; For, *Jealouſie*, which is a *Love* that's ſick, increaſed in *Oloria's* Heart proportionably as *Liante* rendered more evident Demonſtrations of affection to *Amiclea*. And now his thoughts beeing ſwell'd with the glory of this *Victory*, what durſt not hee promiſe himſelf? as you may well imagine, his *Minde* beeing naturally *ambitious*, hee eaſily ſuffered himſelf to bee carried upon the *Wings* of the *Wind*, feeling a pleaſing murmure of *popular* praiſes buzzing in his Ears. Neither was hee deceived; For, *Olavius* conceived ſuch an opinion of him, that thence-forwards hee deliberated at what rate

ſoever

soever to make him his *Son-in-law*, imagining *that* that commotion beeing ended, it would bee no hard matter for him to procure a revoking of that confiscation, which *Miestas* had obtein'd of his Estate; or rather to make it one of the *Articles* of their *Capitulation*, if they should come to treat with the *King* for the repose of *Lithuania*.

But as the *Heart* beeing seated in the middle of the *Brest* as the *Center* of humane *Bodies*, leaneth however more to one side than the other: So although *Liante* composed his Countenance and Gestures, and ordered his Speeches in such manner, that hee seemed to share his respects equally betwixt the two *Sisters*, it was impossible for him to hinder his *Eyes* (which are the Windowes of the *Soul*) from betraying his *inclinations*; For, the presence of the Object beloved to a *Lover* as the Needle of a *Compass*, touched with a *Load stone*, is to the *Arctick Pole*. His *looks* discovered his *thoughts*, which *sallied* out at the same port-holes, that gave *Entrance* to those *Desires*, which, like theeves, stole away his *Heart*. At length (*Amiclea* being yet too young to understand the Language of his *Eyes*) *Liante*, unable to support any longer the torment hee indured by reteining his *Passion* prisoner, it hapned that the same day hee broke his tedious *Silence* to declare to his new *Idoll* the *Sacrifice* hee offered her of his *Affections*, poor *Oloria* unfortunately arrived to *Shipwrack* her *Hopes* against the *Rock* of *Disdain*, discovering to *Liante* her *Jealousie*, before shee had disclosed her *Love*.

I will not stand to repeat their Discourses, loth to fill up this Paper with frivolous words, contenting my self to say that *Liante's* aversion against *Oloria* was much augmented, when hee had read the malady of her *Mind*, and that impertinent *humour*, whereby shee seemed to impose Lawes to his *Will*, as if shee had already gained an Empire over his *Soul*. And beeing very ingenious (without disobliging her otherwise) he made her understand in handsome tearms *that* hee cared as little for her *Affection* as her *Jealousie*, and *that* his sight was not yet so bad, but that hee could discern Objects more capable of contenting his contemplation. But hee continued his addresses with much fervency, and dayly increased his Indearments to *Amiclea*, who though yet young enough not to resent the assaults of that *Passion*, which is so contagious, that few are exempted from it's infection, even of those that most condemn it; yet shee was not composed of Ice, nor any insensible Materialls.

That inclination of inflaming *Lovers*, which is so naturall to the *Female* Sex, sharpen's *Virgin's* wits betimes, and rendereth them subtile and full of *Malices* before their Age can afford them a perfect knowledge. This ray of Honey, those inchanting words and obliging *devoirs* opened *Amiclea's* Eyes, and gave her considerations for *Liante*, which before she did not conceive. But as that *Sex* is born to *dissimulation*, the cleerer shee *saw* the more shee feined to bee *blind*, and hearing his Complaints, shee made as if shee understood them not. Insomuch that after hee had displayed the secrets of his Heart, and discovered the honour and integrity of his pretensions to her, shee studied to deceive his *Passion* with a more reserved carriage in his conversation. Mean time this artificiall behaviour, covered with the cloak of innocent *Childishness*, was such a bait or gin to intrap *Liante's* heart, that hee cherished not his own thoughts, but when they represented to him the *Object* which gave them *Being*.

The

The Eleventh Book.

ARGUMENT.

Iphigenes *and* Liante's *private Meeting and Conference.* Iphigenes *Plot to reduce the* Lithuanians, *and extinguish* Liante's *affection to* Amiclea. *Hee is taken* Prisoner (*with his own consent*) *by* Liante. *The* Lithuanians *exultation at this* Prize; *their treatment of* Iphigenes. *The* Palatines *of* Troc *and* Minsce's *Wives and Daughters fall in* Love *with the beautifull Prisoner. Their indeavours to injoy* him, *and supplant each other.* Iphigenes *Jealousie, and Distemper at* Liante's *passionate* Research *of* Amiclea. Love *perswades* Iphigenes *to reveal his* Secret *to* Liante; Bashfulness *disswades it.* Amiclea, *inamour'd of the fair* Prisoner's *perfections, offers to procure him* Liberty, *and escape with him.* His *civill refusall of* her *Courtesie. The Divertisements of* Iphigenes *in his* Prison. *Hee relates his own* Story *to the* Ladies *under borrowed* Names. *His* Apprehension *at* Liante's *Morall, or Exposition of his* Fable. *At* Liante's *and the* Companie's *importunity* hee *transvests himself to the admiration of both* Men *and* Women. Micsias *is inraged at his* Son's *captivity: Offers to* Ransome *him: Sends* Liante *a Challenge.* His *Answer. The* Resentments *of those in the* Royall Army, *and at the* Court, *for* Iphigenes *imprisonment. The* King's *Letter to the* Rebells *in his behalf. Their* Consultations *and* Answer. Iphigenes *discreet* Advice, *and* Letter *to the* King. *The* Conflict *of* Love *and* Vertue *in* Melindra's *breast. The old* Palatinesse's *Jealousie of their Daughters for* Iphigenes. Liante's *Umbrages of* Iphigenes *for* Amiclea. *Their Speeches, after* Liante *had discovered his* Passion. Liante *departs discontented.* Iphigenes *distemper at* his *distast. The contention of* Jealousie *and* Honour *in* Liante's *heart. Finding no invention to get* Iphigenes *handsomly out of* Minsce, *hee returnes to give him an account of his indeavours. Their* Conference. Liante *thinking* Iphigenes *was his* Rivall, *construes all his protestations of* Friendship *to a contrary sense.*

DO you not think it time that *Iphigenes* ſhould come to eaſt *Water* on that *Fire*, leſt the *flame* grow unquenchable? If *Oloria* was tormented with her Jealouſie, *Iphigenes* receeived no favorabler treatment from his *Paſſion*; onely *Amiclea*, without ingaging her own Liberty, ſubtilely triumphed over *Liante's*. But what remedy ſhall wee finde for *Iphigenes*, to mitigate his ineffable ſorrow for beeing deprived of *Liante*?

Hee that compared the *Fire*, which cauſeth *Love*, to *Thunder*, was not miſtaken in his *Analogy*: For, the effects of both are marvellous, the one bruiſe's and conſume's the *Bones*, without making the leaſt contuſion in the *Fleſh*, and preſerving the *Scabbard*, melt's the *Blade*: the other hath Subtilities and Inventions beyond the reach of thought to dazle the Eyes of the moſt circumſpect. Nothing is impoſſible to him that Love's: *Iphigenes* practiſed ſuch ſecret and facile Intelligences with *Liante*, that if they had been both in the ſame *Camp*, they could not have had more convenience to communicate their thoughts. In *Day* time their Conference was by *Letters*, which, faſtened to Arrowes, they ſhot into certain places at prefixed houres; In the *Night* they found opportunity enough to Diſcourſe togethes, without apprehenſion of beeing over-heard by any witneſſes. Once, after divers other particulars, *Iphigenes* regretting that Peaceable time, wherein they injoyed in the *Foreſt* of *Plocens* with more freedom each other's converſation, and wiſhing to ſee the like ſeaſon, that hee might in his own government impart his honours, and eſtate to his dear Brother. *Of* what Peace, and what pleaſure (*replied Liante*) do you ſpeak? *For my particular I do not think that in all my Life I ever felt a greater diſturbance in my thoughts, than what glanced into my* Breſt *from the penetrating* Eyes *of* Senſe; *For, thoſe extravagant illuſions ſo overwhelmed my* Reaſon, *that I thought I ſhould have loſt it in a* Labyrinth *of conceptions ſo confuſed, that I may call that diſaſter happy which releaſed mee out of that error. But now my Condition is quite altered; For, if during that* Peace; *I felt a* War *within my ſelf, in this* War *I have met with ſo great a* Calm *and ſo ſweet a* Peace, *that I hold nothing ſo delicious as the double* Priſon *wherein I am.*

What Priſons are thoſe? anſwered Iphigenes. *The firſt*, ſaid Liante, *is the incloſure of theſe Walls, but the ſecond, and moſt agreeable, is an*

Object

Object *whoſe* Captive *I am* ; *but my* thraldome *is preferable to any* Liberty. At this word a cold ſweat trickled along *Iphigenes* Face, and hardly could hee forbear in falling to a trance ; yet recollecting his *Spirits*, hee preſt *Liante* to tell him, what *Object* that was to whom hee had ſo dedicated his ſervices.

Hereupon *Liante*, as if hee had reſolved to diſcompoſe the frame of *Iphigenes* intellect, and abſolutely turn his *Brain*, began to make him a lively deſcription of *Amiclea's* beauties ; which was leſs welcome to his Ears, than the newes of approaching *Death*. But when hee added, *that thoſe perfections beeing not yet come to* Maturity, *that green fruit was ſo tart, and crabbed that it rather ſet the teeth on edge, than gave any delight, and by reaſon of her tender years* (*which rendered her not onely inſuſceptible of* Love's *flames, but incapable of acknowledging his* affection) that *in the ſame place where his* deſires *had their Birth, his* Hopes *did finde their Funerall*, Iphigenes recovered breath. And, as every thing hath two handles, and its counterpoiſe, when *Liante* added to the *Paſſion* hee indured for *Amiclea*, that which hee made poor *Oloria* ſuffer, our amorous *Palatine* was yet better ſatisfied; imagining that this Contradiction would hinder *Liante* from making any great progreſs in *Amiclea's* affection.

But from this *Feaver*, hee fell into an hotter, the ſtorm beginning afreſh with more impetuoſity in his thoughts, when hee heard *Liante* proteſting, *that the* Jealouſie *of the One ſerved as a ſpur to incite him to bee more eager in the* reſearch *of the Other, wherein hee believed his indeavours would not bee fruitleſs, in regard of the particular advice hee had of* Olavius *deſign to give him one of his* Daughters ; *and that his laſt* Victory *had reduced him to that point, that hee was contented to grant him his own choice, hoping to make the confiſcation of his* Eſtate *bee revoaked by their treaty with the* King *for the appeaſing of thoſe* tumults *in* Lithuania.

See how *Jealouſie* tranſport's the beſt compoſed Braines. *Iphigenes*, who had all his Life-time ſhewed ſo much Diſcretion, and Reſervedneſs in his Actions, ſuffering himſelf to bee carried away with the ſtream of *Fury*, broke forth in theſe Words : Ah ! Traytor, *and the moſt defiled with infidelity of any the World produce's ? Is this the promiſe ſo oft repeated in the ſolitudes of my* Palatinate, *When thou ſworeſt* (*but with* Oaths *which flew away with the* Winds) *never to love any but mee, and never to ſuffer thy* Soul *to entertain any other* Flame ? *Is it thus thou wilt now renounce the too too eaſie, too*

too credulous Serife ? *That* Serife, *who hath no Eyes but to contemplate thee, and who love's her* Heart *onely because of thy* Image *which is so lively imprinted in it. That* Serife, *who hath been more tender of preserving thee, than her own Life, who would have raised thee to greater Honours, and Riches than thou can'st hope for in any other place. And foole, as shee was, shee turned all thy Discourses to her own advantage, and fed her* vanity *with the praises wherewith thou extolled'st her perfections, with as much treachery as flattery ; And after this should shee esteem the fidelity of any* Man ? *May the* Heavens *afflict her with some new torment, (if there bee any greater than that which thy disloyalty make's her suffer) if ever shee put's confidence in such faithless* Souls. *Thou should'st have killed her upon her* Father's *body, rather than have reserved her to hear such language as is less supportable than* Death.

If *Liante* was surprised at this Speech, let him judge that hath remarked the conduct of *Iphigenes* hitherto. Hee thought hee dream'd, or that *Iphigenes* raved. For, to what purpose should hee bring again upon the *Stage*, the sweet illusions of the *Forest* of *Plocens*, when *Almeria* was beloved by *Iphis*, or when *Calliante* acted the passionate *Lover* of *Serife*? At length, *Brother* (said hee) "What is in your *mind*? "I think the *Charms* of that inchanted *Forest* possess you yet, or (which "is more likely) you sleep, as *Lions* doe, with your *Eyes* open. You "may bee confident that I shall never relinquish (but with my *Life*) "that *Friendship* which I have sworn to you as my *Brother*, and the "dearest *Friend*, I have or ever shall have. And I believe no less of "you, than that you are likewise so desirous of my Good, & advance"ment (according to the testimonies you have so often rendered me) "that you will not hinder mee from imbracing a good *Fortune*, when "it thrust's it self into my *Hands*, after having persecuted mee from "my *Cradle*, and made mee feel in the *Current* of my dayes the most "rigorous *Effects* of her *Tyranny*. Indeed if I saw any other *dore*, than "that which is now opened before mee, whereby I might get out of "the *Dungeon* of my *Disgraces*, I would most willingly pass that way; "but if you consider the condition of my affairs, you will see that I am "like a drowning *Man*, that catche's at any thing hee can reach (not "alwayes what hee would desire) to save himself from perishing. "Your *Father*, my *Persecutor*, hath rendered mee so odious in the "*King*'s sight, that I have more *reason* to *fear* his *indignation*, than *hope* "for any *favour* in *Polonia* ; which make's mee resolve either to lose "my self in the overthrow of *Lithuania*, or if it raise it self again out

of

" of it's ruines, thereby to repair thoſe of my *Fortune*. Would to *God*
" I might bee permitted to ſpend my dayes with you; For, if I enjoy-
" ed that happineſs, all my ambitions might expire, knowing with the
" *power* you have, that I could expect no leſs than great effects of
" your exceeding *Love*. But did not you take notice that your pleaſ-
" ſant raving made you ſpeak like a *Woman*, as if that *Seriſe* to whom
" I vowed my *Affections*, were any other than *your ſelf*? So, you might
" make mee believe that I am *Almeria*. See how farre our paſt *follies*
" tranſport us, agreeable *follies* however, ſince they pleaſe you; but very
" bitter to mee, whom they had almoſt bereaved of *ſenſe*.

This long reply having given *Iphigenes* ſome leiſure to appeaſe the tumults of his *Paſſion*, and re-conſult his *Judgement*, the *fear* of having too unadviſedly diſcovered his condition, quickned his *ſpirits* ſpeedily to repair that fault, and cruſh the *Scorpion* upon his ſting: *I ſpake* (ſaid hee) *in my Siſter* Clemencia's *Name, to whom you have ſo unworthily falſified your promiſe.* Whereunto *Liante* thus anſwered: *Wherefore do you accuſe mee,* Iphigenes, *of a crime whereof your own* Soul *is guilty, breaking ſo cruelly that Faith, which you had ſo ſolemnly ſworn to* Modeſtina, *to comply with the barbarous* inclinations *of your* Father, *who make's you change* Youth *for old Age,* Beauty *for* Ugline ſs, *a* Virgin *for a* Widdow, *your* Equall *in* years *for one that may be your* Mother? *and all this to ſatisfie his* Avarice *and* Ambition, *and augment your* Titles *with the* Style *of* Prince; *as if the* King's *Favour, which your* abſence *hath not quite extinguiſhed, could not raiſe you high enough, and heap as much* Riches *upon you as you can deſire.*

Hereunto *Iphigenes* could make no reply, but to end all thoſe debates, hee wiſhed, that one of them two were a *Woman. Not ſo,* ſaid Liante, *for, I love you too well to deſire you ſo great a miſchiefe, and for my own particular, as long as* Heaven *give's mee ſtrength to hold a* Sword *in my* hand, *I will hinder* Meſſias *well enough from razing mee out of the ranke of* Men. *See then,* anſwered Iphigenes, *how much I exceed you in* Friendſhip; *For, you would not change your* Sex *for* Love *of* mee, *and I would bee glad to bee a* Woman *to ſtop your* inconſtancy. *Whileſt wee amuſe our ſelves with theſe* Chymericall, *and impoſſible imaginations,* ſaid Liante, *wee diſſipate our* Spirits, *which ſhould rather lend their attentions to more ſerious thoughts, and imploy them with our indeavours to procure the* publick Peace, *thereby to finde the aſſurance of our* private intentions.

This

This said, they parted, *Iphigenes* returning so perplex't in *minde*, that hee knew not how to finde a thred to guide him out of the *Labyrinth* of his confusions. At length after long musing, sometimes concluding, then altering what hee had concluded; Sometimes resolving, then revoking his Resolutions, beeing agitated with more severall motions than the *Sea* hath waves, *Love*, the true *Mercury* of humane *spirits*, suggested an invention to him, that could not proceed but from a *soul* extreamly passionate.

Was it not a marvellous piece of sublime Policy to joyn the *publick* Peace with his *private* Tranquillity, and the service of his *Sovereign* with the contentment of his own *Soul*? But in this design it was requisite to proceed like *Watermen*, who turn their backs to the place whither they row: For, *Iphigenes* conquered by suffering himself to bee conquered, and made appear by a memorable example of *Love* and *Fidelity*, that there was a *Zopyrus* yet living in the *World*.

The *Spagirists* in seeking the *Union* of *Essences*, have by the *Sympathies* and *Antipathies* found out the dissolving of all *naturall Bodies*, how solid soe're they bee, and this by the means of some slight *ingredients*, and with a simple *dew*: *Spirituall Chymistry* taught *Iphigenes* not onely to dissolve that factious *Body*, which formed the revolt of *Lithuania*, by giving himself entrance into *Minsce*, there to sow the *powder* of *Gold* with the *dew* of sweet *words* and fair *promises*: But also to unite himself to *Liante*, the *injoyment* of *whom* hee esteemed more desirable than the *possession* of a *Crown*. However hee thought it not fit to communicate his secret to *Boleslaüs*, lest opposing the coldnes of his *Age* and *Judgement*, against the ardours of his *Youth* and *Passion*, hee might divert or thwart his enterprise; neither did hee judge it expedient to reveale it to *Liante*, although hee was to bee the *Effecter* of his design, as hee was the *Cause*. So, having well adjusted his measures hee determined, for the safety of his *Country*, to do like *Curtius*, (who cast himself into a *Gulf*) by delivering his Person into his *Enemie's* hands, there to indeavour their Re-union and Submission to the *King's* Service, and at the same time divert *Liante's* design for *Amiclea*.

At their review *Iphigenes*, seeming to have seriously deliberated upon what *Liante* had proposed at their last meeting, said, *that hee disapproved not his* re-search *to Amiclea, considering that hee hoped to reenter into the possession of his* Estate *by that* alliance; *But if hee would*

contribute

contribute his induſtry *to pacifie thoſe* Commotions *of* Lithuania, *by reducing the* Rebells *to their due obedience to his* Majeſty, *Hee aſſured him* that *hee would not onely re eſtabliſh him in his* inheritance, *but render him (next the* King *) the greateſt and richeſt* Nobleman *of all* Polonia *and* Lithuania. This Propoſition was ſpecious enough to raviſh the *heart*, and open the *Ears* of the ambitious *Liante*; But obſerve in what conſideration the Point of *Honour* is to a Generous *Spirit.*

Your promiſe is very great, anſwered hee, *But if, to obtein all that you proffer, I muſt commit (I will not ſay)* Treaſon *or* Diſloyalty, *but the leaſt* Treachery, *move mee no farther*; *For, might I bee rewarded by the purchaſe of a whole* Kingdome, *I would not violate my* Faith, *nor offend the* Hoſpitality *of* Olavius, *who by his* Courteſies *hath heaped upon mee ſo many extraordinary* Obligations, *that I muſt remain his* debter *all my* Life, *and at the laſt yet* die *inſolvable. Beſides I have ſuch* confidence *in the* Gallantry *of your* Soul (*dear* Brother) *that I believe a baſe* action *can have no admittance into your* thoughts; *For, I know how high an eſteemer, and how* jealous *a preſerver you ever have been of* Honour. *Iphigenes* having commended the generoſity of *Liante's* anſwer, told him, *that* hee was ſo far from ingaging him in any diſhonourable act, that hee would firſt remit his own *Perſon* into his *Hands*, to open him the way they were to follow for the reducing of *Lithuania* unto the *King's* Subjection.

Liante having asked him the particulars of that enterpriſe. *Firſt*, (ſaid hee) *after your having worſted my* Father, *I would have you have the* honour *of taking mee* Priſoner, *and then beeing with you I will teach you the* ſecret *to content all thoſe who have ſo much obliged* you; *and without injuring them or blemiſhing your own* honour, *make you the moſt conſiderable* Subject *in this* Kingdome.

The pledge that *Iphigenes* offered was ſo pretious (giving himſelf in pawn to the *Lithuanians*) that *Liante* believed his *Heart* intended no other than what his *Tongue* declared. Therefore having importuned him to give a more particular inſtruction of his Deſign; *Brother* (ſaid Iphigenes) *The* King *before my coming to this* Siege, *commanded mee expreſly by* Letters *to return to* Court, *aſſuring mee that I ſhould bee better welcom than ever*; *and* that *at length the* Sun *of* Truth *had pierced and diſſipated the* Fogs *of my Envier's* Calumnies: *Nevertheleſs the* deſire *of rendering him ſome remarkable teſtimonies of my* Fidelity *in the occurrence of this* War, *made mee prefer the* toyles *and* perills *of this*

Martiall *Life before the delicious* Recreations *of* Cracovia. *This* aſſurance *of his* Majeſtie's *Affection, begets in mee an* hope, *nay a* Confidence, *that* (*his* favour *to mee beeing not extinguiſhed*) *upon the firſt notice of my* impriſonment, *hee will at what rate ſoever purchaſe my* releaſement, *either by* ranſom, *or by* force. *Now, what fairer opportunity can you deſire to regain your* inheritance *than this? eſpecially when I ſhall have certified His* Majeſty *that not any* deſire *of revolting or diſſerving him, induced you to aſſociate your ſelf with theſe* Rebells; *but the* fear *of falling into* Mieſlas *Hands, and the* Deſpair *whereinto his* cruelty *reduced you. I will do more; For, beeing fully informed of his* Majeſtie's *temper and intentions, my* fancy *promiſeth mee that I ſhall diſpoſe the two* Palatines (*now beſieged*) *to lay down their* Arms, *and reſtore* Peace *to this* Province, *with ſuch advantages to their Families, and the Whole Country of* Lithuania, *that the* Generality *of this* Nation *ſhall have cauſe to extoll their* Sovereign's *goodneſs, and They be particularly obliged to his* Clemency *and* Liberality.

How ſhould *Liante* not bee overcome by the charms of theſe Propoſitions, which were ſo far above his *Hopes*, that hee ſcarce durſt ſoar to them with his *Deſires*? And although hee adviſed *Iphigenes* (if hee were not very well aſſured of the *King's* affection) not to expoſe himſelf to that adventure, nothing under *Heaven* beeing more uncertain than the inclinations of *Men*, and eſpecially of *Princes*, whoſe chiefeſt tye is their Intereſt: yet hee was conſtreined to yeild to *Iphigenes* intreaty, which overbalanced his perſwaſions. Then they agreed to contrive the taking of *Iphigenes* ſo, that (although it was premeditated) t ſhould ſeem caſuall. Their plot was thus.

Iphigenes for certaine dayes ſucceſſively ſhould ride p: keering, and diſcharge his Piſtolls againſt the Gates of the *City* (as *Gentlemen* uſually do to ſhew the gallantry of their Courages and Activity, truſting for their retreat to the goodneſs of their Horſes, and ſwifeneſs of their Courſe;) after which, at a prefixed time, *Liante* ſhould ſet ſome Souldiers in *Ambuſcado* to inveſt him. Which was as handſomly effected as ingeniouſly projected.

At this newes repreſent to your imagination the fury of *Mieſlas*, the trouble of the *Royall Camp*; and on the contrary the rejoycing of the beſieged, and with what *Lawrells* they loaded *Liante's* head. *Olevius* beeing no longer able to contein his joy, ran to imbrace him, and extolling his fortunate *Valour* to the Skies, hee offered him the choice of his two Daughters, with ſuch a part of his eſtate as hee would pleaſe to demand for a Dowry.

Liante

Liante, well contented with those triumphs and trophies, which they erected to a *Victory* that cost him so little, perceived thereby how vain the judgement of the *World* is, and that as *punishments* are not alwayes inflicted on the most *wicked* persons, but the least *fortunate*; So *Glory* was an infamous *Courtisan*, which cast herself not alwayes into the Arms of the most *valiant*, but most *successefull*: And to incite *Olavius* the more to press him to accept a Present, which hee so passionately desired, with an artificiall modesty hee pretended *that* he was unworthy of so much *favour*, beeing at that time a distressed *Gentleman*, banished from his Country, and dismantled of all his Estate by an injust *Confiscation*.

Whereupon *Olavius*, falling of himself into the Nets, replied, *That the* restitution *of his* inheritance *would bee the least part of the brave* Prisoner's *ransom, wherewith hee had* inriched *their* City, *and* that *hee ought not to stick upon that* consideration, *in regard hee had alwayes respected him more for his* Vertues *than his* Fortune, *esteeming it more* advantage *for his* Daughter *to have a* Man *that wanted* means, *than* means *that wanted a* Man. But *Liante* demanding time to deliberate more at leisure upon that business, desired him to thinke of treating *Iphigenes* with such *Civility*, that hee might have just occasion to commend rather than complain of *Lithuania*. Which was performed in such honourable manner, that if the gallant *Iphigenes* had been *Governour* and *Master* of that rebellious *City*, hee could not have received greater respect. Hee had no other *Prison* than his own *Parolle*, *Liante* rendering himself pledge for his fidelity.

Since the beginning of the *Siege*, the two *Palatines* of *Troc* and *Minsce* had secured their Wives, Children, and what they had of most considerable value in the Castle, as the place of greatest safety; there *Liante* likewise had his Quarters, neer which they conducted *Iphigenes* into a Chamber, so richly furnished, that in the *King's* Pallace hee could not have been lodged more splendidly. Good *Cheer* was no more wanting than all sorts of *Games* and honourable *divertisements*. The company of *Ladies* was his ordinary attendance; For, they had no sooner tasted the inevitable charms of his conversation, but they became more licourish and greedy of it, than *Bees* are of *Flowers*, or their *Hony*-combs.

If that beautifull Face (which shewed to *Mortalls* the image of the *Angells*) had infected with it's pleasing *Poyson* the *Court-Ladie's* hearts, imagine you how those of *Lithuania* could be exempted from

that delicious *contagion*; you would have ſaid, *that* this new *Sinon* had been come to bring the *Grecian* fire to reduce that *Ilion* to aſhes, and *that* beeing a priſoner in *Body*, his deſign was to inthrall and torture all their *Mindes*. For, that agreeable *venim*, which is ſwallowed by the *Eyes* according to the variety of *Spirits*, conveyed into their *hearts* ſuch ſecret *flames*, and thoſe *flames* cauſed ſuch *torments*, that hee ſeem'd to have the ſame deſtiny as *Sejanus* Horſe, who put all places in diſorder where hee was received.

Bogdales had a Wife ſo advanced in years, that the blood of her veines (which ought by the courſe of *Nature* to have been Icie) ſeem'd exempted (by the benefite of her *Age*) from thoſe ardours, which are onely excuſable in *youth*; with her was retired into that *Caſtle* a *Daughter*, which Hee had married to a gallant *Nobleman* of *Lithuania*, who not delighting to bee incloſed within the walls of that beſieged *City*, kept a flying *Army* in the *Field*, accompanied by the *Palatine* of *Troc's* Son, his *Brother-in-law*. His merit was ſufficient to have made all the *Affections* of his *Wife* terminate in his *Perſon*; but the *Perfections* of the beautifull *Priſoner* ſo perverted her *Reaſon*, that as the *Primum Mobile* by a violent motion drawe's all the other *ſpheares* after it, ſhee could not hinder her *Heart* from following her *Eyes*, whoſe too inconſiderate looks betrayed the licentiouſneſs of her thoughts. So that the *Mother*, and the *Daughter* were both taken in the ſame ſnare at once.

Neither could *Olavius* Wife (as wiſe and reſerved as ſhee was) withhold the motions of her *Minde* from *Dancing* the ſame *brawle*. And as if that rare *Object* had been formed on purpoſe to ruine the *conſtancy* of the moſt *continent*, few ſaw him without taking pleaſure to behold him, and few beheld him without ſtrange allarms and agitations of *Spirit*. That *fire* muſt bee very fierce which preſently take's in green *Wood*.

Amiclea, who never yet felt any reſentments for *Liante*, that deſerved the mentioning, was preſently all inflamed with that *Feaver*, whoſe *fits* are ſo agreeable, that thoſe who reſent their *Heats* and *Colds*, fear nothing more than to bee cured of that *Diſeaſe*. On a ſodain of *ignorant* ſhee became *knowing* in the *Art* of *Love*, judging by the pains which ſhee indured, that which ſhee had cauſed to *Liante's* Heart. Oh *Liante* you will bee henceforwards but a difformed *Eſau*, this white *Jacob* will ſupplant you, and you will ſee the *ruine* of your *pretenſions* ariſe from the ſame ground whence you expected your *eſtabliſhment*.

Onely

Onely the poor *Oloria* remained constant in her affection to him who despised her; For, her Soul beeing filled with the *Idea* of that first *Object*, was insusceptible of any other impression. If *Iphigenes* had been a *Man*, what vanity would he have conceived in his thoughts, seeing himself the *blank* of so many desires? But beeing such as *Nature* had created him, those *Roses* were to him but *Thorns*, and those *Adorations Importunities*.

To relate the distemper which these new *Passions* bred in those weak *Brains*, I dare not undertake, much less to express the *confusions* that imbroyled their *thoughts*; For, *Love*, *Envy*, *Despair*, *Jealousie*, *Shame* & *Desire*, were as many *Worms*, or rather *Vultures* that gnawed continually their Brests. Even the *Men* that were too attentive in the contemplation of that *Angelicall* Face, had not their *minds* free from disturbance; For, believing him a *Man*, they wished him of the other *Sex*, that they might in some kinde settle their complacency on his perfections: And the *Ladies* who thought him not a *Woman*, esteemed themselves as happy to have amongst them that beautifull *Prisoner* (to whom they were all *slaves*) as the *Trojan* youths were to injoy that famous *Beauty* of *Greece* within their walls. Oh *Iphigenes!* as those who cast artificiall *Fire-balls*, are burn't oft-times themselves; So among so many *storms* which thou exciteſt, thou art not without some *agitation*.

With what Pencill shall I delineate the division of those *Spirits*? The old *Ladies* were ready to die with *Despair* and *Shame*, to see themselves in *an Age* (which according to the Lawes of *Nature* protected them from the *Tyranny* of that little *Boutte-feu* which inflames *Heaven* and *Earth*) become Subjects to unjust and infamous *Desires* (whose sweet cruelty was more redoubtable to them than the pangs of *Death*) and bee afflicted with a languishing *Pain* that could expect no other remedy than the *Grave*.

Bogdale's Daughter, a *Lady* full of Honour, and who would assoon have cast herself into a *Fire*, as violated the *Faith* shee owed her Husband, felt her *Heart* however, in spight of her resistance, tickled with that gentle *Flame* which so many persons cherish, and so few extinguish; But to apply the remedy of the least *Word*, was a thing whereunto shee would less condescend than indure the severest of Torments. Mean time the ardour of her *Desires*, like that in Furnaces, redoubled it's violence, beeing inclosed, and having no place for evaporation.

As for *Amiclea*, though shee began to have age enough to discern, shee had not enough to dissemble sufficiently her Resentments: For, a first *love* is like new *Wine*, which burst's the *Vessell* if it hath not *vent*. VVhilst for *Liante* her *mind* was less agitated, it was easie for her to contein herself: But a vehement and extraordinary *Passion* is not so easily concealed, which made her above all the rest give evident demonstrations of her *flame*. VVhich was very excusable in her; For, besides the glory of captiving so gallant a *Spirit*, and possessing so accomplished a *Body*, what *Soul* is so stupid as not to bee pricked with the spur of *ambition*, seeing a *Noble* person illustrated with such eminent *Dignities*, and accompanied with *Riches* that had no limits (since they were founded upon the favour of one of the greatest *Kings* of *Europe*) Besides the common desire of all young *Gentlewomen* to bee highly and richly married, and render themselves agreeable and admirable to all Eyes?

In summe, *Iphigenes* was the *Object* of all those *Ladies* Esteem, and of their attendants, as they were the *Butts* of his Contempt; But as they accounted themselves honoured with his company, so and conceived himself importuned by their's. At length *Oloria* as well as the rest, if not in effect, at least in appearance, seemed to be intrapped in his Snares: For, whether out of a desire to bee revenged of *Liante's* scorns, or (which is more probable) to reduce him to her affections by the sting of *Jealousie*, shee feigned at first to love *Iphigenes*, and stuck not to give him severall manifest proofs of her *inclinations*: But by little and little shee ingaged herself so far, that her Counterfeiting became a Reality. VVhich made her fall from bad to worse, and in stead of a *Body* run after a *shadow*, which fled from her: For, if shee had been so unfortunate as not to bee able to cast any bait before *Liante's* Heart, that might oblige him to set any value upon her *Affection*, judge you how that *train* could take in *Iphigenes* Bosome, who was so little capable not onely of satisfying her desires, but of having any *inclination* for her.

Thus our lovely *Prisoner*, the *Rock* and stumbling-*block* of their thoughts, was innocently culpable of all their pains. But hee had more intricate troubles to quell in his own brest, without imbroyling himself in their follies: For, hee was not like the *Sun*, which warmeth all things else, not having any degree of heat within himself. If hee bred torments in their *Minds*, hee suffered penance for that guilt in his own. VVith what countenance, in your Opinion, could hee behold

the

the *ſubmiſſions* and *devoirs*, wherewith the paſſionate *Liante* beſieged the *Heart* of the diſdainfull *Amiclea*? what deſpight poſſeſſed him to ſee the Pride of that ſcornfull *Rivall*, who robbed him of that which hee eſteemed moſt pretious, the affection of *Liante*? and this without any other advantage than that of her habit. If you had ſeen him at any time contemplating his excellent Features in a *Looking-glaſs*, you would have ſaid *that* hee had been making a ſtrict inquiry in that *Chryſtall*, concerning the *Victory* which his *Beauty*, in the *Full*, gave him over the *Creſſant* of *Amiclea's*. Nothing remained in his opinion, but to unſeel *Liante's* Eyes, and let him underſtand his condition, to make him quit the *Paſſions* and *Pretentions* hee had for that unpoliſht *Diamond*. But this was the main difficulty, which bred a diſturbance in his thoughts, no leſs dolorous than the throes of a *Woman*, who deſiring to conceale her labour dare's not cry out in her greateſt extremity. Poor *Iphigenes!* who ſhall deliver thee of theſe mortall anguiſhes?

An antient *Hiſtorian* make's mention of a *Souldier*, who deſpairing of his *Life* by reaſon of an inteſtine *Pain*, which tormented him, caſting himſelf into the hotteſt of the *Battle* to purchaſe an honourable *Death*, received a thruſt with a *Sword* through the Body, which broke an *Impoſtume* within, and was ſo favourable to him, that hee found *health* where hee expected *Death*. Oh how deſirable were that *ſtroak* with the *Tongue*, that would make *Liante* underſtand what the *Pudicity* of *Iphigenes* forced him to conceale, with ſo much prejudice to his own contentment! Sometimes hee reſolved to write, and employ to that Office the whiteneſs of Paper, which is incapable of bluſhing; But repreſenting to his more ſerious conſideration the divers inconveniences that might proceed from committing that ſecret to a *Letter*, and it's weakneſs in compariſon of the force of words pronounced *Viva voce* in like occurrences, hee changed that Reſolution. And then, as if hee would premeditate the *Speech* of his *manifeſtation*, the diſorder of his thoughts ſtifled the words in his mouth, and reduced him to the tearms of enduring the obſcure *Death* of *Silence*, rather than prolong his *Life* by a *Diſcourſe*, which in his own judgement hee ſhould never have the confidence to utter.

Oh ſacred *Baſhfulneſs!* a quality inſeparable to all well-borne *Souls*, how thou painteſt with different colours the *Faces* of ſuch as are ſubject to thy allarmes! Thoſe wherewith the agreeable *Aurora* imbelliſheth every morn the *Horizontall* Line, appear not with more

variety.

variety. Is it possible that *Iphigenes* wit so full of subtility, and whose quaint inventions were so esteemed at *Court*, should remain sterile in this occurrence, when the most important *affaire* that ever hee managed in all his *Life* was in agitation? In summe, wee must conclude, what *valour* soever wee admire in him, there was yet some dram of the *Weakness* of his *Sex*, which hath the property of beeing extream subtile in matters of small consequence, but little capable of great enterprises.

Dispatch brave *Iphigenes*, and quickly ravish *Liante's* Heart by a free *Declaration*; this *Pill* is somewhat bitter, this *Draught* unpleasant to the *taste*, But it must bee swallowed, for his *good* as well as your's. You possess such great advantages in all respects above your *Rivall*, that you shall onely need to unveile your self to cover her with darkness, or do her the same affront as the *Sun's* arrivall doth to the *Heaven's* meaner Lights. Let but *Liante* know what you are, and Farewell all *Amiclea's*, farewell *Rebellion*, and all the pretensions hee hath in *Lithuania*. After many such debates within himself, at last hee was resolved; nothing was wanting but a fit opportunity to reveal this grand *Mystery*.

But whether the *Jealousie* of those *Ladies* that besieged him, or whether the *Palatines* had commanded them to let *Iphigenes* have the least private Conference that might bee with *Liante*, lest they should plot some conspiracy, it beeing a *Maxime* of *War* alwayes to distrust an *Enemy*; The time passed, and *Iphigenes* consumed like a *Torch*, that give's *light* to others, and hath nothing but *darkness* for it self, meeting with no occasion to make this desired Discovery to *Liante*. Not but that hee spake with him every day, but it was in the presence of many shee-witnesses, in whose hearing hee had no will to communicate that *Secret*. Insomuch that in this condition hee languished, beeing *Heart*-burned with *Jealousie*, which like a devouring fire incessantly increased, as hee perceived *Liante* more earnest, and publick in his *research* of *Amiclea*, declaring himself upon all occasions her *Vassall*, though (her *Eyes* beeing dazled with the luster of the rare *Prisoner's* beauty) shee made no great account of his services.

It would bee a no less tedious than difficult task to relate the different effects of those *Ladies* passions; For, if *Envy* agitated the old *Matrons*, *Jealousie* bred no less distemper in the young *Damsell's* thoughts. I shall content my self to remarke onely their contrarieties. The two *Palatinesses* strove with an envious Emulation, which should render

render beſt Offices to the *Priſoner*, ſo far forth as to let him ſufficiently know, if hee would have underſtood them, that thoſe indearments proceeded as much from *Love* as *Courteſie*. The *Palatine* of *Troc's* Daughter managed her affection with more Dexterity; yet *Iphigenes* perceived but too plainly all her ſubtilities. *Oloria* leſs circumſpect in her carriage, diſcovered through her ſimplicity ſo much folly, that ſhee made *Pitty* grow where ſhee intended to Plant *Deſire*. The tender *Amiclea*, by reaſon of her youth, beeing more inconſiderate, and by conſequent more hardy, not contented with a free manifeſtation of her inclinations to *Iphigenes*, promiſed him to contrive his eſcape, upon condition that hee would carry her with him and make her his Wife, in acknowledgement of the *liberty* which ſhee ingaged herſelf to procure him. But hee who was more bound by his own *will* than his *Parolle*, and more impriſoned by his *Paſſion* than thoſe *Walls*, although the *Gates* had been ſet wide open, would not have gone out of that place, whereinto hee had invented ſuch ſtratagems to enter. So that thanking her for her courteous offer (for beeing a *Priſoner* upon *Parolle* hee would not for a *World* falſifie his word) hee left her in a continuall *Feaver*, whoſe violence was redoubled ſometimes by *Jealouſie* of her *young* Rivals, ſometimes by the *fury* of the *old*, who under pretence of watching his deportments, were angry that her *Age* and *Beauty* gave her more acceſs to *Iphigenes* than any other. In a word, they were like ſo many Archers, who ſhoot all at the ſame Marke, yet take their aym from ſeverall ſtations.

Among diverſe other means which thoſe amorous *Ladies* uſed to make time ſeem leſs tedious to *Iphigenes*, beſides Gaming and Waling (whereof hee had full liberty, ſo that hee were accompanied) the divertiſement of *Converſation*, as it was moſt agreeable, was moſt uſuall with them. Among other exerciſes of *Converſation*, ſome there are conſiſting of the commendable and witty invention of *Words* or *Fancies*, which onely tend to an honeſt and recreative Communication. Some of the moſt ingenious of thoſe *Rivalls* made uſe of this means, to make their adored *Object* covertly underſtand divers things which the *Gravity* and *Modeſty* of their condition permitted them not to diſcloſe any other way. To this *Iphigenes* made *Diſſimulation* his *Buckler*, ſeeming as if hee conceived not their meaning, although hee penetrated to the bottome of their *Hearts*.

One day it hapned that to entertain the Company, it was pro-

poſed and reſolved, every one ſhould tell a Story, and *that* Hee or Shee who, according to moſt Voyces, could relate the ſtrangeſt *Evenements*, ſhould bee recompenſed with a *Garland* of *Flowers*, and a *Kiſs* from all the reſt of the Aſſembly. I ſhould ſpin out the Thred of this *Hiſtory* to a too unmeaſurable length, if I ſhould ſtand to repeate what every *Lady* and *Gentleman* of that Society related. Beſides, my intention beeing onely to write the *Hiſtory* of *Iphigenes*, I doe not think my ſelf obliged to mention any thing, but what concern's him, or fell from his mouth in this occurrence; which was a fit occaſion (as hee thought) to open *Liante's* Eyes, and gently prepare him to receive the light of that Truth, which hee deſired to make him comprehend.

So then, after it was come to the beloved *Priſoner's* turn to ſpeak, and that by induſtrious excuſes (purpoſely invented) hee had ſharpen'd the deſire of his Auditours (whoſe *Ears* were no leſs covetous of *hearing*, than their *Eyes* charmed with *ſeeing* him) as if hee had been overcome by the intreaties of ſo many perſons worthy of reſpect, hee acquitted himſelf of the charge impoſed upon him, beginning his diſcourſe in this manner.

Since theſe Ladies *and* Gentlemen *who have ſpoken before mee, have imbelliſhed with ſuch exquiſite* Flowers *of* Rhetorick *the ſtrange* Evenements *which they have reported as well of* Men *as* Women, *it would bee a vain* ambition *in mee to* aſpire *to the* atchivement *of the promiſed* Crown, *and that delicate* Kiſs *which is the* Crown *of that* Crown, *if my* Hope *flattered mee not that the ſtrangeneſs of the* Fable *I ſhall tell you, would ſupply my defect of* Elegance; *For, already I renounce the* prize *as in reference to the* Ornaments *of* Language, *and other parts requiſite to the perfection of a* Diſcourſe: *But whether I am too indulgent to my own* Judgement, *or that the* Truth *is ſuch, as that it make's it preferable, I never hitherto read any* Story *comparable to the ſtrangeneſs of what you now ſhall hear. For, I beſeech you* (worthy Aſſembly) *Can there bee any thing more* miraculous, *than that the ſame* perſon *ſhould be both* Man *and* Woman *without beeing an* Hermaphrodite? *Conſider how this* Prodigy *can enter into your* thoughts; *and if your* imaginations *cannot form the* Idea *of this* Miracle, *acknowledge e're I proceed, that what I ſhall let you hear ſurmounteth all* conception. *If your* Spirits *were no leſs* amazed *than* delighted *with the extraordiary accidents you have already heard, you are to conſider* that *thoſe happned to* Men *or* Women *diſtinctly; But what* Monſter, *in your Opinion, ſhould* hee *bee,* that *with-*

out

out beeing bathed in the Fountain *of* Salmacis *is neither* Man *nor* Woman, *and yet is both* Man *and* Woman ? *But not to hold your* Ears *any longer in* ſuſpenſe, *abuſing the* favour *of your* attention, *my* Narration *ſhall here take it's beginning.*

Then, mixing the reall *Story* of his own Birth and Education, and his inviolable affection to *Liante*, with the *Fable* of *Iphis* and *Ianthe*, illuſtrated by the Pen of the moſt ingenious of the *Roman* Poets, Hee diſguiſed all the paſſages ſo quaintly, and amplified his Relation with ſuch eloquent Expreſſions, that hee left all their *Ears* (as it were) gaping, and their *Spirits* ſuſpended with admiration at the ſtrangeneſs of that *Metamorphoſis*, and the delicacy of his Language: When *Liante* (who perceived by their indulgent looks, that all the *voyces* were ready to allot the *Crown* to *Iphigenes*, and that *Kiſs*, of which (for *Amiclea's* ſake) hee was moſt paſſionately covetous) ſaid, *Ladies I oppoſe your* Votes, *and believe that the prize will bee adjudged to* mee, *if you do mee* Juſtice.

What Juſtice ? replied the *Palatineſs* of *Troc. Madam*, anſwered hee, *that I may relate a* verity *lately arrived, which ſurpaſſeth in ſtrangeneſs the* vanity *of this* fiction, *wherewith* Iphigenes *hath fed your Ears. If you allow mee the advantage that* Hiſtories *have of* Fables, *I am confident I ſhall win. Iphigenes* no leſs aſtoniſhed than the reſt, caſting his Eyes upon *Liante's* Face (the ordinary aym of his tendreſt looks) diſpoſed himſelf to hearken with attention, when *Liante* explained his Speech in theſe words (which ſounded as the voyce of *Thunder* in the Ears of the troubled *Iphigenes*:) *Without borrowing any other* perſonages *than who are preſent in this Room, I will change you this* Fable *into an* Hiſtory, *and by the* judgement *of* Iphigenes *himſelf (after I have related it) I queſtion not but the* prize *will bee mine without contradiction. In few words,* Ladies, *this* Fable *is nothing elſe but the* Hiſtory *of* Iphigenes *and my ſelf; do you not ſee, by reflecting upon the Names, how that of his feined* Iphis *agreeth with his own, and mine with* Ianthe's ?

If the roof of *Heaven* had ſeemed to break over *Iphigenes* head, hee would have been leſs ſurpriſed than at this Diſcourſe, whereof dreading the *ſequele* more than the hand of *Death*, hee indeavoured to divert it, or at leaſt remit it untill another time, and that *hee* had conferred in the interim with *Liante*, who (hee believed) had ſounded the depth of his intentions. But ſeeing that hee could not withſtand the *Torrent* of the *Ladie's* curioſities, who preſſed *Liante* with no leſs

importunity to ſpeake, than hee conjured him to bee ſilent; at length hee was conſtreined to make uſe of that authority which his *Friendſhip* and *Quality* had alwayes given him over that beloved *Brother-in-law*, forbidding him under pain of his indignation to proceed any farther untill hee had ſpoken two words with him, which hee eſteemed of no ſlighter importance than his *Life*.

The grave and ſtern Countenance, with the ſharp and angry tone, wherewith *Iphigenes* pronounced that threat, ſtopt the current of *Liante's* Speech no leſs miraculouſly than a little *Remora* make's a tall Ship ſtand ſtill in the midſt of the working *Ocean*, though the windes had filled all her Sailes. *Iphigenes* without loſing time, preſently demanded of *Liante* in private, after what manner hee intended to recite that *Hiſtory*; and having learn't that hee would onely apply it to their recreative transformations in the *Foreſt* of *Plocens*, not a little pleaſed that *Liante* had penetrated no farther into his *Secret*, ſerenity returned into his *Face*, the panting of his *Heart* ceaſed, and having recollected his *Spirits* hee ſaid to the Aſſembly; *My Ladies, that which* Liante *is about to tell you, is indeed a reall* Hiſtory, *but it ſeem's as like a* Fable, *as my* Fable *hath th'appearance of an* Hiſtory; *it is the* relation *of his* Follies *and mine, wherein I am confident you will finde nothing of ſuch* admiration, *but that it's ſtrangeneſs will excite you rather to* laughter *than* aſtoniſhment. *Therefore without deſpairing of the* Crown, *and the* Favour *that is to follow it, I ſhall let him ſpeak, beſeeching you not to ground your* Sentence *upon the* Art *of his* Eloquence, *which is able to illuſtrate the meaneſt* Subjects, *and make a* Chryſtall *paſs for a* Diamond.

This ſaid, they having all re-taken their ſeats, compoſed their geſtures, and prepared their Ears for attention, *Liante* repeated all the *Miſtakes*, *Diſguiſements* and pretty *Contrivances* practiſed for their recreation in the Woods, in the ſame manner as hath already been deſcribed; whereunto hee added the *tranſveſtment* of his Siſter *Modeſtina*, and how ſhee had been treated by command of the barbarous *Mieſlas*. But having run through this long *Navigation*, without touching any *Rock*, juſt at the *Haven's* mouth hee caſt *Iphigenes* into a new perplexity. For, coming to mention the *non*-conſummated Marriage of *Iphigenes* and *Modeſtina*, and the pretentions of the *Princeſs Reſpicia*, adding the *Paſſions* of ſome other *Ladies* in the *Court*, and the report that was ſpred through all *Polonia* of his affections to the *Shepherdeſs Almeria*, hee repreſented *Iphigenes* ſo chaſt,

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ſo baſhfull, and ſo little inclined to *Women*, that hee made him appear not onely as the vertuous *Hyppolitus*, but ſo like that *Iphis* in his own *Fable*, (who of a *Woman* was transformed into a *Man*) that without changing the name you would have thought hee had been concerned in that *Metamorphoſis*.

This redoubled *Iphigenes* Feaver, confirming his ſuſpition that *Liante* had diſcovered ſomething of that *Miſtery*, which hee had alwayes been ſo carefull to conceale. At length *Liante* returning to his *Paſſions*, or (as hee called them) his *illuſions* for *Seriſe* (whom hee deſcribed with tearms beyond my capacity to rehearſe) *My Ladies* (ſaid hee) *To the end you and all theſe* Gentlemen *may believe mee, intreat the beautifull* Palatine *to dreſs himſelf in ſome of your cloathes*, (I aſſure my ſelf your *requeſts* will be as *commands* to him) *and I believe* that *there is not any among you, but will acknowledge that I was happily deceived; for as Hee is too fair for a* Man, *Hee is ſo perfectly handſome in a* Woman's *habit, that* (*without excepting her who poſſeſſeth mee*) *the moſt amorous of herſelf among you all, I am confident will freely yeild to Him the Palm of* Beauty.

Iphigenes hearing this was like unto a *Man*, who ſaved from *Ship-wrack* by ſome floting *Board*, is troubled to get on *ſhoar*, the *waves* ſometimes pitifull, ſometimes cruell, driving him towards the *Land*, and then ſnatching him back againe into the *Sea*; ſometimes raiſing him above the *Water*, ſometimes plunging him into their *briny-bottom*. For, ſeeing *Liante's* Shafts come ſo neer the *Mark* of the *Truth*, hee began to harbour a *feare* that his ſecret had been diſcloſed before its time: On the other ſide hee was tranſported with *joy* to ſee *Liante* fall of himſelf into the *Nets* which hee laid for him, and make ſo cleerly manifeſt, unawares, the moſt tender Reſentments of his *Soul*.

Liante's perſwaſions ſo prevailed with the *Ladies*, that they overwhelmed *Iphigenes* with Conjurations to give their *Eyes* the contentment to behold under ſome of their rich ornaments the choyceſt Jewell of *Nature's* pretious Treaſury. Whereunto *Iphigenes* after many excuſes condeſcended, to their unſpeakable admiration, and the abſolute *raviſhment* of *Liante's* Heart, which was his onely ambition, and for which conſideration hee was no leſs *willing* to tranſveſt himſelf than they *earneſt* to deſire it, to the end hee might again in that equipage dazle *Liante's* Eyes, and renew in his Breſt that *Idea* which had rendered him his *ſlave* in the *Foreſt*.

This transformation gave birth to many quaint conceptions, and agreeable entertainments in that *Assembly*; But at length the *Councill* was called to deliberate, who was to have the *prize*: And it was concluded, that it could appertain to none but *Iphigenes* or *Liante*, who in stead of disputing which should receive it, contested which should remit it to his *Competitour*. Their civill contention would ne't have found a Period, if by this expedient *Iphigenes* had not ended it, suffering that *Garland* of *Flowers* to take place among the dressings, wherewith the *Ladies* had adorned his Head, and giving *Liante* the Liberty to take the other part of the *prize* from their *Lips*. This Decree beeing put in Execution, after much recreative Discourse and Compliments, *Iphigenes* quitted his *Woman's* apparrell, to the *Ladies* as well as *Gentlemen's* great regret: For, that splendid attire so increased his *Charms*, that all their *Spirits* were inchanted with his *sight*: And *Liante* in particular felt his heart so divided betwixt *Serise* and *Amiclea*, that like a *Ship* agitated on the *Sea* with contrary winds, hee knew not to which *Port* to steer his *Course*.

But whilest wee amuse our selves too long in the *Relation* of what passed within those besieged Walls, wee forget to take notice of what was acted without. The Besiegers advanced their Trenches, and the *King's* Army received dayly new supplies. Yet the Besieged possessing the Out-works, and having strength and convenience enough to Sally, scarce any day passed without some notable skermish. Hee that could express the trouble of the *Camp*, when *Iphigenes* was taken Prisoner, would bee no bad *Oratour*; But the fury of *Miesias*, of necessity, must bee covered with the *Veile* of *Silence*. For, the *Love* which hee bare to his own *Blood*, to that *Son*, who was the *Pillar* of his *Fortune*, and the best *Child* upon the *Earth*, together with his implacable *hatred* to *Liante*, bred a strange Tempest in his Thoughts. Hee was no sooner cured of his *contusions*, and able to manege his Horse, but hee made severall *Courses* to the *Citty-gates*, thundering out such *Bravadoes* and *Threats*, as would have frighted People less resolute than those that kept that place. At length hee motioned the ransoming of his *Son*; But *Iphigenes*, who was not yet ready to go forth, having private intelligence with *Liante*, made their demands bee so excessive, that hee, who was no less covetous than cruell, would assoon give his own blood as stand to that bargain; And imagining that *Liante*, was chiefly in fault, hee sent him a Paper conteining this

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CHALLENGE.

THou oweſt the advantage of our laſt Incounter *to my* Misfortune *rather than thy* Valour; *and my* Diſaſter *proceeded from a defect in my Horſe, rather than want of* Courage *in mee.* Fortune, *the ſworn* Enemy *of* Vertue, *doth alwayes oppoſe the moſt* Worthy, *it beeing her ordinary* Cuſtome *to* Favoriſe *the leaſt* deſerving. *The teſtimonies that I have given, in ſo many places, of my* Valour, *will not permit that a* Fall *from my* Horſe *ſhould blemiſh my* Reputation. *Thoſe that ſhall undervalue Mee for that* Miſchance, *will ſhew themſelves as very* Fools *as thou, who glorieſt in thy pretended* Victorie, *without remembring thy ſelf, that three dayes before, my* Son *(leſs powerfull in Arms than I) gave thee thy* Life. *Now, if thou haſt as much* Courage *as* Vanity, *I invite thee to reſtore Mee with thy* Sword, *what thou think'ſt thou haſt gained of Mee with thy* Lance. *For to leave My* Honour *in ſuch feeble and childiſh Hands, is a thing I can leſs indure than* Death. *Thou maiſt come with aſſurance, ſince I pretend nothing but to give Thee thy* Life, *after I have conquered Thee, which I ſhall doe without much difficulty. If thou feareſt Mee, and deſireſt that I ſhould pardon Thee, ſend back my* Son.

Judge you, by theſe tearms, of the Fierceneſs and Pride of that *Sarmatian.* This defiance ran through ſeverall hands, *Liante* not beeing able to conceale it, by reaſon it was brought publickly by a *Trumpeter.* It gave occaſion of laughter to the diſcreeteſt Peruſers; For, *Vanity* is generally accompanied with this *Miſery*, that the more it ſtrive's to be elevated & flyes towards *Glory*, the deeper it plunges it ſelf into *Contempt.* Onely *Iphigenes* was diſcontented to ſee that every body blamed (though juſtly) the extravagance of his *Father*: For, as *Fathers* are blind and indulgent over their *Children's* imperfections, So *Children* cannot acknowledge the defects of their *Parents.*

Thoſe

Thoſe that commanded within the *City* would not ſuffer *Liante* to render *Mieſlas* the ſatisfaction hee deſired by a ſecond *Combat*. Which obliged him to return by the ſame *Trumpeter* this

ANSVVER.

COurteſie *obligeth mee to acknowledge, that the advantage I had of you proceeded rather from your* Misfortune *than your* Fault, *and from my good* Fortune *than my* Valour. *Indeed it was not without diſpleaſure to my ſelf, that I ſpilt your* Blood, *ſince I would willingly ſpend mine own to ſpare your's, performing therein the office of a* Guardian *to him, who abuſing the rights of* Turelage, *hath violently wreſted out of my hands the* Eſtate *which my* Father *had purchaſed for Mee. Bee aſſured,* Mieſlas, *that thoſe ſupreme* Powers, *who make uſe of the* weakeſt *things to confound the moſt* Mighty, *will firſt or laſt give Mee a full* Revenge *of the* Rigours *which you have exerciſed upon mine* Innocency. *If I were* Commander *of this place, I would give you that ſatisfaction with my* Sword, *which you deſire, and I am reſolved to let you have, aſſoon as I am at my own* Liberty *: But beeing onely a private* Souldier, *I cannot diſpoſe of my ſelf without my* Captain's *conſent. It is not that I dread your* Choller, *for I have already learn't the means to quell your* Fury. *The Teſtimonies that you boaſt to have given of your* Valour, *are below that* ſtroke *which overthrew you. I'le begin the ſame Game again with you when you pleaſe, after I am at my own* command. *I have yet the ſame* Heart, *and the ſame* Art, *and, what's more, the ſame* Deſire *of giving you your* Life, *if you fall again into my* Mercy. *Although the Lawes of all good* Chivalry *would diſpenſe Mee (without any* Intereſt *of my* Honour) *from fighting a ſecond time with one, who is already indebted to Mee for his* Life, *as every body knowe's you are. Your* Son (*more happy in his impriſonment then hee was with you*) *is not*

ſo

ſo much in my power as I am in his. You muſt capitulate with others about his Ranſom. *For my part I hold my ſelf as glorious in having beeen conquered by his* Gallantry, *as it is honourable for Mee to have remained Victorious over your* Arrogance.

This *Anſwer* made the haughty-ſpirited *Mieſlas* ready to tear down the *Heavens* with Fury: For, nothing ſo outragiouſly torment's the *Fancy* of a *Vain* Man, as when the too good opinion hee hath of his own deſert is undervalued with contemptible tearms. But there was no other remedy than making a *Vertue* of *Neceſſity*, and applying the *Balſome* of *Patience* to his *Sore*. All the brave *Courages* of the *Army* (*Iphigenes* beeing taken) ſeemed to bee ſtupified, and rendred like *Bees* that have loſt their *Sting*: For the preſence of that Magnanimous *Palatine* gave them I know not what *Spirit*, which animated them to generous Actions; and as if hee had been the *Soul* of that great *Body*, you would have ſaid it languiſhed, beeing deprived of the *Star* that gave it *Life*. And at the *Court* his impriſonment was ſo reſented, that it ſeemed as if the *Sun* had loſt it's Light, or at leaſt the *Day*-ſtar fallen from the Sky.

To relate the *Ladies* Complaints, and eſpecially the *Princeſs Reſpicia's* ſighes, were as if you would count the *Starres*, or number the *Tears* of *Heaven* in a great *Shower*. The *Queen* herſelf (as diſcreet and reſerved as ſhee was) had no ſmall pain to hide her *Inclination* under her Majeſtick *Modeſty*; and not beeing able to contein the *Naturall* diſtillation of her *Eyes*, ſhee covered her *particular* ſorrow with the *Veile* of the *publick* Calamity. And the *King*, touched with tenderneſs for ſo dear a loſs, notwithſtanding his other indiſpoſitions beſides *Age* (which is a continuall *Malady*, and can never bee cured but by the *Grave*) reſolved to arme himſelf, and go in perſon to his *Camp*, if the *Rebells* releaſed not his *Favorite*. To which effect hee preſently diſpatched a *Poſt* to them, that they might know his *Will* in theſe Words.

THE KING'S Letter to the REBELLS of LITHUANIA.

I Am informed that by Treachery *you have taken* Priſoner *my* Cozen, *the* Palatine *of* Plocens; *you wanted but that to raiſe your* Rebellion *to the height, and draw upon your Heads all that a* King *can have of* Thunder *and* Indignation. Treaſon, *the inſeparable Companion of* Revolts, *hath given you that advantage, which you could never hope for by the way of true* Valour. *But the* God *of* Revenge, (*Protectour of* Kings, *who Reign by him, and are his lively* Images *on* Earth) *will make Mee take ſuch* Vengeance *on your* Inſolence, *that if you come not to acknowledge your faults, your Puniſhment ſhall ſerve for a memorable Example to* Poſterity. *You will never finde any* Spirit *ſo depravedly reprobate (unleſs it bee infected with the ſame* Contagion *that hath poyſoned you) that can authorize your* Arms *againſt the* Fidelity *which you owe Mee by* Nature, *and to which you have ſolemnly ingaged your ſelves by* Oaths: *For, there is no* Cauſe *that can juſtly diſpenſe any* Subjects *of the* Obedience, *which they owe to their* Sovereigns. *But admit your* Arms *were as juſt as they are criminall, you cannot refuſe to releaſe, upon reaſonable* Ranſom, *him whom* Fortune *hath delivered into your hands. You are not ignorant that I love him for the eſteem I make of his* Vertue; *Therefore let Mee know at what rate you will ſet his* Liberty, *that I may content your* Avarice. *Which if you refuſe to do, and that ſodainly, know that within few dayes you ſhall ſee Mee at the Head of mine* Army, *incamped before your* Walls, *which I will thunder down with an hundred* Cannons; *And if you abuſe my* Clemency, *I ſhall never thence forwards expreſs my* Pleaſure *to you but by their* Mouths.

This

This was spoken like a *King*, and a *King* transported with *Passion* for a *Subject* full of *Merit*. This *Letter* was received with all the respect that true *Subjects* owe their *Sovereign*; And the *Coppy* was sent to the other *Palatines*, and *Noblemen* of the *League*, who kept the *Field*, to have their advise concerning what Answer they should return. Hereupon a generall *Councill* was held at *Minsce*, wherein nothing was treated but what came to *Iphigenes* knowledge by *Liante*. To say how glad hee was to see what esteeme the *King* had of him were superfluous. But not having rendered himself a *Prisoner* voluntarily, to bee released against his *Will*, and fearing to leave *Liante* so imbarked in the affections of *Amiclea*, that hee should marry her in his absence, Hee searched among his thoughts what Invention hee might finde, either to draw *Liante* from among those *Rebells*, or remit them all into the *King's*, favour and mediate an attonement for the Peace and Benefit of the whole *Kingdome*.

As a little *salt* season's a great deal of *Meat*, and a little *Levine* communicate's its *spirits* to a great lump of *Dowe*: So oftentimes one *Grain* of particular Interest doth much good or harm in publick affairs. Who would have said that *Love* could suggest such devices? And who may not think that this was the onely point which *Archimedes* demanded, to remove the whole *Earth* from it's *Center*? At length by *Iphigenes* own advice (whereof *Liante* was the secret Interpreter) it was concluded, that they should keepe the *Palatine* of *Plocens*, and make him as their buckler against their *Prince's* fury; perchance in imitation of *Themistocles*, who made himself a Rampire of the *King* of *Persia's* own *Son* against the violence of that *Monark's* rage.

Liante ingaged himself that *Iphigenes* should intercede for them, so that they would condescend to *Reason*, without prejudice to their *Liberties* and *Immunities*, for the preservation whereof they had taken *Armes*. Hereupon a *Gentleman* was presently ordered to go to the *Court* with

THIS LETTER FROM THE LITHUANIANS, TO KING SIGISMOND AUGUSTUS.

Dread SOVEREIGN,

YOur thrice-humble, and thrice faithfull Subjects and Servants, the Palatines, Castellains, Gentry, and Commons of your Dutchy of Lithuania, united for the defence of their Lives, Estates, and Liberties, do with all humility represent to your Majesty, That they acknowledge You for their Naturall Prince and Sovereign Lord, ordained by God to hold the Reins of their Empire, and that they will never decline from the respect, fidelity and obedience which they owe to your Royall Majesty. Neither in effect have wee taken Arms to form any Revolt (for wee detest Rebellion as the blackest and basest crime in the World) but to deliver our selves from the tyranny of our Enemies, who besieging your sacred Person, will not allow us any access to expose our reasons before Your Majesty, Whereby wee have been inforced to have recourse to our Arms as an help which Nature teacheth us, for the assurance of our persons, the excempting of our selves from their domination so insupportable to us, and the maintenance of our Rights, Priviledges and Immunities, which is all the glory of our Countrie. Sacred SIR, It is Your Patrimony, Your Inheritance, Wee are Your Children, Your Naturall Subjects, the Sheep of Your Flock; wee most willingly submit our selves to your Scepter, and desire no other Liberty than that of Your Commands: But as you are just, and established by God to doe us Justice, Wee desire no better than to bee under the Yoak of your Lawes, so that they bee not dictated by the Mouths of our Adversaries, and that They draw them not by surprisall from Your's. Whether wee will or not, wee are obliged to acknowledge You for our Master, by the right of Succession

which

which You have from Your Predeceſſors, *and render the ſame* devoir *to Your* Poſterity, *if* Heaven *bleſſeth you with anie. Which the* Polonians *cannot ſay, for they are too jealous of their election, to bind their obedience to the Lineage of a* Prince. God *ſhorten our dayes to lengthen your's: But if hee ſhould call you to his* Glory, *and from this* Earthly *Kingdome to the Crown of* Heaven *without Heirs, Your* Majeſty *may judge if our Condition would not be like unto that of ſlaves; and if the* Polonians *(whoſe voices are vendible at Elections) would not ſell us to what* Maſter *they pleaſed.* SIR, *wee are reſolved to die everie Man, rather than indure ſuch an affront, and give away our* Liberties *at ſo cheap a rate. A glorious* Death *ſhall alwaies bee more acceptable to us than an infamous* Life, *and which ſhould blemiſh our Names in the memorie of our* Poſterity. *For, what would our Nephews ſay of us, if they ſhould finde* that *in our daies without the ſhedding of our bloods wee ſhould ſubmit our necks to the Yoak of the* Polonian's *ſervitude, whom wee have in former times diſcomfited, and reduced to ſhamefull conditions? Your* Predeceſſours, *by the Armes of our fore-fathers, have gained Victories over them, which made them triumph with their* Crown *for the ſpace of two compleat* Ages. Great KING, *take notice of theſe truths, and* that *if Your Vertues have made you be elected by the* Polonians, *it was becauſe they found nothing in any other State ſo worthy of reigning over them, as in the* Throne *of* Lithuania. *Shall their* Charms *gain ſo much power over your* Spirit, *indued with ſuch wiſdom and rare conduct, as to induce you to lop off with Your* Sword *Your naturall* Branches, *in favour of thoſe wild* Plants *worthie of ſo much hatred?* SIR, *wee humblie beſeech Your* Majeſty *to maintain us in the ſame* Honours, Prerogatives, *and* Liberties, *as wee enjoyed under your* Anceſtours; *and* that *for having been alwayes faithfull to you, our recompenſe may not be an ungratefull bondage under a cruell* Nation, *which we have ever abhorred; eſpecially ſince (having carried out of*

this

this Countrie the Bodies of our Princes, to ſeat them in their thrones) they have indeavoured to withdraw their Hearts, depriving us of the effects of their benevolence. If wee muſt die, can wee face Death in a more juſt quarrell than this, which wee defend, not to the prejudice of Your moſt excellent Majeſty, but againſt thoſe Tyrants which abuſe Your Facilitie, and the goodneſs of Your Royall Diſpoſition? If Your Majeſty comes in Perſon to our ſiege, what a glorie will it be to us to fall under the victorious Sword of ſo great a Monarck, and render him our Lives to whom wee owe them? By this means wee ſhall waſh awaie, with our own Blood, the fault, wherewith wee ſhould be ſhamefully taxed by our Poſterity, if wee ſhould be ſo baſe as to leave them this thraldome for inheritance at a cheaper rate. This wee ſhall expect with a conſtant and undaunted courage. And ſince the Fortune of our Arms (favoriſed by Heaven) rather than any treachery, hath delivered into our hands a Perſon, who of all the Polonians was moſt dear to you, and who, by the vertues which Wee daily diſcover in him, makes appear the Excellency of Your Majeſtie's judgement in the choice of thoſe whom you will honour with your Affections: Your Majeſty muſt give us leave to make a Rampire of that Treaſure which is fallen to us, and which ſhall ſerve us as a Buckler againſt the violence of your Choller and Vengeance. For, when the mouths of your Cannons ſhall begin to expreſs your Pleaſure againſt our Walls, the firſt Gabion that wee will oppoſe ſhall be the bodie of the Palatine of Plocens, your Creature; knowing that you bearing the image of God on Earth, will not deſtroie the work of your own hands, nor give your ſelf entrance into our City, by a breach beſprinkled with the bloud of a Perſon ſo conſiderable in your eſteem. But if that hinder you not from executing your rigours, what Grace can wee expect, but that of thoſe who have loſt all hopes, ſeeing him ſo cruelly treated whom you honour with your Favour? But wee promiſe our ſelves better things from the Clemency and Prudence

dence *of Your* Majeſty, *and* that *as* Father *of Your* Country, *you will not procure its* ruine. *And although the perſwaſion of our Adverſaries ſhould make you conſtrue our legitimate* Defence a Crime, *wee are aſſured that Your* Wrath *and* Chaſtiſements *will never fall upon us without the mixture of* Love *and* Pitty. *Permit,* Great KING, *that appealing from Your* Majeſty *to Your ſelf, wee may obtain either an amicable Conference, to decide our Differences with the* Polonians, *or a free Audience at the* Tribunall *of Your* Sovereign *Juſtice, to ſpare the bloud of Your* Subjects; *And there wee hope to advance ſuch powerfull Reaſons, that if* Might *overſway not* Equity, *wee ſhall gain the* Cauſe, *and give for* Motto *of our* Triumph; *The vertue of* SIGISMOND *hath raiſed him to the Throne of* POLONIA, *But the Love of* LITHUANIA *hath overcome* SIGISMOND.

To this long Declaration *Iphigenes* (who in his Captivity injoyed as much Liberty as hee would take) had the permiſſion to annex his *Letter* to the *King*; nothing beeing impoſſible for him, having *Liante* for Mediatour; To whom hee ſhewed his diſpatches: And in reſpect they tended onely to the *Peace* and *Union* of thoſe two *Nations* under the *King's* Obedience, *Liante* was glad to be an inſtrument of ſo good and laudable an Enterpriſe.

The ſubſtance of his Informations to the King *imported,* That *it was rather by good* Fortune *than bad, that hee had fallen into the* Lithuanian's *hands, or at leaſt,* that *it was ſo fortunate a misfortune, that hee thank't* Heaven *for nothing ſo much as that Diſgrace; not onely that thereby hee had rendered ſome teſtimonies of his fidelity to His* Majeſty *from whom he had received ſo dear a proof of his affection, by the care hee expreſſed of procuring his Liberty: But that hee had found the means by his impriſonment (ſo that His* Majeſty *would be pleaſed to let it continue ſomewhat longer) to reduce the exaſperated* Spirits *of thoſe* Rebells *to the regulated temper of a juſt* Obedience: *Which hee eſteemed ſo feaſible,* that *if his* Majeſty *would condeſcend but a little, hee doubted not to purge them of their Factious humours, and make them underſtand their duties.* That *hee had obſerved among them the ſeeds of great Affection and Reſpect to their Naturall and Legitimate* Prince; *And* that, *with the leaſt ſhower*

of

of clemency powred down upon those Plants, they were likely to produce acceptable fruits in their season. That hee beeing born a Polonian, desired, as much and more than the other Palatines, the glory of Polonia and the advantage of his Countrie; But having considered that Peace with their Neighbours was the maine means to make Polonia flouriſh, and that to ſubdue by violence the Lithuanians (a Nation both redoubtable, and in his judgement invincible) was an enterpriſe ſo far from any likelyhood, that it was rather an expoſing of Polonia to the Conqueſt of Lithuania, than a way to reduce Lithuania under the ſubjection of Polonia. That that Province beeing altogether as vaſt and powerfull as Sarmatia, it might balance and counterpoiſe the authority, and preheminence of the Polonians; Who of Elder Brothers without contradiction, might bee ſupplanted by their younger, if they came to diſpute it by force of Arms, Whoſe Evenements are ſo full of uncertainties. That it was onely allowing ſome part of the inheritance to thoſe ſecond Children, Who perchance beeing treated With moderation Would bee contented With little. That hee muſt not think to give them the portion of the Eagle (which is the Arms of Polonia) Who leave's nothing to the other Birds; otherwiſe the armed Knight (which is the Arms of Lithuania) pretending to the booty would fight for his ſhare of the ſpoile. That hee had felt the pulſe, and ſounded the diſpoſitions of the principall Authours of that Revolt, whom hee found reſolved to die for the defence of their Liberties (a pecious Pretext and capable to make the whole Earth riſe) or (if they did ſubmitt to the Crown of Polonia) to participate in the Charges and Government of the State. Theſe with diverſe other heads by way of advice did Iphigenes write, and ſent them to the King with the following

LETTER.

SACRED MAJESTY:

TWo grand benefits I hope to reap by the dammage of my impriſonment; One, to re-purchaſe my ſelf your Opinion, if I have loſt it, or preſerve it if I have yet any place in your Favour. The Other, to arme ſuch indeavours for your preſent ſervice as may ſtile mee a faithfull Servant to ſo Royall a Maſter. SIR, I am your ſubject with many others, but I am, beſides, the particular Marke of your Liberalities and Beneficence, which make's mee the Blank of Envy and Detraction (if Envy can have any Blank) But I hope by this occaſion

which

which I have now in hand (or rather in whose hãds I am), to make the malice of my Enviers *burst, as certain venimous* Creatures *are observ'd to do at the smell of* Roses. *For, if Your* Majesty *will be pleased onely to prolong my imprisonment, and authorize by your approbation according to the advice I have sent you with this present) my Negociations and Proceedings, I doubt not in short time to reduce unto such tearms the affairs of this* Civile *War, that Your* Majesty *triumphing in the midst of your* Enemies, *shall see them beg mercie at your Feet; which I kiss with all humilitie in acknowledgement, and thanks for the care you take of my inlargement out of this* servitude: *Happie* servitude! *amiable* Prison! *since it is for the service of a* King, *whose Goodness exceed's his Greatness, and who deserve's that the* Extremities *of the* Earth *were the* Limits *of his* Dominion; *Yet would it be inferiour to his* Vertue. *Agreeable* Prison! *wherein I manage the* Liberty *of my* Country; *which never can have place but in the* Publick *Tranquilitie.* Sir, *all the fruit of* War *is* Peace: *But Hee that can gather that sweet fruit, blessed by* Heaven *and desired on* Earth, *without watering his* Palms *with* Blood, *and his* Olive-Branches *with* Tears, *is hee not much happier? Who doubts but the refreshing breath of gentle* Zephyrus, *is more agreeable than the blustering blasts of rigid* Boreas, *and that the wayes of Mildness are the best and most advantageous to* Monarks, *who can shew by nothing better than* Clemency *that they are the livelie Images of the* Deity? *This makes mee beseech Your* Majesty *to speak alwayes like a* King *in your* Letters, *expressing your* Courage *and* Indignation *by threatnings, but within your* Heart *to reserve inclinations to* Mercy *and* Forgiveness: *Considering that you Command* Men, *and* Men *that are free-born,* People *of an haughtie* Spirit, *and whose untractable dispositions naturally make them rather break then bend. It is fit that your* Majesty *imitating the* Divinity, *which you represent to us on* Earth, *should make the voice of your* Thunder *be heard over*

the Rebell's *heads, to the end the aſtoniſhment may keep them All in* Fear, *although the* Blow *hit very Few. And let not your* Majeſty *ſtick to hazard my Life, or apprehend expoſing it to the Mutiny of an inraged* Rabble; *For, as I ſhall not preſerve it but onely for your ſervice, I cannot loſe it better than for ſo glorious a cauſe. I would I had a thouſand* Lives, *and that it were but my loſing of them all to give you a full teſtimonie that I am the moſt faithfull, as the moſt obliged to* Your Majeſty *of all your Subjects. I ſhall adde this word for the conſideration of* Liante, *who amazeth all* Polonia, *that beeing a naturall* Polonian, *hee ſhould eſpouſe the* Lithuanian *intereſt.* Your Majeſty *may pleaſe to take notice that the* Deſpair, *whereunto the rigorous treatment of my* Father, *his* Gardian, *hath reduced him, compelled him to that extremity, rather than the* deſire *of diſſerving* Your Majeſty, *or favoriſing their* Rebellion. *When I ſhall inform* Your Majeſty *one day, what drove him into that Deſperate Courſe, you will acknowledge that it was rather a* Neceſſity *unavoidable, than any* Deſigne *accompanied with* Malicious *ingratitude: Hereof I have daily experience by the aſſiſtance which I receive from him for the advancement of* Your Majeſtie's *Service among theſe* Mutiniers. *If by the confiſcation of his Eſtate* Your Majeſty *hath made him feel the ſeveritie of your* Indignation, *when you ſhall underſtand the* truth, *and* that *his* Services *ſhall have averred his* innocence, *and cleered his* accuſation, *hee hopes, with the reſt, to taſte the fruits of your* Clemency, *as I am loaden with thoſe of your* Liberality.

Your *Majeſtie's* moſt humble, moſt faithfull and moſt obliged *Subject, Servant* and *Creature,*

IPHIGENES.

The

The *King* having received this Packet, ſeriouſly reflected upon the advice of his beloved *Favorite*, of whoſe wit and vertue hee had alwayes made no meane account, but nothing comparable to the eſteem hee conceived of him on this occaſion, ſeeing with what *Prudence* and *Conduct* hee changed his *private* Diſaſter into the *Publick* good. And in effect hee ſerved the *King* in this occurrence as the *Dolphin* is ſaid to ſerve Fiſhermen, who finding him in their Nets, after ſtroaking and careſſing him, caſt him again into the Sea, becauſe hee leads into their hands the other Fiſhes, which in great trains attend him as their *Prince*. But alas! as in a calme ſeaſon when the *Dolphins* ſport above the water, it is the infallible preſage of a ſtorm; So, while *Iphigenes* laboured, in playing, to procure a *publick* tranquillity, a Tempeſt aroſe with ſuch impetuoſity, that hee had almoſt periſhed; neither could it be appeaſed notwithſtanding all his induſtry, but by wracking the *ſecret* which hee had ſo many years conceal'd.

Whileſt the *King* was deliberating his affairs, having commanded the moſt truſty, and beſt experienced of his *Councill* to adviſe concerning the meanes of quenching that *fire* which threatned both his States of *Polonia* and *Lithuania* with a vaſt ruine, *Iphigenes* by a ſodain Guſt ſaw all his hopes upon the very brink of Deſtruction. For, *Olavius* ſeeing the great aſcendant *Liante* had over the Spirit of *Iphigenes*, and that *Hee* had no leſs over the *King's*; The Politick *Lithuanian* conceived that there was no better means to *moare* his Veſſell at *Anchor*, and ſecure himſelf from the Shipwrack that threatned his *Fortune*, than by marrying his Daughters. The aſpiring to the alliance of *Iphigenes*, was what hee *deſired* more than hee durſt *hope*. Oh! if *Amiclea's* glances had penetrated as deep into that *Favorite's* breſt, as they had done in *Liante's*, what great matters would hee have promiſed to his *Ambition*! But (beſides that hee knew *Iphigenes* was Married to *Modeſtina*, and was not ignorant of the Deſignes of the *Princeſs Reſpicia*) ſeeing the great indifferency that beloved *Captive* ſhewed for all *Women*, as hee loſt the *Hope* of atchieving ſo high an advantage, hee quitted the thought of deſiring it. Which made him turn all his pretenſions towards *Liante*, promiſing himſelf to obtain of the *King* by *Iphigenes*, what hee ſhould demand of *Iphigenes* by *Liante*.

If this *Palatine* had an ambition to make *Liante* his Son-in-Law, *Liante* was no leſs deſirous than Hee to contract that alliance: But hee was not ſo ſimple as to take the *Elder* for the *Younger*, there

was no darkneſs impenetrable to the ſight of ſuch a *Lover*.

Since *Oloria* had turned her Eyes towards *Iphigenes*, beeing tranſported with the raviſhing Garbe of that beautifull *Object*, ſhee ſlighted *Liante's* ſcorns; The ſame cauſe made *Amiclea* diſdain the eſteem which *Liante* made of her, and nothing was ſo irkſome to her, as when hee entertained her with the diſcourſe of his *Paſſion*.

Melindra, Daughter to the *Palatine* of *Troe*, beeing aſſaulted on one ſide by the Legitimate *Affection* and *Fidelity*, which ſhee owed to her abſent *Husband*, and on the other by the *Charms* which the preſence of *Iphigenes* caſt into her thoughts; felt Combats of *Love* and *Honour* in her Heart, whoſe convulſions approached the torments of a *Woman* in travell, who would but cannot bee delivered. The Conflict or violent oppoſition that *Heat* and *Cold* make in the concavity of a *Clowd*, is ſome reſemblance of the Contradictions in her *Minde*. And after many paſſionate Complaints continuing to aggravate her *ſore* with a thouſand various imaginations, ſhee impoiſoned the *Humour* more, and ſometimes ſhunned the remedy, ſometimes deſired it with impatience. Nevertheleſs ſhee remained ſo firm in the ſteps of *Vertue*, that although her languiſhing looks, broken ſighes, and tears diſcovered plainly enough her diſtemper to *Iphigenes*, yet ſhee obſerved a ſevere ſilence, never giving her *Tongue* the liberty to ſay any thing, but what was within the bounds of a modeſt *Civility*. Wherein ſhee made appear as much *vertue* as the two old *Palatineſſes* ſhewed little; For, they were grown ſo jealous of their Daughters, having diſcovered their inclinations, that like *Furies* they were perpetually haunting them, and reprehending in them a fault, which they authorized in their own deportments. I will not ſtain their memory with the extraordinary means, which they uſed to inveigle this *Fiſh* into their *Nets*. Imagine you onely what *Women* can doe, or rather what they cannot do, when animated with a violent *Paſſion*, and in an *Age* whoſe *weakneſs* redouble's the other's *force*. At length Deſpair had made them commit a treachery, and change their inclination into vengeance, if the Publick neceſſities had not retarded them in their Private animoſities. So they borrowed of *Time* and *Patience* the ſuccour of *Hope*, which is alwayes ready to aſſiſt the moſt miſerable.

But *Iphigenes*, who had been beaten with fiercer, and more dangerous ſtorms at *Court*, laughed at thoſe *Feminine* diviſions, and looked (as from an eminent place) upon thoſe fraile *Veſſels*, agitated with

with that violent *tempeſt*, as a *Shittle-cock* in the *Wind*, and the *ſubject* of his *Diſdain*. The aſſault which I am now going to relate was otherwiſe reſented, for it came from the Place that was onely capable of putting *Iphigenes* beyond his *Temper* and *Art* of *Diſſimulation*.

You may conceive already, that it proceeded from *Liante*, whoſe Spirits beeing ſettled, after the motion which *Iphigenes* tranſveſtment had cauſed in his breſt, relapſed into the vehemence of his *Paſſions* for *Amiclea*; whoſe *Scorns* befroſted his *Pretenſions*, as much as her *Graces* inflamed his *Inclinations*. At length, the *Eyes* of thoſe that love, beeing very quick-ſighted, hee perceived it was onely the preſence of *Iphigenes* that ruined his Deſignes, and *that* his *Idoll* was ſo poſſeſſed with the *Idea* of that beautifull *Palatine*, that no other could finde admittance into *her* Soul.

This preſently bred *Jealouſie* in *Liante*, and ſo much power hath the *Tyranny* of *Love* above the *ties* of *Friendſhip*, that hee felt the *later* diminiſh, as faſt as the *other* dilated it ſelf in his thoughts. Hee wiſhed hee had ſome occaſion not to love *Iphigenes* ſo well; but *his* indearing *deportments*, his *vertue*, and (above all) that incomparable *Modeſty*, which accompanied all his Actions, wreſted out of his *Minde* all thoughts of loving him leſs. Afterwards, conſidering to what danger that brave *Palatine* had expoſed himſelf to ſave his *Fortune*, and the promiſes hee made to raiſe him to the moſt eminent Dignities of *Polonia*, if hee would follow his advice (which hee had always found as advantageous as ſincere) that expunged all manner of *Gall* out of his *Heart*, and reſtreined him from doing or ſaying any thing, that might be prejudiciall to ſo pure and inviolable a *Friendſhip*. One of whoſe principall *Effects* beeing *Confidence*, hee reſolved to open his *Heart* to *Iphigenes*, and diſcover to him as well the extremity of his *Paſſion* for *Amiclea*, as the pricking torments of his *Jealouſie*.

But when hee had diſplayed all his diſtempers, the *End* of his Diſcourſe was the *Beginning* of *Iphigenes* paines; for fearing nothing ſo much as the loſs of that *Heart*, which hee deſired to keep intire to himſelf, it was an inconceivable torture to his *Minde*, to ſee him ſo violently bent upon another. *Object* Whereupon hee thus ſpake to *Liante*; *I marvell not at your beeing in* Love, *for the* Subject *deſerves it*; *But your* Jealouſie *puts my ſenſes beyond all temper*; *for* (*I pray*) *what occaſion have I ever given you to doubt of my* Fidelity? *Obſerve*

Liante, *how far my* Friendſhip *extends: if you had but ſaid to mee,* Iphigenes, I would not have you look upon ſuch a Lady, *although her* Image *were ne're ſo deeply ingraven in my* Soul, *I would tear it away, or pluck the* Eyes *out of my* head, *if they were ſo raſh as to caſt but one glance upon her. I am ſure if I had brought your's to this* teſt, *it would not have indured the* touch, *and you would defend your diſobedience by the advantages that* Love, *who is but a* Child, *poſſeſſeth or'e thoſe* Spirits *that are ſubjected to his* Empire. *See,* Liante, *how I ſurpaſs you in all things, and (which is as much to your* ſhame *as my* honour) *in the Prerogatives of* Friendſhip; *which is vainly reported to equalize* Friends, *ſince you are inferiour to me by ſo many degrees, that you dare not* think in my favor, *what I would willingly* execute *for your Conſideration. What imagination poſſeſſeth your* mind? *do you think to make* Amiclea *love you againſt her* will? *Certainly you underſtand very ill the motions of* Love, *which have no other foundation but the* Liberty *of chooſing, and therefore it is called* Dilection, *as if one ſhould ſay an inclination of* Election. *And you are very ignorant of the humour of* Ladies, *who (like ſhadowes) do uſually follow thoſe that flie them, and ſhun thoſe that follow them. You have reaſon to ſay that* Amiclea *love's mee; hee muſt bee blinde that perceive's it not; ſo do many others, whoſe* Paſſions *are very irkſome to mee: my* Ears *are dayly ſtorm'd with her Complaints, and theſe importunities which are ſo unwelcome to mee, would be ſuch favours to you, as would elevate your thoughts to the Skies. But what ſhould I do in this caſe? I can no more hinder* her *from* loving *mee, than compell* her *to* affect *you.* Affection *is not ſo eaſily put off as a* Garment, *nothing is more difficult to be done by* devoir *than to* Love. *Shee knowe's that her deſires are without* hope *for my particular, and yet I cannot diſabuſe her of her* Errour, *nor diſſwade her from amuſing her* Fancy *after a* Subject, *which cannot lawfully be her's. I would, for your ſatisfaction, that it were in my power to tranſplant her* Paſſion, *and turn it from my ſelf to you; if this were poſſible, you ſhould finde that among all the* Friends *in the World there never was any more faithfull, nor more deſirous of pleaſing you than I am.*

At theſe words *Jealouſie* reſigned the poſſeſſion of *Liante's* Heart; and hee, acknowledging the ingagements hee had to the incomparable *Friendſhip* of *Iphigenes*, ſaid to him: "I think *Heaven* hath created "you to ſerve as a Spectacle of admiration to all thoſe that ſee you, "but much more to thoſe that frequent you. It is impoſſible to "hate you, and know you; But what ſay I? I maintain one cannot

"know

"know you without loving you, no more than ſee the *Sun* without "light or heat. But what can bee the reaſon, that (like that glorious "*Planet*) you cauſe ſuch *ardours* in theſe feeble *Souls*, without con- "ceiving the leaſt degree of *heat* in your own? For, never *Man* was "ſo beloved of *Women* as you are, and (I think) never any cared "leſs for them than you. What? Do you then love none ſo well, "but that you could leave her if a faithfull *friend* ſhould intreat you to "be unfaithfull to her?

Hereunto *Iphigenes* made anſwer, *A perfect* Friend *will never deſire any thing ſo diſhonorable as* infidelity; *but if any* Friend *of mine ſhould be much inflamed for ſome one of that* Sex, (*who to mee are all indifferent*) *I ſhould make no difficulty to reſigne an* affection, *wherein I were no otherwiſe ingaged than by a* Civile *reſpect*; *eſpecially if hee had been the firſt pretender. For, I hold it the greateſt injury that can be done to a* Friend, *to indeavour to ſpoil his market in matter of Marriage, and* that *there is nothing more capable of breaking all* Friendſhip, *than* Jealouſie *proceeding from ſuch a cauſe*; *in regard it is an offence beyond reparation. There is not hee breathing among* Mortalls *but knowe's that* Love *and* Royalty *admit of no Companions, and* that *they are two* Torrents *which overturn by the impetuoſity of their* Courſe *all ſort of Obſtacles.*

Dear Iphigenes, *replyed* Liante, *I think thou haſt undertaken to tranſport mee quite beyond my ſelf, making mee ſee in thee, not the* Image, *but the* Eſſence *of the moſt perfect* Friend *under the Circumference of the* Firmament. *I deliver up my Arms*, Dear Brother, *and in all wayes acknowledge my ſelf conquered by thee*; *But ſince thou haſt given mee ſo many times my* Life, *now thou giveſt mee the* Courage *to deſire thee to preſerve in mee thy own* handy-work, *and releaſe mee from the trouble that torment's mee. Know then, that without the poſſeſſion of* Amiclea *I cannot live. And to imbrace the* Body *of one, whoſe* Heart *is with another, is a thing I can as little indure, as to be tied to a breathleſs* Carcaſs; *It would be a puniſhment to mee, not a pleaſure. Therefore I beſeech thee to further mee in the* Conqueſt *of her* Affection, *and favoriſe this* alliance *with thy* aſſiſtance. *I am but too certain of her* Parent's *conſent, and* that *they are no leſs willing to make mee their* Son-in-law, *than I deſire to have their* Daughter *to* Wife.

Then, after ſome other diſcourſe, conceiving that nothing hindered him from beeing beloved by *Amiclea*, but the *Paſſion* which conſumed her for *Iphigenes*, *Liante* continued his ſupplication to him to deprive

deprive her of all *Hope* of injoying him, that ſhee might likewiſe loſe the *deſire*, flattering his imagination *that* thereby her *Love*, having no more wings to raiſe it ſelf, would doubtleſs fall to the ground; the onely means of curing that *Diſeaſe* in her *Fancy*, and to pluck the *Thorns* out of her *Heart*, beeing to put the *Roſe* out of her *reach*. Alleadging *that* to perſwade her to divert her thoughts another way, and fix them upon a *ſubject* to whom ſhee might eaſily and juſtly pretend, hee had a thouſand reaſons, and wanted no inventions to lend him merits that hee poſſeſſed not, and convey them into the belief of that *Lady*. That if, by his mediation, hee purchaſed her *Affection*, hee would eſteem that *favour* above the benefit of his *Life* (for which hee remained his debter) in regard *Life* would be loathſome to him, if hee could procure no admittance into *Amiclea's* Heart.

Imagine you into what extremities *Iphigenes* ſaw himſelf reduced, not beeing able handſomly to refuſe ſerving *Liante* in an occaſion that hee dreaded the moſt, and which was moſt deſtructive to his own deſires. Having remained long time in this perplexity, as motionleſs as if hee had ſeen a *Meduſa*, or been ſtunn'd with ſome violent blow, at length recollecting his *Spirits*, and like *Anteus*, receiving vigour from his *fall*, hee gave his voyce paſſage to pronounce theſe words.

"*Liante*, if you knew the harm and injury you do mee, you would "have ſome compaſſion of my ſuffering, and acknowledge that you "condemne mee to a puniſhment much leſs ſupportable than *Death*, "by intreating mee to ſerve you in this occurrence. I know you will "ſay, that the triall of a *Friend* is in difficult matters, and time of "need; But if wee ought to love another, by the modell of that *Love* "which wee owe to our ſelves, it followe's neceſſarily that our own "intereſt ought to have the precedence, according to the order of "the moſt perfect *Charity*. It is not yet time for you to know the "injury I receive thereby, nor the extream dammage and hinderance "it will bee to your *Fortune*, which I intended to raiſe above all other "*Grandeurs* in *Polonia*, except the *Royall* Dignity. I ſee plainly that "it is the luſter of ſome pleaſures, and vain pretenſions, that make's "you precipitate your ſelf from this Pinacle, and ſeek your fall where "you thought to *raiſe* your ſelf. Queſtionleſs I ſhall bee a *Caſſandra* "to you, and tell you divers truths, but you will believe none. Well, "*Liante*, perchance my *Death* will open your Eyes, and then (by a "*remorſe* too late and out of ſeaſon) you will regret that you had "cauſed *it* to one, who prepared for you the happieſt *Life* that your imagination

"imagination could fathome. Nevertheleſs I will drink this *Cup* "of bitterneſs, which you preſent mee, and although it bee to mee a "*poyſon* beyond remedy, I will ſwallow it, to ſhew the *force* of my "*Friendſhip* to the *prejudice* of my *Love*, to a Man, who (I believed) "could not be capable of *ingratitude*.

Hereupon *Liante* thinking hee had diſcovered all the *ſecret*, "ſaid; "*Brother*, have I caught you? I knew this *ſtraining* would ſo *torture* "you, that in deſpight of your *diſſimulation*, I ſhould at length wring "out of your own *Mouth* the *verity*, which you hid in the bottome "of your *Heart*. You love *Amiclea* then, for whom you counter-"feited ſo much coldneſs and indifference; and, thruſting *Time* back "by the ſhoulders expecting the concluſion of the *Peace*, you would "amuſe mee in the interim with promiſes of imaginary *dignities*, "like thoſe who give Children *Cherries* with certain mag-"nifying *Glaſſes*, that make them ſhew as big as *Apples*: To the "end at the ſame time you may kill two *Birds* with one *bolt*, and by "breaking your *Faith* to the *Siſter* deprive the *Brother* of a *Love*, "which hee preferr's before his *Life*.

At length after a tedious Conference to this effect, *Liante* beeing perſwaded by the ſuggeſtions of *Jealouſie*, that the fair *Palatine* was the onely obſtacle of his pretentions, in a diſcontented humour quitted the room, leaving *Iphigenes* with ſuch a tempeſt in his thoughts, as you may fancy, *Love*, *Deſpight*, *Shame*, *Choller*, *Deſpair*, and *Sorrow* (which then tormented him all together) by their impetuous blaſts were able to raiſe in a *Lover's* minde. Yet beeing reſolved to ſuffer all extremities, rather than breake abſolutely with *Liante*, hee ſearched among his thoughts for Excuſes, and ſome Reaſons to pardon his ingratitude. And after a thouſand Muſings, and as many extravagant Diſcourſes, Alas! ſaid hee to himſelf; *It is thou (Iphigenes) who art* cauſe *of thy own miſchief, yet thou accuſeſt the* innocent, *thou hideſt his* Eyes *and complaineſt if hee hurt thee. Reſtore, reſtore his* ſight *by diſcovering to him what thou art, and then thou wilt finde* that *as the* ſhadowes *of the* Night *fly from the* Preſence *of the* Sun, *So all his* Suſpicions *will vaniſh when thou ſhalt let him ſee the cleer* Day *of* Truth.

Thus *Iphigenes* ſometimes injuring *Liante*, ſometimes crying him mercy, ſometimes accuſing, ſometimes excuſing him, digeſted that *bitterneſs* with ſuch anguiſh, that (if a timely ſhower of teares had not wetted the Wings of his agitated Spirits, benum'd his *Senſes*, and at laſt cloſed his *Eyes*) hee was in danger of falling into a *Frenſie*.

Mean time *Liante* neglected no indeavours to get *Iphigenes* out of the *City*, judging that in respect Hee had entred upon his *Word*, his *Honour* was ingaged to remit him in the same condition as hee took him: Besides, the interest of his *Love* instigated him shrewdly to expedite that enterprise, imagining, as a *Loadstone* loseth it's faculty of attracting iron in the presence of a *Diamond*, that hee should never be able to draw the *Affections* of *Amiclea* to him, as long as her Eyes had that beautifull *Palatine* to contemplate. But as it is no less easie to bee caught in a snare, than hard to get loose; So in the *Warres* a Man may bee soon made *prisoner*, but not so sodainly inlarged. *Liante* to acquire the *glory* of that *Prize*, had conducted that *intelligence* without communicating it to the *Palatines* of *Minsee* and *Troc*: But to make *Iphigenes* escape without advertising them, had been to expose his Person to a shamefull punishment, and declare himself an *Enemy* and a *Traitour* to the *publick* good: So that hee knew not what to resolve. On the other side, the *Passion* hee suffered for *Amiclea* never gave his *Mind* any truce: yet to marry one that loved him not, in that great Aversion and Perplexity of *Spirit*, (th' *Idea* of another *Object* having wholly prepossess'd her thoughts) he saw as little likelyhood as contentment.

In this anxiety hee went to tell *Iphigenes*, that without his Counsell hee could not finde a thred to lead him out of the *Labyrinth*, wherein hee had ingaged himself by entring into *Minsee*. *Iphigenes*, who had no desire to go out, was glad to take this advantage of *Liante*, saying, *That comming in upon his word, hee thought the Gates should be open for him when hee pleased.* And, *Liante* having told him the difficulties and obstacles hee found in procuring his inlargement, hee continued; "See what a great *Name* you have in appearance among the *Rebells*, "and how little *Power* in effect. It is not so with mee in the *King's* "Party; For, I am so confident of His *Majestie's* goodness, that hee "will receive you graciously, and when I shall have acquainted him "with the motives of your *Despair*, that hee will re-establish you in "despight of *Mieslas* in your Estate, and confer such Dignities upon "you as you can never hope to gaine by this *Rebellion*. And if you will "decline those thoughts of *Marriage* with *Amiclea* (which are as "ruinous to you as grievous to mee, for Reasons which it is not yet "time to tell you,) Let mee alone with the conduct of your *Fortune*, "and assure your self, that I will not onely repair the Breaches of it, "but raise it to such an height, that your desires will scarce be able to "reach it.

Passion

Paſſion is a deceiving *Medium*, through which wee cannot rightly diſcern the ſincerity of any thing. *Liante* beeing prepoſſeſſed with a falſe ſuſpicion and prejudice againſt *Iphigenes*, thought all his Poteſtations and Promiſes but onely inventions to deceive him; eſpecially in regard they tended to make him break thoſe *Bonds*, which hee eſteemed above all *Honours* or *Liberty*: And not conceiving wherefore hee ſhould have ſuch repugnancy to his *Marriage*, hee reſolved to play the *Adder*, ſtopping his Ears to that wiſe *Charmer*, and preſs all he could his *Alliance* with *Amiclea*.

"Whereupon hee anſwered, *That* hee was not ſo little judicious, as "to leave a certainty for an uncertainty, and a *Prey* which hee had "already in his Hands, to follow a new *Sent*; No, hee was too well "skill'd in hunting to take the *Change*. *That* hee preferr'd the conqueſt "of his *Miſtris* above the *King's* favour. *That* hee hoped his *particu-*"*lar* Peace ſhould bee included in the *publick* Articles. *That* hee knew "no better means to ingage the *Lithuanians* to inſert that *Clauſe* in "their Capitulations, than by his *Alliance* with *Olavius*. *That* that was "his laſt reſolution, the *Plank* and *Anchor* of his Shipwracked *For-*"*tune*; *That* all perſwaſions to the contrary ſhould move his *Heart* "no more than the *Sea's* inſulting *Billowes* diſplace the ſturdy "*Rocks*.

This hurried the thoughts of *Iphigenes* beyond the bounds of *Pati-ence*, ſeeing the obſtinancy of that inflexible *Courage*: yet hee moderated his paſſion a little, not without letting appear ſome *ſparkles* of his inward *fire* by theſe words. "You cannot reſtore me my *Liberty*, & you "will marry *Amiclea* againſt my *Will*. Well, *Liante*, know that being "more powerfull than you in all reſpects, I can take again my *Liberty* "when I pleaſe, and hinder you from having *Amiclea* to Wife. For, "I know, unleſs I am ſo contented, that ſhee will rather conſent to "*Death*, then your *Marriage*: As for my going out of this *Caſtle*, take "notice *that* I have as many *ſally-ports* as there are *W.* (hee would "have ſaid *Women*, but not to diſcover himſelf too much, hee ſaid) "*Windowes*.

This made *Liante* believe (ſee how one abſurdity drawe's on another) that *Iphigenes* made uſe of ſome *Magicall* charms to purchaſe himſelf the *King's* favour, riſe to ſuch high *Dignities*, acquire *Honour* in the *War*, gain the *Affections* not onely of *Ladies*, but of all the *World*, and make his *eſcape* out of *Priſon*, either by flying like *Dedalus*, or transforming himſelf into a *Bird*. In this Opinion he ſaid, *That cannot be done without ſorcery*.

I will use no other Charms, *than those which* Nature *hath placed in my* Face (*replyed* Iphigenes) *nor any other* Armes *than those of my* Tongue. *Then* (answered *Liante* in a fury) *complaine not against Mee if you get not out of Prison; And do what you can, I defie all your inchantments*, White *or* Black, Naturall *or* Diabolicall, *for hindering Mee from* marrying *my* Mistris, *since I have her* Father's *Word, on which depend's her* Will *by the Law of* Filiall *Obedience and* Paternall *Authority*. With that hee flung away, as full of *Anger* as hee left *Iphigenes* oppresst with *Sadness*.

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The Twelveth Book.

ARGUMENT.

Iphigenes *to content* Liante *seem's to sollicite* Amiclea *in his behalf. His* Speeches *to* Her, Liante *standing behinde the* Hangings *in the same* Chamber. *Her sharp* Replies. Liante's *fury at* Her *slights.* Iphigenes *and* Amiclea's *indeavours to appease his* Rage. Liante, *transported with* Love, *contracts with* Her *Parents to marry* Amiclea *contrary to Her* Will *or* Knowledge. *Her Sister* Oloria *informs* Her, *and* Shee *acquaints* Iphigenes *with these* Proceedings. Iphigenes *falls desperately* Sick *with* Griefe *for* Liante's *unkindness to* Him, *and his obstinate* Research *of* Amiclea. *The Politick* Boleslaus, *under pretence of beeing an* Apothecary, *conveye's himself into the* Castle *with the* King's Physicians *that came to attend the Prisoner.* Iphigenes *after a passionate Declaration of his* Distemper, *swounds in* Boleslaus *Arms. His* perplexity, *and* Invention *to asswage the* Palatine's *sorrow. To disabuse* Liante *and withdraw his affection from* Amiclea, *Hee discovers the whole* Mystery *of* Iphigenes *Birth, Education and Passion for Him.* Liante's *astonishment at this Relation, with his Speeches to* Boleslaus. *The Amazement, and Joy of* Iphigenes *upon* Boleslaus *assurance of* Liante's *mutuall flames.* Boleslaus *brings* Liante *to* Iphigenes *Chamber. Their Passionate* Deportments *at this interview. Their perfect* Reconciliation. *Their* Plot *to cheat the* Eyes *as well of* Amiclea *and* Oloria *as the rest.* Olavius *in hope to match his* Daughter *to* Iphigenes, *disposes the* Lithuaninans *to an accommodation.* Iphigenes *receives a* Commission *from the* King *to treat with them.* Miesias, *during the* Treaty, *indeavours to intercept* Liante *at his return into the* City. *The* Policy *and* Resolution *of* Iphigenes *to defend* Him. *Next day* Hee *is stayed, and accused of* Treason *by his inraged* Father. Miesias *to break off the* Treaty, *and intrap* Liante (*if hee sallied*) *gave out that Hee would execute* Iphigenes *with his own hand*

as a Traytor. Liante *with a ſtrong* Party *of* Lithuanians *reſcues the ſuppoſed* Iphigenes, *takes* Mieſlas *Priſoner.* Amiclea *to releaſe or revenge her beloved* Iphigenes, *in a ſuit of* Polemander's *Armour ſallies among the reſt, is taken by the* Royaliſts, *and given by the* Generall *to* Iphigenes. *Hee returns with his* Shee-Champion *to* Minſee; *Excuſes her diſguiſement to* Olavius *and her* Mother. *Receives a* Plenipotentiary *power from the* King *to agree with the* Lithuanians: *The* Paſtimes *during the* Treaty. Liante's *Grace and re-eſtabliſhment is included in the* Articles. *The* Peace *concluded,* Iphigenes *is ſent for to the* Court: *Is magnificently received by the* King. *He obtains* Liante's *pardon, and re-inſtates him in the* King's *favour. The* King *offers his Siſter* Florimunda *in* Marriage *to* Iphigenes *in ſatisfaction of his acceptable ſervices. His modeſt refuſall. The* Queen's *importunity to effect that* Alliance. *His ſeeming conſent and reſignation to their* Majeſties *Commands.* Iphigenes *diſcovers to the* King *in private the whole* ſecret *of his* Birth, Education *and* Affection *to* Liante; *Implores his aſſiſtance for the accompliſhment of his deſires. Their* Plot *to ſtop the* Rumour *of his* Marriage *to* Florimunda, *and ſuppreſs her* Paſſion, *by reporting that He was* impotent. *The* Princeſs Reſpicia's *diſtempers at this* Newes, *and Her indeavours to make good Her* Diſpenſation. Modeſtina *and* Aretuza *are ſent for to the* Court. *The fears of the later, the* Jealouſie *and paſſionate Expreſſions of the other againſt* Reſpicia. *The* Palatine *of* Minſee *brings his two* Daughters *to* Court, *challenging* Iphigenes *and* Liante *of their* promiſe, *to marry them. The* King *oppoſes his authority to their pretentions, makes* Mieſlas *condeſcend to give* Liante *one of his* Daughters. *Hee produces a concealed one named* Virgenia *or* Iphigenia. *The conteſtation of* Modeſtina, Reſpicia *and* Amiclea *for* Iphigenes. *The* King *appoints a day for hearing, and undertakes to content them all by his Award. His ſpeech to the* Queen *and* Aſſembly, *while* Virgenia (*dreſt like a* Bride) *is conveyed into a private* Gallery, *and* Liante *reaſſumes the form of* Almeria. Bolaſlaus *by the* King's *command brings forth* Iphigenes *ſumptuouſly apparelled in* Man's *cloaths, Leading* Liante *in a* Woman's. *Their Deportments and Speeches to the* Aſſembly. *The ſeverall cenſures of the* Spectatours. *The* Archbiſhop *declares Iphigenes* Marriage *to* Modeſtina *void:* Affiance's *him to* Almeria. *The deſtemper of* Mieſlas *at this ſight. They retire and change* Cloathes. *The* King's *private Diſcourſe with the three* Pretendants *in mean time.* Liante *by the* King's *command re-enters the* Stage *in* Man's

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apparrell with the reall Iphigenes *attired like the supposed* Iphigenia. *They are publickly contracted.* Miesias *is deceived in his own* Daughter. *The* Queen's *and* Infanta's *discourse concerning the betrothed* Couples. *His* Majestie's *grave* Speech *to the* Assembly, *unfoulding the secret of* Iphigenes *Birth. The amazement of the Hearers.* Miesias *fury against* Liante *is turn'd to* Joy *and* Kindness. *The* King *appoints a day to celebrate their* Marriage *with magnificent solemnities.* Iphigenes, *more in* favour *than ever, Marries and advances all his* Friends *and* Attendants. Liante's *Dignities increase proportionably to the* favour *his* Wife *procured him. Their life at the* Court. *The* Moscovians *invade* Polonia. Miesias, *by his* Daughter's *means is made* Lieutenant Generall. Ambition *incites* Liante *to assist in that* Expedition; Love *and* Honour *forbid* Iphigenia's *stay behinde* him. *Their* Gallantry *in the* Battle. Miesias *is slaine; The* Generall *dies; That* Charge *is confer'd upon the two* Favorites. *The* Triumphs *that were made them at their returne to* Court. Liante *is re-instated in his* Inheritance, *& made* Lord high Marshall *of* Polonia. Cassio, Pomeran *and the rest are Honorably rewarded by His* Majesty, *for their valorous deportments in his* Service.

THis distance and discontentment having continued for some dayes, the inamoured *Prisoner*, desiring to leave nothing unattempted to Conquer *Liante's* Heart, sent to beg a visit of him. *Courtesie*, so naturall to persons of Noble birth, permitted him not to refuse so *small* a *favour* to so *great* a *friend*; Besides, the *hope* hee had that *Iphigenes*, repenting himself for having thwarted his designe, might happily assist him in the purchase of *Amiclea's* Love, induced him to satisfie his *desire*.

Being come into the presence of him, whom hee had so dearely loved, and so much disobliged, touched with a thousand *remorses*, hee had not the confidence to invisage him. *Iphigenes*, perceiving the perplexity, and trouble in his thoughts, by the changing of colours in his Face, after many passionate Reproaches and Complaints against his ingratitude, said; *You foster an Opinion as I would have disswaded you from the* Alliance *with* Amiclea, *that I do hinder* her *from consenting to the* Marriage *proposed betwixt* her *and* you. *If I make* you *see and hear the contrary of your Errour, What can you alledge for your excuse? But*

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to speak verities to one that is incredulous, is to sow good Grain on an infertile Ground.

I am not so wedded to incredulity (replied *Liante*) *as not to believe what I see and hear; but you must pardon mee if I have no* Faith *in your last words, since they are directly contrary to your former, from which* (*if you remember*) *I could gather no other sense, than that you would hinder* Amiclea, *to the utmost of your power, from giving her consent to make me her* Husband.

"It is true (said *Iphigenes*) that if I did by the least compliance "bewraye an inclination to answer the *Love*, (which you "cannot but perceive shee beareth mee) it would bee a sufficient "*Remora* to stay the *Vessell* of your *Designes*, were it going full-saile "upon the *Sea* of the fairest *hopes* that could be imagined. But if I have "never amused her in her pretentions; if I have been to her *Ears* a per-"petuall *Advocate* pleading the *Cause* of your *Merits*, before the "*tribunall* of her *Heart*; if without cease shee hath rejected my per-"swasions, not so much for the *affection* shee bear's mee as the *aver-"sion* shee hath to you; *aversion* which is changed into *horrour*, since "shee hath understood *that* with her consent, or by force you have "boasted to obtain the possession of her, and *that* it is impossible for "her to avoid beeing married to you; if I have alwayes indeavoured "to rebate the *edge* of her *indignation*, and moderate her bitterness "against your proccedings: *In summe*, if I have stript my self of all "the *right* I might pretend in her to invest you with Her *affections*, "where will you finde a *Face* to blush enough at the *indignities* which "you have not onely made my *Innocence* suffer, but wherewith you "requite the Services I have rendred you? Of all this it is easie for "mee to give an invincible proof, if you do but take order that *Ami-"clea* may come to see mee, and if you have the patience to see and "hear, what shee will say, when shee think's you absent, and you "stand hid behind the *Tapistry*: But *I* have something else to commu-"nicate to you, more serious than these *fopperies* of *Love*, which "ought at least to give some respite to *Men's* Spirits in such times of "trouble.

"It is true the *King* wages War against you very gently, upon the "hopes that *I* have given him of mediating, in time, a good agree-"ment that may spare the *Blood* of his *Subjects*: you have indeed "*occasion* and some *reason* to amuse your *thoughts* with that *Passion*, "which is the employment of those that have nothing else to doe

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"(during this kinde of *ceſſation* of *Arms*) but to buſie their wits with the "ordinary exerciſe of *Gentlemen* in times of *Peace*; which is, to make "*Love*. Now, as I will not hinder you from *this*, ſo I intreate you by "all that can oblige a generous *Spirit*, by the reverence which you owe "to your *Soveraign*, by the care of your *particular* Fortune, by the ad-"vancement of the *publick* good, I would add by the *Friendſhip* which "you have born mee (if there remained any *ſparke* unquench't of that "ſacred *fire*) that you would not oppoſe any obſtacle to the *Treaty*, "which I pretend to make by the Commandement, and for the ſervice "of His *Majeſty* with the *Lithuanians*. Let us, like thoſe two great "*Captains* of *Greece*, who beeing Enemies depoſed their private "*grudges* to ſuccour their *Country* by a *Friendly* intelligence. And "although, for my part, I proteſt, I have not any *Gall* againſt you; "however your *Heart* is to mee, you ought for your *Countrie's* good "to contribute your aſſiſtance, unleſs you will contract the ſtaine of an "impiety, that will render you odious to *God* and *Man*. If this differ-"ence bee but reconciled, let your *rigour* execute upon mee after-"wards all that your *umbragious* or *Cholerick* humour can ſuggeſt; I "will have no better *deſtiny*, than what is *ſpun* by your *hands*, nor ſur-"vive the *leſs* of your *affection*.

"*I Doubt not that your principall intent* (*ſaid* Liante) *is to procure the agreement betwixt* Lithuania *and* Polonia, (*an enterpriſe which I exceedingly commend, ſo it bee conducted with* Sincerity *and* Judgement, *and for which I would willingly imploy my* Blood *and* Life, *it beeing* (*in my opinion*) *the richeſt Monument a* Man *can erect for himſelf, to die for the repoſe and ſafety of his Country*:) *But Why cannot you perform that* publick *Office, without traverſing the* particular *inclinations I have for* Amiclea, *as if that* alliance *imported any thing to the ſervice of His* Majeſty, *or the* Publick? *If it pleaſe you to aſſiſt mee in the* one, *I promiſe you to contribute my beſt indeavours for the advancement of the* other.

Then *Liante* having put *Iphigenes* in minde of his promiſe to let him hear the perſwaſions wherewith hee would mollifie *Amiclea's* Heart, and induce her to imbrace his *Affection*; *Iphigenes* renewed his ingagement to him. Whereupon leave beeing obteined of *Olavius* for her to viſit the *Priſoner*, *Liante* repaired joyfully to the place appointed, to ſee the *Deſpair* of his pretenſions.

This *Sentinell* was no ſooner ſet, but *Amiclea* (who had already received intimation privately from *Iphigenes* of the Deſign) beeing

come into the Chamber, after the ordinary Civilities, Hee entertained her with this discourse: "*Madam*, all the ill treatment you "see mee suffer in this place proceedeth onely from an *opinion* crept "into *Liante's* fancy, that I hindered *you* from Marrying *him*; you "know in what tearmes I have alwayes represented to you the merits "of that *Gentleman*, and that to divert you from the *Passion* which "you are pleased to express towards mee, I declared the impediments "that debarred mee from acknowledging so great a *favour* in such "manner as my *devoir* and *Courtesie* would oblige mee to, if I were "free. Therefore I beseech you to quit the *desire* of a person, who "cannot lawfully bee your's, and apply your *Heart* to him, whom "your *Parents* have designed you, and who so perfectly honours you, "that I believe nothing can bee added to the greatness of his affection. "I am incited to make you this request, by the antient *Friendship*, "which from my *infancy* I have contracted with *Liante*, the *felicity* I "wish you and (if I may dare to make this addition) the *desire* I have "of moderating my restraint.

Seigneur Palatine (*answered* Amiclea,) *you are a better* Friend *than faithfull* Lover; *I have told you so many times that it is as impossible for mee to lodge* Liante *in my* Heart, *as displace you; you continue deaf to my Complaints, yet you would have mee be exorable to his; you are too blame to condemn mee for a fault which you authorize in your self, and perswade mee by your* words *what your* Example *disswade's. For, if you will not receive mee into your* Affection, *for some weak reasons wherewith you oppose my importunities, why should not I defend my self from his* alliance *for many good and powerfull ones, which I have so often inculcated to you? I know not with what* Antipathy *Nature hath imbu'd my* Soul *against him, but however I strive to compell my* humour, *I can see nothing in him that pleases mee. And what probability is there then, that I should render my self to the violence whereby he pretends to force me to a consentment? He deceive's himself if he think's to win me that way; For, in stead of attracting my* affection *he will incense my* hatred; *But in disobliging hee hath obliged me, for by letting me understand his jealous disposition before I was any way ingaged to him, he give's me timely warning not to contract my self to a* Man, *from whom I can expect nothing but* Tyranny. *What? He styles me His* Mistris, *yet he would alwayes treat me like a* Slave, *and impose upon me* Lawes *not according to* Reason, *but his* humour. *If he desire's that I should participate of that* ardour, *which he saye's he indure's for me; Doth he not see*

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by that foolish rule, that he will oblige me to cherish all those that shall but seem to Love *me ? Hee would have me* Love *him, but not you ; indeed a pertinent injunction ; if hee conceit's that hee deserve's* Love *more than you, why will he constrain my* Liberty ? *Have not I more* reason *to desire him not to* Love *me, (in regard I have no inclination to him) and suffer me to* Honour *you, since I* Love *not my own thoughts, but when they entertain Me with the agreeable Representation of your Merits ? Doth he think thus to inthrall the Liberties of Persons, who are nothing inferiour to himself, and already take upon him the severe Authority of an imperious* Husband, *instead of keeping himself in the respects of an observant* Lover ? *I know not whence can proceed those thoughts ; neither, if hee should perswade himself that his services ought to oblige me to be his, do I know that he hath rendered me any so remarkeable as deserve my Liberty for recompence. If his* Sighs, *his* Tears *and* Complaints, *which are as many importunities to me, are taken for current payment, it is not at the rate of such slight things (and which are but* Water *and* Winde) *that I will purchase to my self a slavery. He hath often told me that his* Life *depended so upon the possession of me, that without it he should* die ; *but I do so abhor him since I have discovered his* humour, *that I will rather marry a* Grave *than ingage my Faith to* him.

"But said *Iphigenes*, since hee love's you so excessively, you cannot "without ingratitude do less than give him your *Heart* in exchange "for his, which hee hath remitted into your *hands*. I cannot give an "*Heart* that is not mine, answered *Amiclea*, and (what *Friendship* "soever there is betwixt you) take that from *you* which is your's by "my *Free-gift*, to give it him ; it is easier for mee to return him his "own, which I never entertain'd though he offered it often; or at least "intreate him to take it again, and bestow it on some other *Subject* "more fit than I am to support his *Tyrannies*. You know (replyed "*Iphigenes*) that the Law of *Gentlemen* permit's not any generous "*Spirits* to play the supplanters to their *Friends*, and that *Liante* "beeing the first pretender to your Service, I may not imbrace that "Designe untill hee hath quitted it, or that you have quite broken with "him.

"As for the *first* (said *Amiclea*,) it depend's on him, and I know "not (hee is so obstinate in his own mischief) whether hee will let go "that which hee hold's but by imagination ; The *second* is fully resol- "ved on for my part : For, I have desired him so many times not to "importune mee any more with his *Tears* and *Sighs*, that I know

"not what pleasure hee take's to Shipwrack his Vowes so often against "a Rock that laugh's at his Disasters. In a word, whatsoever You can "say or Hee do, I will never bee his in *Body* nor *Minde*. I have not so "little courage, but that I know the way to set a period to my *Life*, "when I shall perceive it worse than a thousand *Deaths*.

After divers other Speeches to the same effect, *Iphigenes* said, "*Ma-*"*dam*, let mee intreat you to quit that resolution so cruell to him, and "so unpleasing to mee; Unpleasing to mee, out of the *sorrow* I con-"ceive, because I cannot answer your *Affection* as I would: And "cruell to him, because I know if this newes come's to his Ears, it will "bee the message of *Death*.

Imagine you with what perplexities the afflicted *Liante* heard from the Mouth of his Mortall *Goddess* the sentence of his condemnation: with what reproches did hee not charge her *Severity* in his *Minde*, yet hee loved her ne're the less; on the contrary her *Cruelty* and *Ingra-titude* like two whet-stones sharpened his *Passion*, and rendered it more fervent. At length beeing no longer able to sustein the vio-lence of his distemper contrary to the promise hee had made *Iphigenes* not to appear, hee left his *Post* in fury, and (his *Eyes* overflowed with *Teares*, and his *Heart* swell'd with *Sobb's*) hee cast himself at *Amiclea's* feet, at the same instant as shee had taken *Iphigenes* Hand and was raising it to to her *Lips*. This Action with the discourse hee heard had almost transported him beyond the bounds of respect: At last having obtained some truce of his *Passion*, hee disburthened his *mind* in these words.

"*Since* after so many fruitless *Sighs* for having been the faithfullest "of *Lovers*, I am paid with *ingratitude* by one, whose *Heart* I "never thought capable of such a *Vice*, and for having offen-"ded the *Heavens* by honouring too *religiously* a *Creature*, I feele the "punishment of my *Idolatry* in her disowning mee: *Since* the "Respects and Services which I have rendered her are held Offences: "*Since* I am betray'd by *him* in whom I reposed my greatest confi-"dence, and despised by *her* whom I esteemed most, what do I more "in this *Life*, unless it bee to prolong the insolences of *Fortune*, who "is never weary of persecuting mee? *Cruell* AMICLEA, more *hard* "than the *Rocks*, more *deaf* than the *Sea*, less *exorable* than *Death*, "finish, finish thy work, pierce with the point of this blade (offering her "his Pomiard) this wretched *Body*, which thou so hatest, and send away "that *Soul* which is so importunate and irksome to thee. I shall esteem

"eſteem this laſt *Office* an Act of *Pitty*, and to make appear that thy "*diſdain* is leſs ſupportable to mee than *Death*, thou ſhalt ſee mee "honour the Effect of thy *Cruelty* to the laſt Moment of my "*Life.*

Amiclea (although ſhee had been advertiſed of his beeing hid in the room,) was however ſo troubled at his preſence, and ſo frighted to ſee him in that deſperate poſture, that her *voyce* cleaving to the Palate of her *Mouth*, ſhee was not able to frame an anſwer. *Iphigenes* fearing, leſt ſhee refuſing to take that Weapon, *Liante's* fury might tranſport him to plunge it in his own boſome, preſently ſeized upon his Arm, to wreſt that murtherous blade out of his hand. *Liante* ſeeing *Iphigenes* diſarming him, *If that* Lady (ſaid hee, looking on *Amiclea* with an *Eye* full of *Love* and *Anger*) *hath not the courage to advance the tearms of my miſerable* Life, *cut thou* (*if thou haſt ever loved mee*) *the* Thred *of my* Dayes; *and ſince thou haſt robbed mee of my* Heart, *where all my* hopes *were ſeated, make an* End *of thy Felony by Ending Mee.*

Gueſs you if theſe furious *Words* which the extremity of *griefe* forced out of *Liante's* Mouth, were not ſufficient to draw tears from the tender *Iphigenes* Eyes. *Amiclea* beeing recovered of her amazement, to appeaſe the *fury* of that mad *Lover*, reſolved to uſe him more gently, and, with a more pleaſing tone, ſhew him how much hee was too blame in ſuffering himſelf to be ſo tranſported with *Paſſion*: But as *Medicines* are uſeleſs to thoſe whoſe Diſeaſes are incurable, or who are not diſpoſed to receive them: So *Deſpair* had ſo ſtopt us all the advenues of *Reaſon* in *Liante's* Soul, that hee thought there was no other way but through the Gate of *Death*, to get out of his inconſolable *torment.*

I ſhould bee too tedious if I ſtood to relate the diverſe arguments, whereby *Iphigenes* and *Amiclea* indeavoured to appeaſe the frantick tranſportments of his *Minde.* But ſometimes vomiting *Blaſphemies* againſt *Heaven*; Sometimes tearing the *Earth* with *Execrations*; Sometimes curſing *himſelf*; Sometimes quarrelling with *Providence*; Sometimes accuſing *Amiclea*, and then craving her *Pardon*; Sometimes reviling *Iphigenes*, then condemning his own raſh *Judgement*, Hee did and ſaid ſuch things as are more fit to bee wrapped up in ſilence, than diſplayed upon this Paper; and which made evidently appear *that* if *Anger* bee a ſhort *Fury*, *Love* is a pure *Folly.* At length having received from *Amiclea* no word of conſolation that might pre-

ſerve his *Hope* in that tempeſt of *Rage* that aſſailed his thoughts, after no mean contention with *Himſelf*, hee went out of the Chamber, in the ſame manner as an inraged *Bull* breake's through the Rankes of thoſe that ſee him baited, invoking *Heaven* and *Earth* to aſſiſt him in a *Revenge*.

Soon after *Liante's* departure *Amiclea* was called away by her Governeſs, who attended her in the next room; *Iphigenes* beeing left alone had his thoughts ſo divided betwixt the intereſts of *Love* and *Honour*, that his pains, exceeding the bounds of any expreſſion, caſt him into a languiſhing indiſpoſition, which within few dayes rendered him ſo feeble, that hee was inforced to confine his diſtreſſed body to his Bed: where hee appeared with ſuch advantage, that his *ſickneſs* ſeemed to have caſt him down, the more to raiſe the luſtre of his *Beauty*; which beeing then betwixt *Pitty* and *Envy* raviſhed thoſe *Souls* that had not rendered themſelves before to *Paſſion*. The *Ladies* (who were as if they had been chained to his Bed-ſtead) ſtrove to outvy each other in inventing remedies for his *Body*, and divertiſements for his *Minde*: And the *Palatines*, both of *Minſce* and *Troc*, came frequently to viſit him, promiſing to give him all the *contentments* hee could deſire of their *Courteſie*.

Mean time *Liante* gaping ſtill after his *Prey*, reſolved to have *Amiclea*, though againſt her *Will*, not to give himſelf the Lie; founding his determination upon this belief, that *Time* would bring all things to perfection, and that which was *forc't* in the *beginning*, might bee made *willing* in the *End*. Her *Father* had already given him his *Word*, and was much diſpleaſed that the obſtinacy of his *Daughter* ſhould oppoſe his *Promiſe* and *Authority*. By *Polemander's* means he gained likewiſe the *Mother's* conſent, who thinking him an advantageous *Match* for her *Daughter*, made no account of her contradiction. The *Contract* was agreed on without *Amiclea's* knowledge, but beeing informed of all the paſſages by *Oloria* (whom *Deſpair* had almoſt diſtracted) ſhee comforted her with this aſſurance, *that* ſh e would never conſent to marry *Liante*, nor any other untill *Shee* were provided; which ſomewhat qualified her jealous *Siſter's* pain.

Amiclea was not long before ſhee gave *Iphigenes* notice of thoſe proceedings, which gave ſo furious an aſſault to his debilitated *Heart*, that increaſing the violence of his *Feaver*, the *Phyſicians* began to diſtruſt his *Recovery*. This newes was preſently noiſed in the *Camp*, and thence carried to the *Court*; and that which the *Lithuanians* moſt

feared

feared (which was a *ſuſpicion* that hee had been poyſoned by them) was the firſt impreſſion His *Majeſtie's* minde received. Whereupon hee ſent them *Letters*, more bloody than *Tamberlan's* Crimſon *Flag*; To which they returned their Excuſes and Proteſtations of innocence; But *Poyſon* is not purged by *Oaths*, and thoſe who are ſo abominable as to practiſe ſuch baſeneſs, make no great ſcruple of beeing perjur'd.

The *King* preſently diſpatched his own *Phyſitians* and *Surgeons* with command to attend the *Perſon* of *Iphigenes*. They were very civilly received by the beſieged *Party*, as had already been *thoſe* whom the *Generall* and *Mieſlas* had ſent from the *Camp*. *Boleſlaüs*, who was touched with a more then *Fatherly* tenderneſs for his dear *Foſter-Child*, found means to ſlip himſelf in amongſt the *Phyſitians*, feining that hee was an *Apothecary*. The *Phyſitians* in their Conſultations found that *Iphigenes* Body was not *priſoned*, but their *Learning* did not reach ſo far as to read the *Diſeaſe* of his *Minde*.

They being retired, when *Boleſlaüs* appeared before the *Patient's* Eyes, already clouded in the ſhade of *Death*, they received ſome *vigour*; and his *Spirits*, as it were, wakening out of the ſlumber wherewith *Paſſion* and *Melancholy* had oppreſſed them, his *Tongue* loo'ſened it ſelf to utter with a faint and almoſt dying voyce theſe words. *Father, I bleſs the* Heavens *who have ſent you hither* (*as a Tutelary* Angell) *to render mee the laſt* devoirs, *as of your officious* Piety *I have received the firſt*; *your* Arms *which have heretofore ſerved mee as a* Cradle, *muſt ſhortly do mee the office of a* Biere; *for, I can no longer ſupport the* Sorrow *that deſtroye's me. I have nothing elſe to recommend to you but the* Care *of my* Honour, *which I have alwayes maintain'd inviolable in deſpight of thoſe miſchiefs that have perſecuted mee, Bee ſure that the* Earth *may cover my* Secret *with my* Body, *ſince I have choſen to* die *rather than diſcloſe it. Since that I* die *before the time which your* Prudence *had determined to diſcover it, I applaud the* Providence *of him under Whoſe* will *run all the* Moments *of our* Life. *For, to ſurvive the loſs of* Liante's *Friendſhip, is a thing which I cannot do if I would, and which I will not do though I could.*

Here *Tears*, *Weakneſs* and *Grief* ſtopped the paſſage of his *voyce*, and hee fell into a *Traunce*, out of which it coſt ſome time to recover him. Imagine you how *Boleſlaüs* was afflicted ſeeing him in ſo great Extremities, and knowing ſo little whence proceeded this indiſpoſition. At length having ſettled his dear *Nurſling* in a little better

temper

temper as well of *Bodie* as *Minde*, and desiring him to let him understand the ground of his Disease: *Father* (said Iphigenes) *Let mee* die *in silence, and do you onely have a care of that* Honour *after my* Death, *whereof you have been so jealous during my* Life.

The discreet old *Man* knowing with whom hee was to deale, and that *Iphigenes* loved not to bee pres'd, feined to resolve to *die* with him, as not having the *Heart* to behold the *Day* after the loss of him, whose consideration made him love its *light*.

Iphigenes, moved with *Pitty* at the old *Man's* tenderness, to hinder him from *dying*, seemed to re-affect the desire of *Living*; and, to unload his *Heart* of that sad burthen which oppress'd it, hee took the pains to relate him every particular that had passed since his imprisonment, and how hee had voluntarily made himself bee taken, as is already mentioned. By which Discourse *Boleslaüs* seeing cleer to the bottom of his *Soul*, and reading there the *Cause* of his distemper: *Take courage* (said hee) *We shall not* die *of this sickness, if Wee will be ruled by good advice.*

Father (answered *Iphigenes*) *when things are desperate, it is no time to consult but to suffer: It will be easier and better for mee to* die, *since I am already so neer it, than re-enter into a thousand* Deaths *by recovering my* Health. *Liante's* Heart *beeing* dead *to mee, I have nothing more to do in this mortall* Life. After *Boleslaüs* had used diverse arguments to perswade *Iphigenes* to banish the ingratefull *Liante* out of his *thoughts*, as unworthy of the favour of his *Affection*, Hee answered, "Father, do not increase my torment with vilifying *him* whom my "*Soul* honoureth; For, notwithstanding all your allegations and his "unkinde usage, I cannot divert the inclinations of my *Heart*, nor "change the resolution of *Loving* him, but by losing my *Life*. "Therefore if you love mee (as I have no reason to doubt) and if "you will oblige mee to love you yet more (if it bee possible) I be-"seech you go without delay to him, and conjure *him* not to flie from "*Iphigenes*, who would seeke and run after *him*, if his Sickness did "not fetter him. Tell *him* that if I had contracted with *him* but a "common acquaintance, *Civility* would oblige him to visit mee, much "more since *hee* is *cause* of this *extremity*, whereunto I am reduced. "Tell *him I* quit him of the *Promise* hee made mee to restore mee "my *Liberty*, when I committed *my self* into his hands; *That* I will "not constrein him to quit *Amiclea*; That I will rather take upon mee "the care of solliciting against *my self* his *Marriage* with her; And

that

" *that* hee would vouchſafe onely to ſee mee, and cloſe my *Eyes*, that, " with the *favour* of *Heaven*, I may likewiſe *die* in *his*. Hereunto I " pray, *good Father*, ſtudy no Excuſes nor Replyes, if you deſire that I " ſhould *Live*.

Boleſlaüs, who knew the *Palatine's* humour, promiſed a punctuall performance of his commands, adding for his comfort, that by the long experience hee had of *Liante's* Diſpoſition, hee doubted not to render him more flexible and ſenſible of his *torment*. And then having dexterouſly taken his time, *Dear Child* (ſaid hee) *ſince you have ſo changed into* Nature *this* Love, *that it is become an* accident *inſeparable to your* Being, *by undertaking to preſerve your* Life, *I will alſo aym at the preſervation of your* affection ; *and ſince I finde you cannot* live *content without* Liante, *I muſt uſe ſome invention to reduce that* Heart *into your power*.

At theſe words you would have thought *Iphigenes* had been raiſed again out of the *Grave* ; or at leaſt that hee reſembled a dainty *Flower* too much beaten with the *Sun's* Rayes, which re-take's new *vigour* by the coolneſs of the *Dew*. In a word, *Iphigenes* was a *Woman*, and among ſo many *Heroick* vertues which ſhee poſſeſſe, the *Naturall* inclination of that *Sex* to curioſity could not bee extinguiſhed in Her.

The ſubtle *Senior* perceiving it, made himſelf bee intreated a while; at length, after many circumſtances, hee ſaid, *Child, it is no time to ſpare when a* Man *is come to the laſt penny of his ſtock. The laſt thing wee muſt do in this* World *is to* die; *to prevent that* Check, *and prolong that* fatall *hour, nothing ought to be left unattempted. When you would have diſcovered your ſelf to* Liante *in the Forreſt of* Plocens, *you were preſſed onely with a* temptation; *Now you are conſtrained by* neceſſity. *You will ſay* that *the remedy is not yet in* ſeaſon, *and that it will be the ruine of your* Fortunes : *If you* die, *your* Fortunes *will be otherwiſe loſt* ; *after* Death, *Phyſick is of no uſe. You will alledge this remedy is very hard to digeſt, and I will anſwer you that* pain *is cured by* pain, *there is no* Medicine *but is unpleaſant* ; yet *to avoid* Death *you muſt neither ſpare* fearing *nor* inciſions. *You will reply* that *the* apple *is now much leſs ripe than at that time, in regard* Liante *is filled with* Gall, *not inflamed with* Love; *then I muſt tell you*, that *to quench a* Fire *People carry* Water, *and* Diſeaſes *are cured by their* contraries. *It is now* time *or never to open* Liante's *Eyes, and make him ſee how much hee is to be blamed for entertaining any* ſuſpicious *or* jealous *thought of you*, Nature *having oppoſed the*

obſtacles you know of to the pretenſions, which hee believ's you have for Amicles. *In ſumme, I will manage this diſcovery with ſuch circumſpecti-on,* that *there can arrive no dammage to you ; For, in ſparing you the* ſhame *of telling it* (*the onely* Subject *of all your* Sorrow) *I will leave you in the* power *of denying that* truth, *and rendring ridiculous thoſe that ſhould offer to mention it. At firſt I will ſound* Liante *by* Enigma's, Circumlocutions *and* Figures ; *and according as I ſhall find him bite at that bait, I ſhall know how to draw him to the* Bank ; *but before I unveile the whole* Myſtery *to him, I will oblige him by ſuch horrible Oaths to keep it* ſecret, *that if hee ſhould have a deſire to reveale it, hee cannot without fearing a puniſhment of* Thunder *from the Hand of the King of* Heaven.

All this Diſcourſe was ſo many words of *Life* to the diſtreſſed *Iphigenes* ; and, if an *Angell* had ſpoken to him, hee could not have heard him with more joy and attention than hee did *Boleſlaüs.* Then (prick't with curioſity) ſaying, *But how ?* The old Man ſtop't his Mouth with this anſwer : *A Man muſt never ſay,* I will doe this, *or* I will ſay that, *and* in ſuch a manner I will conduct my Deſign *by reaſon of the incertainty of* Events; *and the obſcurities wherein the* Future *is involved ; But when things have had a good iſſue, one may ſay,* I have done this, *and* my deſigne ſucceeded thus. *I will do nothing but what you ſhall know, yet give mee a little* liberty, *and permit that in imitation of moſt diſcreet* People, *I may do ſomewhat before I ſpeak. And be aſſured that this old Man* (*whom* Experience *hath no leſs improved than* Age *rendered hoary in your ſervice*) *hath ſome* Maſter-pieces *of ſubtility which he employe's not but upon great occaſion ; and that he who delivered you out of the Priſon in the* Foreſt, *and freed you from the Clawes of thoſe* Harpyes, *will alſo draw you out of this* Mire, *if you will follow his Advice with Patience, and reſolve to further your own Recovery.*

This ſaid, *Boleſlaüs* went to put in execution his Deſign, which ſucceeded to his wiſh ; but not without much trouble, many ſubtile inventions, and at length a full relation from beginning to end of *Iphigenes* Birth and Education, as hath already been deſcribed ; whereby hee made *Liante* ſee as clear as the *Day* the reaſons that had retarded *Iphigenes* in the diſcovery of that *Miracle*, his deſigne to declare it firſt to the *King*, that His *Majeſty* might ſee how falſe and impertinent had been the *Calumny* of his *Enviers*, and (being re-eſtabliſhed in his favour) the reſolution hee had to inveſt *Liante* in the poſſeſſion

of

of all his charges and eſtate, by giving himſelf to him according to the ſacred order of *Matrimony*.

This tranſported *Liante* with ſuch aſtoniſhment for a while, that hee knew not whether hee was a ſleep or waking; yet the ſerious deportments of the grave *Boleſlaüs*, made him give credit to this *Story*, and this beliefe was perfectly confirmed, when hee repaſſed through his *Memory* all the tokens of *Love* rather than *Friendſhip*, that hee had remarked in *Iphigenes*, his carriage to him in his *Infancy*, his chaſte deportments at the *Court*, his continuall contempt of *Women*, his incomparable *Beauty*, his paſſionate expreſſions of *affection* to him in the *Foreſt* of *Plocent*, while the one acted *Serife*, the other *Almeria*; beſides, divers other *Careſſes*, *Wiſhes*, *Sighs*, *Languors*, and ſuch like demeanours, the *ſparkles* of that *Fire* which can as little bee concealed as avoided.

Oh *Liante*, what glory after ſo many pains! He that hath long been kept in *darkneſs*, coming on a ſodain into the *Sun* is in a manner blind, the *Light*, which make's every one elſe ſee, depriving him of *ſight*: So *Liante*, though hee held as true as *Oracles*, all that *Boleſlaüs* had told him, yet hee remained as voyd of Speech and Motion as one that's incredulous or ſtupid. The entrance of his *Heart* was too narrow to let in at once the throng of *affections*, that thruſt and crowded to bee introduced; the multitude of *thoughts* quelled him; the *Honours* and *greatneſs* propoſed to him by that *Party* were above his *Ambition*, and beyond his *Hopes*; his own *Patrimony*, uſurped by *Mieſlas*, ſeemed nothing to him; But above all, the ſo many attractive *Charms*, wherewith *Nature* had inriched *Iphigenes* Face, was the *Primum Mobile* that tranſported him. Adding thereunto ſo many rare vertues, ſo many ſingular qualities, ſuch *Courage*, & *Valour*, which *Dexterity* in all generous exerciſes, and chiefly ſuch exemplary *Piety*, as rendered him the delight of all thoſe that accoſted him, filled him with the *Benedictions* of *Heaven* and *Earth*, begat him an high renown, with the *King's* favour; which doubtleſs would bee redoubled at the diſcovery of this Marvell; Oh *Liante*, what tranſportments? Then reflecting his conſideration upon himſelf, hee could not imagine that hee had merit enough to oblige *Iphigenes* to ſo conſtant a *Friendſhip*, as that, which hee had alwayes expreſſed towards him, loving him from the tendereſt of his years with ſuch ſweetneſs and cordiality; after this, returned to his *Memory* how compaſſionately in all his troubles hee bare a ſhare of his *ſorrowes*; how hee alwayes maintained his cauſe againſt

his own *Father*; conveyed him out of *Prison*; secured him from the dangers wherewith the *Cruelty* of *Mieslas* threatned him; so courteously entertained him in his *Palatinate*; had given him his *Life* in the *Combat*; voluntarily rendered himself a *Prisoner* to injoy the contentment of his conversation; and besides all this, the extreme and admirable *Modesty*, that made him resolve to *die* rather than speak one word, which hee thought too bold for a *Soul* to utter, that make's profession of *Honour*, with a numberless multitude of other *Vertues*, which glittered in that matchless personage like *Starrs* in a serene *Night*.

Whilest *Liante's* brain was agitated with a thousand such imaginations, *Boleslaüs* reading the convulsions of his *Mind* by the alterations in his *Face*, knew not however in what manner hee resented what hee had told him, and whether hee conceived it right or wrong, (whereon depended his *Life* or *Death*, and, what was yet more dear, the contentment or ruine of *Iphigenes*) untill *Liante* breaking the silence of his long amazement thus began; *Friend, I am like a Glass or Bottle with a narrow mouth, which being too full of liquor cannot discharge itself. My* Spirits *are so ravish't and overwhelm'd with the transportments of* Joy *and* Wonder *at the recitall of so great a* Marvell, *that although I see my self awake, and believe what you tell mee, yet me-think's I Dream, or am possessed with the fondest imagination that e're disturbed a Brain.* At length after condemning his own demerits, and comparing them with the excellencies of *Iphigenes*, hee continued saying, *Dear Boleslaüs, I prethee mollifie that* Heroick *courage for me, which ought justly to be offended with my* Levities, indiscretion and ingratitude, *to the end, according to the Dispositions you shall finde in that generous* Soul, *I may at least indeavour by my* Death *to expresse the* remorse *I now conceive for having so ill ordered my* Life, *and so unworthily abused his* Friendship.

If you stay till you are killed by one that love's you more than himself, you will live to a fair Age (said Boleslaus) *his desire is to see you* Live *contented, not* Die *with displeasure; and assure your self that as his* Love *was alwayes greater than your* Injuries, *so your* Transgressions *are less than his* Clemency.

The variety of *thoughts* that mustered in *Iphigenes* minde, whilest *Boleslaüs* was carrying this Message (whose report was the sentence of his *Life* or *Death*) I must leave to your imaginations, Neither am I able to relate the Anxieties of *Liante's* minde, whilest that trusty *Agent* flew

towards

towards *Iphigenes*, to tell him in a jeſting manner, *that* [illegible] Liante *took all his Diſcourſe for Inchantments*, that *hee rejected all Hee had told him of his Birth and Education as a thing no leſs incredible than improbable.*

At which Narration *Iphigenes*, ready to expire with grief, ſaid; *Father, I would to* God *my* Death *had preceded this* newes; *Oh! Why did not I deſcend alive into my Grave?* Hereat *Boleſlaüs* clearing the clouds of his Countenance, and burſting into a laughter, ſaid, *I told you thus only to try your conſtancy; take courage, the* Victory *is our's; I bring you* Liante *more gentle than a* Lamb, *he com's to preſent his* throat *to your* hand *that you may* Sacrifice *him to your* Revenge. *He believe's all that I have told; him onely the* deſpair *of obtaining pardon for his* ingratitude *to you, hinder'ing him from coming to demand it in perſon, he hath made me his* Ambaſſadour. Then having related every particular paſſage betwixt him and *Liante*, and diſpoſed *Iphigenes* to receive him, He preſently went to conduct him into the *Priſoner's* Chamber.

Liante was ſo ſenſible of having diſobliged ſo admirable a conſtancy as that of *Iphigenes*, that hee approacht his Bed with no leſs throbbing of *Heart* and confuſion of *thoughts*, than if hee had been going to receive the puniſhment of ſome haynous *Crime*: And *ſhame* raiſed tumults not much leſs diſorderly in *Iphigenes* minde, ſeeing himſelf neceſſitated to acknowledge what he had ſo long kept from the *World's* notice.

Hee that had beheld the *penetentiall* tears of the one, and the *modeſt* bluſhes of the other, would have thought hee had ſeen red *Roſes* impearled with the *dew* of *Heaven*. I had rather confeſs my ignorance than imbark my ſelf in the relation of *Paſſions*, which muſt bee conſigned to *Silence*, ſince hee that would expreſs their mutuall ſatisfactions muſt bee transformed into the Reſentments of their *Souls*. Thoſe two Hearts opened themſelves ſo perfectly to each other in the preſence of the *Old Man*, Depoſitary of all their thoughts, that there remained nothing that might oppoſe the perfection of their chaſte *Love*. There full reparations were made by *Liante*, and his Excuſes received by *Iphigenes*: There abſolute *Remiſſions* caſt all offences into *Oblivion*; There *Iphigenes* charging herſelf with one part of the faule for having concealed her *Secret* ſo long from her dear *Liante*, and *Liante* accuſing himſelf to excuſe *Iphigenes*, bred a ſweet *contention* which pacified all other *quarrells*. There were made all the *Promiſes*, and plighted all the *Faiths* neceſſary to ſwear an inviolable *Fidelity*.

These *Suspicions*, *Diffidence*, *Umbrages*, *Choller*, and all other *Failings* were so buried, that the *wounds* left onely *scarrs* in shew that they had been.

In conclusion, to hide the *blazing* of this mutuall *Fire* from other's view, it was decreed in their secret *Councill* (whereof *Boleslaüs* was the *President*) that *Liante* feining not to desire to force *Amiclea's* will, should seem to have cured himself of her *Contempt* by *Despight*, and turn his *affection* towards *Oloria*, in compassion of her *Sufferings*, and for consideration of her *Constancy* rather than her *Beauty*. As for *Iphigenes* (all Obstacles and Scruples beeing now taken away) It was judged convenient *that* hee should make open profession of caressing and serving *Amiclea*, not without some handsomely contrived inventions for the deferring his *re-search* untill the treaty of *Peace* was concluded. And to render their *Design* less perceptible, they added this industry, That *Liante* should continue in his dissatisfaction of *Iphigenes*, and (although absolutely free from *Passion* for *Amiclea*) should however still make a shew of *Jealousie*, at least of *Envy* and *Choller* against him, as having robbed him of that *Ladie's* Heart, which hee pretended.

As they resolved, so was it executed: Insomuch that *Oloria* became no less contented to see him (who had so much despised her) make his addresses to her, than *Amiclea* to see herself delivered of his importunities, just as shee was upon the point of rendring herself to the imperious compulsion of her *Parents*. But when shee knew it was to give *Iphigenes* the place, whose mutuall *Love* was the height of her *Desires*, you may imagine, in that condition, if shee could refrain from telling her *Mother* (*Iphigenes* having injoyned her to keep it secret, purposely that shee should divulge it;) and her *Mother*, beeing a *Woman*, could not hold long from acquainting her *Husband*, which raised his thoughts to the *Skies*, beeing carried upon the *Wings* of the *Hope* hee conceived to have the *Favorite* of *Polonia* for his *Son-in-Law*.

This imagination contributed not a little to the advancement of the *King's* service, and the publick *Peace*. For *Olavius* having great credit in the *Lithuanian* Party, induced them to submit to diverse of the *King's* Demands, desiring to conclude the *Peace*, that those alliances might be brought to perfection.

Whilest our *Lovers* swam in the contentment of their reciprocall *affections*, the *World*, which, like the *Sea*, hath nothing more *constant*

than

than its *inconſtancy*, and whoſe moſt faire *dayes* are the leaſt certain, prepared them an horrible *Tempeſt*. The *King*, at the return of his *Phyſitians*, beeing informed of *Iphigenes* recovery, diſpatched *Deputies* from his *Councill* to the *Camp*, with a *Commiſſion* to *Iphigenes* to treat with them and the principall Officers of his *Army*, concerning an agreement with the *Lithuanians*, and the generall *Peace*. Hereupon there was a *Ceſſation* of *Arms* on both ſides, ſeconded by a *Truce* for certain dayes; during which time thoſe of the *Beſieger's Army* went freely into *Minſce*, and the Beſieged had liberty to go into the *Camp*, or where elſe they liſted. *Iphigenes*, with the Commiſſioners of the *Lithuanians*, going dayly into the *Camp* to treat with the *King's* Officers, had advanced their affairs to ſuch a forwardneſs as promiſed an happy concluſion: But when they came to the Article, that concerned the re-eſtabliſhment of *Liante* in his Eſtate, indeavouring to content the *Palatine* of *Podolia* (who could not bee perſwaded to that reſtitution) by means of an alliance betwixt that young *Nobleman* and one of his *Daughters*, the furious *Sarmatian* refuſing to conſent to either, re-entertained in his brutall *Minde* the deſire of executing upon *Liante* that barbarous *Deſign* wee have already mentioned, and which cannot bee rehearſed without *ſhame*. For this effect hee ſet his Engines on work, who were not ſo ſecret in the Conduct of their buſineſs, but *Iphigenes* had notice of their proceedings; And beeing informed that contrary to the *publick* Faith this enterpriſe was to bee attempted at his retreat into *Minſce*, (where as beeing a *Priſoner* hee was obliged to render himſelf every Night) hee implored the *Generall* of the *King's* Armie's ſuccour to hinder that violence. Which was effected according to his deſire, *Liante* beeing retired into the *Caſtellain* of *Cracovia's* Quarters, who in deſpight of *Mieſlas* ambuſhes cauſed him to bee ſafely convoyed into *Minſce*, *Iphigenes* ſtill accompanying him, with a reſolution to treat his own *Father* like an *Enemy*, if hee had come to aſſault them. This ſo inraged *Mieſlas*, that the next day hee reſolved to bee revenged of his *Son*; therein not much unlike an irritated *Maſtif*, who bite's the ſtone not beeing able to reach him that threw it. And in effect when hee thought to returne, after the Aſſembly, according to his Cuſtome into the *City*, *Mieſlas* ſeized on him, ſaying, *that as a perfidious* Traitor *to the* King *and* Publick, *hee would ſacrifice him to Example, and like a brutall and unnaturall* Brutus *make him die by his own hands in the view of the whole* Army. *Iphigenes* who knew that ſuch an execution could not bee done

done without the formes of *Justice*, and besides feeling himself innocent, submitted without resistance, desiring that they would execute upon his person all the cruelties they could imagine, if they found him guilty of any perfidious Action towards his *Prince* or *Country*. This was onely a pretence which *Miesias* had framed to effect what you shall hear.

The rumour of *Iphigenes* affections to *Amiclea*, and the report of their *Marriage* beeing noised through the *City* of *Minsce*, by the communication of the Besiegers with the Besieged during the *Truce*, the *Royall Camp* was filled with this newes, and at last it came to the *Palatine* of *Podolia's* Ears. This incensed him with the greatest indignation against his *Son*, that hee had ever yet conceived; nothing beeing more sensible to *Parents*, than when their Children marry against their Wills, and match themselves with persons whom they think not fit for them. Hereupon hee took occasion to detein his *Son*, and accuse him of *Treason* against the *Polonians*, because hee was about to contract an Alliance with the *Lithuanians*. Besides, beeing a Man of Blood and Slaughter, hee produced diverse Arguments against the *Treaty* of *Peace*, and hating mortally the *Lithuanians*, bee could not indure that they should participate, as *Compatriots*, of the *honours* of the *Crown* of *Polonia*, which was the principall point of all the *Treaty*. Insomuch that desiring to hinder this agreement, hee took this pretence of keeping his *Son*, knowing that those of *Minsce* would presently take Armes hereupon, and so the *Truce* should bee broken.

As hee presupposed, it succeeded; For, immediately the *Lithuanians* shut their Gates, inclosing and keeping Prisoners no small number of the *Royall* Army, besides those that were delivered as hostages for the person of *Iphigenes*. This bred much confusion and tumults on both sides: Whereunto *Miesias* added this *stratagem*.

There were certain Souldiers, who for some crimes were condemned to Execution. One of these hee caused to bee clad with a Suite of the same colour of that *Iphigenes* then wore, and the next Morning, having commanded a Scaffold to bee raised in sight of the whole *Camp* and *City*, hee gave out that with his own hand hee would cut off his *Son's* head, for beeing a *Traitor* to His *Majesty*. The fatall hour beeing come, hee drew up all his own quarters in *Battalia*; then having ordered the *Criminall* to bee set upon the Scaffold, and cloathed the *Executioner* with an habit not unlike his own, by this spectacle hee intended

intended to take away from thoſe of the *City* all hopes of re-poſſeſſing *Iphigenes*, by whom they expected much favour from the *King* in the concluſion of the *Peace*.

Iphigenes beeing kept cloſe *Priſoner* in a *Chamber*, knew nothing of all this; But what became *Liante* at this deplorable ſight? What *Amiclea*? what *Olavius*? what the *Palatine* of *Troc*? What all the *Ladies*? What all the Inhabitants of *Minſce*? It was then no time to ſit in conſultation; all of what quality ſoever demaunded a *Sally*, which could bee no more refuſed by the *Palatines* that commanded, than a paſſage hindered to the fury of an impetuous Torrent.

Liante like the *Poet's* deſperate *Coræbus*, ſeeing his *Caſſandra* dragging to the Block, placed himſelf at the head of this reſolute Party; and flying out of the *City-gates* with no leſs fury than a fell *Lyoneſs* haſt's from her Denn to reſcue her ſtolen *Whelps*, filling the whole *Foreſt* with her horrid roaring, precipitated himſelf to ſeek *Death* in the thickeſt of the *Enemie's* Squadrons, beeing reſolved to *die* a thouſand times or ſave *Iphigenes* Life.

If all things elſe give place to *Love*, it was verified at that time; for, if the aſſault was violent on the *Lithuanian's* part, the reſiſtance was but weak on the *Polonians*, in regard divers Souldiers (not well pleaſed to ſee their companion executed) made way for the Aſſailers, and gave them ſo cleer paſſage by their flight, partly *Voluntary*, partly *Forc'd*, that *Liante* arrived at the Scaffold as ſodain as a flaſh of *Lightning*; where terribly flaſhing th' *Executioner* (whom hee took to bee *Mieſlas*) hee thought at the ſame time to rid himſelf of a mortall *Enemy*, and ſave the *Life* of a *Perſon* whom hee eſteemed the deareſt in the *World*. But having found out the deceipt, hee ceaſed not to end the *Hangman*, and ſet the *Criminall* at Liberty, having cut the Cords that bound him, and given him an opportunity to eſcape in the Throng.

Never were greater feats of *Arms* ſeen done by *Man*, than thoſe which *Deſpair*, *Love* and *Anger* produced from *Liante* in this Action, thinking hee had fought in the preſence of the perſon beloved, whom hee deſired to give the ſtrongeſt proof of *affection* that is betwixt *Mortalls* (which is) *to lay down his own Life to preſerve another's*.

Mieſlas, who ſuſpected they would make a *Sally*, had prepared himſelf with a conſiderable *Party* of Horſe to intercept them in their retreate, and incloſe them between the *Army* and his *Men*. But having a bad *Cauſe*, and a cruell *Reſolution* to cut them all off, eſpecially

Liante, if hee fell into his hands, his Enterprise turned to his own confusion, and he found himself intrapped in his own snares. For, they, having released the *Criminall*, another strong *Party* was sent out of *Minsce* to succour the former, and facilitate their retreat. Insomuch that *Miestas* and his Men beeing ingaged betwixt both *Parties*, the Souldiers were almost all killed, his Horse was shot under him, and hee beeing wounded in the Thigh, besides bruised with a fall, and loaden with Armes, was constrained, with an incredible *Despair*, to render himself *Prisoner*, and remit his *Life* to the mercy of *Liante*, who threatned him with the cruellest of *Deaths*, if it appeared that hee had attempted any thing against *Iphigenes*.

Miestas to save his *Life* assured *Liante*, that *Iphigenes* had no other harme than to bee lock't up in a *Chamber*, and that hee had devised that *Plot* to execute a *Criminall* in his place, thereby to spare his Ransom, and hinder the alliance hee intended to make with the *Lithuanians*. Upon this assurance *Liante* having commanded him to bee slung upon an Horse, led him with diverse others in *Triumph* through the *City*. To express the *shame* and *rage* of that brutall *Podolian* would require tearms that never yet were heard.

As there were divers *Polonians* taken, so there were some *Lithuanians* that remained as pledges in the *King's* Camp, aswell of those that had ingaged too far in the *Enemie's* Quarters, as those that were shut out of the *Gates* of *Minsce*; lest among *Friends* they should likewise let in *Enemies*, as is often seen in like occurrences. Among the rest was found a *Gentleman* extreamly *young*, and whose marvellous *beauty* attracted the *Eyes* of every one, exciting much more *Envy* than *Pitty*, and much more *Pitty* than *Anger*. Hee was led to the *Generall*, who wondered that hee had taken Armes at such tender years. After some demands hee desired they would give him leave to see *Iphigenes*, who (hee believed) would know him, having seen him in *Minsce*. The *Generall* commanded his desire should bee satisfied: Do you ask if the *Palatine* of *Plocens* was astonished to see that there was more than one *Lady* in the *Army* that bore *Arms*?

This was the pretty *Amielen*, who upon the newes of *Iphigenes* Execution had taken a sodain resolution to *die*, or revenge the *Death* of him whom shee loved with so much *Passion*. And seeing that all sorts of *People* took Armes to follow *Liante* in that expedition; *shall a Lover* (said shee to her self) *be said to have less courage and fidelity than a Friend? No, no, I must, I will die gloriously; for, to survive such a*

loss

loss is a thing impossible for Amiclea. In this Resolution shee went to her Brother *Polemander's* Armory, and having taken one of his Suits of apparell with an Armour, shee mounted one of her *Father's* best Horses, the Servants thinking her to be *Polemander*; and in this equipage shee ranked herself among those that sallied, and ingaged so far among the *Enemies*, that shee remained *Prisoner*.

This was a singular testimony of *Affection* and *Generosity*; and *Iphigenes* feining to requite this Obligation by consummating of her hopes, was grieved at the *Soul* that hee could not recompence so great a *Love* as he could have desired. If there was much joy within *Minsce* for the taking of *Miesias*, and a great deale of glory for the triumphing *Liante*, there was no less sorrow for the loss of *Amiclea*; no body could give an account what was become of her, neither should they ever have imagined shee had done what shee did; Some were of opinion that her *Love* for *Iphigenes* might perchance, through *Despair*, have made her make away herself in some secret Place, a violent remedy, yet frequently enough practised by weak *Spirits*.

Shee was sought for in every corner, but found no where; every one lamented her loss, but the sad Parents above all, in respect that beeing assured of *Iphigenes* Life they lost by this meanes the hope of an alliance, which they held infallible by the imprisonment of *Miesias*, and the promise of *Iphigenes*. Who beeing set at liberty by expres command from the *Castellain* of *Cracovia*, Generall of the *King's* Army, took *Amiclea* with him to his Tent; where beeing presently admitted, He said, *Seigneur Castellain, I beseech you do not refuse mee one grace that I shall demand at your hands.*

Seigneur Palatine, answered the Generall, *since the* King *denies you nothing, I should be very ill advised not to agree to any thing that you shall be pleased to desire within the compass of that Power which His* Majesty *hath committed to mee, especially being injoyned by particular Letters from him to give full credence to your Councells.*

My Request (replied Iphigenes) *is onely that you will give mee this* Prisoner, *who is of such quality, that I hope to get my* Father *exchanged for him. Sir,* (answered the Generall) *you may dispose of him as you shall think fit, the* Palatine, *your* Father, *is the onely cause of his Misfortune: For, against all the Lawes of* Arms, *having violated the* Truce, *hee is but justly fallen into the Ditch which hee had digged for the Besieged.*

My Lord (said Iphigenes) *his particular disaster will be a benefit to*

the Publick; *For, whileſt hee is in the* Lithuanian's *hands, wee ſhall be better able to conclude the* Treaty *of* Peace *according to His* Majeſtie's *command, and renew the* Truce. *Mean time you ſhall ſee that this pretty* Priſoner's *Eyes are more redoubtable than his* Sword, *and that* naked *he is more powerfull than* arm'd; with that lifting up *Amiclea's* Head-piece, a long Treſs of golden hair fell about her ſhoulders: *And judge you* (continued hee) *if I could periſh beeing defended by ſuch fair hands,* It is not needfull to relate the aſtoniſhment of thoſe that were preſent at this agreeable Spectacle, where *Love* and *Loyalty* appeared in a new equipage. If diverſe would have eſteemed themſelves happy to ſerve ſo exquiſite a *Beauty*, how happy ought they to account *Iphigenes*, who was beloved and ſerved by her with ſuch proofs of *Affection*?

The *Palatine* of *Plocens* word obliging him to render himſelf priſoner again to the *Lithuanians*, beſides his own inclinations, and the deſire hee had to free his *Hoſtages* from further trouble (of whom *Piſides* was one) hee returned with his pretty *Champion*; who not daring to appear before her Parents in that manner, deſired *Iphigenes* to make her *Peace*, before ſhee came in their ſight. His excuſes for *Amiclea's* diſguiſement were ſo well received, that *Olavius* and his *Wife* commended her for that adventure as an *Heroick* Act, and which would afterwards make her bee reckoned among the *Amazons*.

Mieſlas beeing ſhut up, like a mad wild *Beaſt*, in a Tower (where for his *Son's* ſake hee was treated according to his Quality) the *Treaty* of *Peace* went forwards. The *Truce* was re-eſtabliſhed more free than before: the *King* diſowned *Mieſlas* for having acted againſt the Law of *Arms*, and ſent a *Plenipotentiary* power to *Iphigenes* to agree with the *Lithuanians*.

During this *Conference* there was nothing but Sports, Turnaments, Dancings, Comedies, Banquets, and all ſorts of rejoycing of both *Parties*, infallible preſages of an happy *Peace*. Among other *Playes* repreſented at the Caſtle of *Minſce*, for the recreation of the Beſieged, and thoſe of the *Camp* that came to viſit them, *Liante* commanded the *Players* to act the *Tragedy* of *Iphigenia*, *Agamemnon's* Daughter, as beeing a lively *Image* of that which had paſſed in the deliverance of the *Criminall*, who ſhould have been executed in the place of *Iphigenes*: Wherein there was not any of the Spectators ſo dull, but eaſily comprehended that the *Hinde* placed in *Iphigenia's* ſtead, repreſented

ſented the poor *Souldier* whom *Mieſlas* made paſs for *Iphigenes*; that the *Anger* of the *Goddeſs* offended for her *Stag*, expreſſed the indignation of the *King* for the impriſoning of his *Favorite*; every one interpreted this *Embleme* according to his own fancy; But no body could conceive that the Marriage of *Pylades* with *Iphigenia*, had any relation to our *Lovers*, and that *Oreſtes* beeing cured of the *Furies*, ſignified the appeaſing of *Mieſlas* Fury: Yet Hee began to bee more tame, ſeeing himſelf a *Priſoner*. And as there is no man ſo covetous, who will not bee prodigall of his Eſtate to ſave his Life, the Propoſition of reſtoring to *Liante* what hee had ſo long detained from him, and giving him one of his *Daughters* in Marriage, ſeemed no more ſo ſtrange to him.

There is no Creature ſo daunted as a *Wolf*, when hee is catcht in a ſnare; nothing ſo tractable as a cruell *Man*, when hee is in his *Enemie's* power. This fierce *Palatine* condeſcended to whatſoever they would, eſteeming it a favour if *Liante* (quitting the pretentions hee had to *Clemencia*, whom hee had promiſed to the *Prince Caſſin*) would take any of his other Daughters, leaving him the benefit of his *Eſtate* during his Life. But *Liante* ſeemed to ſlight his Offers, not to give any occaſion of diſtaſt to the *Palatine* of *Minſce*, who was deſirous to make him his *Son-in-law*.

Mean time the Article for the reſtitution of *Liante's* Eſtate paſſed among the *Commiſſioners* of the *Treaty* of *Peace*, which at length was concluded by the diligence and dexterity of *Iphigenes*, who had all the glory of that good Office. This *Treaty* beeing ratified by the *King*, the *Peace* was proclaimed with incomparable rejoycings on both ſides. That done, the *Siege* was forthwith raiſed, the *Souldiers* disbanded, *Armes* laid down, the *Priſoners* releaſed, and *Mieſlas* got off better cheap than hee expected.

Iphigenes was immediately repealed to the *Court*; where both their *Majeſties* burned with impatience to ſee him crowned with *Olive-branches* interwoven with *Laurells* and *Palms*. There hee promiſed *Olavius* to uſe his indeavours to procure the *King's* conſent to his marriage with *Amiclea*, and *Liante's* to *Oloria*; which the *Palatine* of *Minſce* held for a ſingular obligation, and the two Siſters were infinitely pleaſed. The joyes of *Cracovia* at the beautifull *Palatine's* returne, may bee gueſſed by the regrets of the inhabitants of *Minſce*, who by his abſence thought they indured a perpetuall *Eclipſe*, and could almoſt have wiſh't that the *Warr* had ſtill continued,

tinued, to have injoyed the happineſs of poſſeſſing him longer.

To relate the Pomp and Magnificence of *Iphigenes* reception, were to undertake the deſcription of a great *King's* entrance into ſome *Metropolitan* City. For, as the *King*, to ſhew that the ſending him into his *Palatinate*, was a *reaſon* of *State* rather than a *diſgrace*, would have his *Courtiers* accompany him when hee left the *Court*; At his return hee commanded all thoſe that deſired to pleaſe him, ſhould go to meet him, *that* the *World* might ſee hee re-entred more in his *favour*, than hee was before; and *that* if formerly hee had loved him by *inclination*, then hee cheriſhed him for *Reaſon*, and (if a *Subject* can oblige his *Sovereign*) by *obligation*. So, all thoſe of the *Court* went to receive him at a good diſtance from the *City*; even his *Enemies*, who ſaw themſelves his *Foot-ſtoole*, rendered him that *Devoir*; and although they had done him all the ill Offices they could deviſe, they prudently covered under *Diſſimulation* the *Deſpight* which gnawed their *Hearts*.

Mieſlas beſides his re-purchaſed *Liberty* was raviſht to ſee ſo many *Laurells* ſhadowing his *Son's Temples*, and ſo many *Praiſes* and *Benedictions* ſhowring down upon his head; conceiving that *hee* had a ſhare in thoſe applauſes, in regard a vertuous *Son* is a *Crown* to his *Father*. His Siſter *Clemencia*, who for his ſake was much cheriſhed by the *Queen*, could not contein her joy to ſee her *Brother* appear like the *Sun* crown'd with *Rayes*.

As there was no intereſt that touched *Iphigenes* heart ſo neer as that of *Liante*, his re-eſtabliſhment was one of the firſt things hee moved to the *King*; and having made His *Majeſty* ſee into his intentions, and conſider the *Deſpair* which had inforced him to caſt himſelf among the *Lithuanians*, with an advantageous repreſentation of what hee had contributed, for His *Majeſtie's* ſervice, to the *Treaty* of *Peace*, the *King* (who was a very gracious *Prince*) received him into Grace, and promiſed *Iphigenes* not onely to revoak the confiſcation of his *Eſtate*, but to re-eſtabliſh him therein, and contribute to the augmenting of his *Fortune* according as occaſions ſhould bee preſented. This was a good beginning for *Liante*, who participated more than any other of the *influences* of his beautifull *Star*.

But ſhall wee ſay nothing of the contentment of the *Princeſs Reſpicia*, who was now arrived at the top of her *Deſires*? For, ſhee had received from *Rome* the *diſpenſation* that was required to make the Marriage of *Iphigenes* with *Modeſtina* bee declared void; Inſomuch

that

that relying upon her beloved *Palatine's* promiſe ſhee held the conſummation of her's unqueſtionable.

It is not my deſign to deſcribe here the manner of the *King's* and *Queen's* entertainments and reception of *Iphigenes*, the pleaſure of the *Ladies*, and the joy of the whole *Court* at the appearance of that welcome *Sun* upon the *Horizon* of *Cracovia*. I ſhall onely ſay that their *Majeſties*, beeing cured of the *ſuſpitions* which the *Malice* of his *Enviers* had caſt into their *Souls*, conſpired who ſhould give the greateſt teſtimonies of *Benevolence* to *him*, whom the voyce of the *People* (which is commonly that of *God*) ſtyled *the* PEACE-MAKER *of* POLONIA, *the* RECONCILER *of the* POLONIANS *and* LITHUANIANS, *the* ANGELL *of* PEACE, *the* GLORY *of his Country*, *the* HONOUR *of his Family*, *and the* JOY *of all his Compatriots.*

They often conſulted together with what worthy recompence they ſhould requite the Services and Merits of ſuch a *ſubject* : At length not beeing able to offer him any part of that *Kingdome* (whereof they had onely the uſe, not the propriety) they believed that nothing could oblige his Noble *ſpirit* ſo much as ſome eminent *Alliance*, that might approach him to their *Parentage* and the *Honour* of their *Blood*. So, whether it was their own motion, or whether the *Princeſs Florimunda*, the *King's* Siſter, had ſpoken any thing to the *Queen*, having taken her part of the *Court-vertigo* by the infection of *Iphigenes* eyes, yet had through *Modeſty* concealed her *affection*; Which way ſoever it hapned, they determined to give him the *Infanta* in marriage with a dowry ſuitable to her quality.

In the preſence of this great *Star* neither *Modeſtina*, *Reſpicia*, *Amiclea*, nor any of the reſt whoſe *pretentions* beeing hidden, their *flames* were the more violent, appeared with any luſter ; there was nothing but *Deſpair* in their Hearts, *Sobs* in their breſts, *Sighs* in their Mouths, and *Tears* in their Eyes. But how, think you, was *Iphigenes* ſurpriſed, when the *King*, in preſence of the *Queen*, told him in his cloſet the honour he intended to do him, making him his *Brother-in-Law* by giving him his own *Siſter* to *Wife*?

At which words hee fell upon his knees before their *Majeſties*, and repreſented to them all the arguments hee could deviſe to divert them from that Deſigne, which hee aſſured them would bee as ruinous to him as honourable ; For, "*That* lifting him aloft as the *Eagle* doth "the *Tortoiſe*, threatned him with a fatall fall ; *That* beeing raiſed

'from

"from a *Mole-hill* to a *Mountaine*, that *Eminency* would expose him to "the outragious *Tempests*, and *Thunder-claps* of *Envy* and *Detracti-*"*on*; *that* thereby hee should become the *Blank* and *Butt* of all the "wounding *Tongues* of those, who having seen him their equall would "cast despightfull glances upon the elevation of his *Fortune*. *That* hee "knew not how the *Lady Infanta* herself stood inclined, who per-"chance would bee unwilling to abase herself so low as to marry a "private *Gentleman*, who was nothing in the *World* but what it pleased "His *Majesty* to make him. *That* competent *Fortunes*, as the most "certain, were the most desirable. *That* hee beseeched His *Majesty* "to consider, his *Enemies* would attribute to his *Ambition*, what "proceeded from his Royall *Benevolence*. *That* hee was too conscious "of his own mean condition to entertain a thought of lifting his *Eyes* "towards a *Subject* of so high a *Dignity*, whose too great lustre would "dazle him in stead of giving him light. *Therefore* hee conjured His "*Majesty* to preserve in him the work of his own hands, and not ren-"der him unhappy by too much happiness. *That* as Lamps (if over-"filled with Oyl) go out, So *Fortunes* that are too vast commonly "come to nothing. *That* queasy stomacks ought not to bee over-"charg'd with Meat, nor weak-braines with much Wine: *That* the "Fabrick ought to bee proportionable to the Foundation, lest it "should fall to the ground by it's own weight. *That* this were to set "a *Statue* of *Gold* and *Silver* upon a *Pedestall* of *Clay*, and expose him "to the fury of all the *Grandee's* jealousies, in stead of sheltering him "from their rages. And for his last Reason hee reserved his *Marriage* with *Modestina*, after which (hee having concluded with the hum-blest supplications, and the most indearing Conjurations hee could invent to turn away that *tempest* from him:) The *King* answered gravely in these words.

"*That* all his *Reasons* were full of *Humility*, *Modesty*, *Fidelity*, and "*Prudence*, but yet they ought to submit to his *Commands*. *That* such "was his *Will*, which hee could not resist without Crime. *That* it was "the Propriety of *Kings*, and the greatest point of their resemblance "to *God*, to raise the poor out of the Mud, and place them among the "*Princes* and most considerable Persons of their Kingdoms: Other-"wise the *Little* ones would never become *Great*, and the wheele of "*Fortune* would remain without motion. *That Vertues* were more "desirable and estimable than Birth, and since *they* made the first "*Nobility*, and *that* by *them* in the beginning of *Monarchies* were

seated

"seated upon *Thrones* those that had most merit, it was but reasonable "to prefer *them* before *Scepters* and *Diadems*. *That* his Sister's minde "was but too well known to him, who (besides that shee was ready "to submit in all things to his *Will*) had a particular inclination to "him, which made her desire that Marriage. *That* in stead of beeing "abased, shee would esteem her self exalted, and in stead of losing "her *glory* by that *alliance*, shee would communicate her *splendour* to "him. *That* had it been in his *Power* to have given him a part of his "Kingdome, hee would have done it as a testimony of his affection "and gratitude: *But*, having no *Crown* more illustrious than that of "his *Blood*, hee had determined to give him the *Infanta Florimunda* "with means sufficient to maintain so honourable a Consanguinity. "*That* this Match in stead of exposing to, would exempt him from "the *Malice* of his *Enviers*, by the same reason as the *Stars* are ex-"empted from *Eclipses* by their elevation and distance from the "Earth. *That* during his *Reign* hee ought not to fear any retrogra-"dation or Declining of *Fortune*, in regard Hee was a *Prince* that did "not take pleasure in destroying his own *Creatures*; besides the assu-"rance his opinion gave him that *Iphigenes*, by the *Prudence* of his "conduct, would give his *Sovereign* no such occasion. *That* Hee would "so establish him, that after his decease, no power of *Polonia* should "bee able to diminish his *Grandeurs*. As for his *Marriage* with *Mo-"destina*, hee replied, *that* it was declared void by a *Breviat* sent from "*Rome* to the *Arch-bishop* of *Gnesna* to be notified in publick; which "having been procured by the *Princess Respicia*, should serve for the "*Infanta Florimunda*. The *King* ended his Speech with *Such is our ab-solute* WILL *and* PROPER MOTION, which are tearms so *sovereign* and *sacred*, that the Oath of the fabulous *Deities* by the River *Styx* was not more inviolable.

The *Queen* added hereunto her perswasions mingled with intreaties, & such certain testimonies of the *Infanta's* affection to *Iphigenes*, that it plainly appeared to proceed as much from the *Princesse's* own soliciting, as their *Majesties* deliberation. Insomuch that the fair *Palatine* was inforced to yeild to so many sweetly imperious violences, and receive with acknowledgements full of modest bashfulness, what hee could not refuse without highly offending their *Majesties*, and irritating the *Infanta* beyond hope of Pardon. Neither had hee been so indiscreet, if *Nature* had not opposed to that eminent *Fortune* the obstacles you already know: Which hee was even ready to declare to

the *King* and *Queen*; But considering that shee (how great soever in *Dignity*) was yet of that *Sex*, to which *Prudence* forbid's the revealing of any *secret* without deliberation, hee forbore, reserving that *manifestation* to the *King* only, whose authority and advise hee intended to implore for the effecting of his intentions.

The *Queen* was no sooner gone forth, but shee met the *Infanta*, who was as impatient to know the result of their Mediation, as the other was to tell her it; whereof *Florimunda* conceived such joy as cannot bee comprehended but by a full-ripe *Virgin*, who receive's an assurance of marrying him whom shee love's with passion. After the *Queen's* departure, lest the rumour of his marriage with the *Infanta* should bee noised about the *Court*, *Iphigenes* judged it requisite to squeeze the *Scorpion* upon the wound, and *apply speedily* the remedy to that growing mischief.

So, having beseeched the *King* to give him a private *Audience*, wherein hee promised to discover the most marvellous *History* hee ever yet had heard, Hee related him that of his *Birth*, *Sex*, *Education*, *Elevation*, *Progress*, *Fortune*, and unparaleld *affection* to *Liante*; in summe, hee concealed nothing from his *Master*, of all the remarkable passages expressed in this *Narration*; and at the close of his recitall, casting himself at his feet, imbracing and kissing them, and washing them with his tears, hee humbly besought His *Majesty*, to look on him as his poor and unworthy *Creature*, and dispose of his *Fortune* according to his good pleasure.

The *King's* astonishment at this strange *Story* can less bee described, than a flash of *Lightning*, or the *Sun-shine* bee represented in painting. His admiration was such, that hee remained a long while without beeing able to speak but with his *Eyes*, which were fixt with much amiableness upon *Iphigenes*. This first assault wanted not much of converting his *Amitie* into *Amorousness*, and making his *Favorite* become not his *Master*, but his *Mistris*. Yet His *Majestie's* old Age which invited him to *Temperance*, his singular *affection* to the *Queen*, (who reigned over his *Heart* by her *Vertues*, as much as hee over his *Subjects* by his *authority*) the *Fear* hee had of resuscitating her *Jealousie*, and making her believe as *truths* her former *suspicions*, together with the long practise and deep rooting his *Soul* had taken in *Piety* and *Moderation*, suppressed the impetuosity of his desires. But nothing bridled him more powerfully than the extraordinary *Modestie* hee had always observed in *Iphigenes*, knowing that to bee a *Rock* against

against which all unjust pretentions would suffer *Shipwrack*; Besides, reading at that same instant in that lovely *Face* such chaste *Characters*, and so severe a sweetnes as stifled in their Birth all licentious imaginations.

In this occurrence it would bee an injustice to conceale the due praises of that *Prince*, who made a *Buckler* of *vertue* against the *weapons* which *Love*, hidden within *Iphigenes* Eyes, treacherously darted against his *Heart*. But to deny *that* the affection, which rendered *Iphigenes* his *Favorite*, was much increased, by the discovery of his condition, cannot bee, without taking from so vertuous a *Prince* the quality (which is common to all great Persons) of beeing extreamly courteous to *Ladies*.

I will not extend my self in relating the Protestations the *King* made to preserve him in his *Favour* and *Friendship*, notwithstanding this *Change*; nor the praises of his *Beauty* which were as extraordinary as the *subject* was beyond *Nature's* ordinary compositions. At last after diverse *Caresses* and Compliments, accompanied with thanks and resentments of obligation to the deserving *Iphigenes*, His *Majesty* conjured him to declare freely and fully his desires, promising by the Faith of a *Prince* to indeavour the effecting of them to the utmost of his *Royall* power.

Hereupon *Iphigenes* illuminating his *Beauty* with a lively and gracefull vermillion, which ore-spread his cheeks; confessed to His *Majesty* That after the *glory* of his *Benevolence*, the height of his desires was the legitimate possession of his beloved *Liante*. How chaste & warrantable soever are the *flames* of honourable *Virgins*, it is impossible for them to acknowledge their *Loves* without painting their Faces with those *Colours* which render the *Aurora* so agreeable; as if it were as great an imperfection in them to *love*, as it is a perfection to bee *lovely*. The *King* perceived by that livery of *vertue* the *chastity* of that generous *Spirit*, which increased his esteem of *Iphigenes*. And beeing informed how that *Passion* had taken its birth in a manner from their Cradles, *that* a mutuall inclination had given it *Beeing*, Nourish't, Entertained, and Elevated it to its perfect *state*, hee thought it a renouncing of all *Humanity* to disapprove so legitimate an *Affection*.

Then, having demanded of *Iphigenes* in what manner hee should manage the discovery of that *secret*, which would astonish not onely all *Polonia*, but the whole *Universe*; our *Amazon*, who had principally premeditated that part, gave His *Majesty* the Overtures; which

hee approved in all their circumſtances, according as ſhall bee declared in the *Sequele* of this *Declaration*. Onely to hinder the deſigne the *King* had for his *Siſter* from beeing divulged, it was thought expedient to apply a ſpeedy remedy, and raze the *Paſſion* out of that *Princeſſe's* heart, by making her believe that *Iphigenes* was incapable of performing the Rites of *Marriage*: (an Opinion able to befroſt the moſt ardent flames.)

This invention the *King* found very pertinent, and to execute it ſubtilely hee went to the *Queen*, who had already made the ordinary congratulations of joyfull newes to the *Infanta* (but with the *ſeale* wherewith *Ladies* are accuſtomed to cloſe their *ſecrets*, that is, a *prayer to ſay nothing*, as if a third Perſon were obliged to conceale that which they cannot keep in their own breſts:) And *Florimunda* had ſo well and diſcreetly kept this agreeable tidings, that ſhee had already communicated it to all her *Gentlewomen*, but with the ſame caution as the *Queen* had told it her; and they all promiſed her to bee ſilent, but with this reſervation, *When they had no body to ſpeak unto*. Preſently among themſelves there was no other diſcourſe than of their *Miſtreſſe's* ſodain marriage, and the more their *Tongues* itched to be tattling, the ſtricter their *Command* was not to mention it.

The *King* not knowing that the *Queen* had been ſo forward, told her "that *Iphigenes* had acquainted him with other matters than what was "ſpoken in her preſence; and he was now fully ſatisfied, that thoſe ma-"ny Excuſes and Conjurations, which hee had made to them not to "preſs him to marry the *Infanta*, proceeded not from any want of "Deſire, (hee not beeing ſo blinde as not to ſee the advantages hee "ſhould receive by ſo glorious an *alliance*) but from a *naturall* diſabi-"lity to anſwer the expectations of a *Bride*. For proof whereof hee alleadged to her the *non-conſummation* of his *Marriage* with *Modeſtina*, beſides that extraordinary *Continence* which hee had alwayes ſhewed at the *Court*, oppoſing ſuch cold reſervedneſs to the flames of ſo many *Ladies*, that burned ſo inexpreſſibly for his *Beauty*.

The *Queen* amazed at this newes, was ſorry ſhee had ſo ſoon given her *Siſter-in-law* joy of a Contentment, that was vaniſhed e're poſſeſſt, like *Lightning* which dies aſſoon as it is born. After ſome ingenious (but not offenſive) reproaches to the *King* for his former *jealonſies* of her, and having condoled that defect of *Nature* in ſo beautifull a perſon, Her *Majeſty* continued; *But that which troubles*

mee

mee moſt in the conſideration of your Siſter, *who will finde no ſmall pain to cure herſelf of her* Paſſion, *and muſt ſigh in vain for an imperfection beyond remedy. It is eaſie* (replied the *King*) *to pluck up a Plant but newly ſet, and diſpoſſeſs her heart of a* Paſſion, *which hath yet ſcarce taken Root.*

I perceive (anſwered the *Queen*) *that you are a ſtranger to your* Siſter's *thoughts; ſhee confeſſed to mee when I preſſt her to diſcover her reſentments, that long before the fair* Palatine *left the* Court, *ſhee had great inclinations to affect him. But the reſpect ſhee bare you, with that which ſhee owed to her own quality, hindered her from diſcloſing her* minde; *the greatneſs of her* courage, *proceeding from her* Birth *and* Vertue, *vanquiſhed her* Deſires; *and although the violence of her* Paſſion *was extream, ſhee would rather have buried it's impetuoſity under the* Aſhes *of* Death, *than have rendered it viſible to the prejudice of her* Modeſty. *But aſſoon as ſhee underſtood that your intentions concurred with what ſhee deſired more than ſhee hoped for, ſhee declared herſelf, the readineſs of her* obedience *proceeding as much from her own* intereſt *as her* reſpect *to you. I have already wiſhed her* happineſs *in the* accompliſhment *of her* deſires *by the Conſent of* Iphigenes, *ſo that now I know not how to carry her the ſad* newes *of the* Death *of her* Hopes, *and the* Funerall *of her* Contentments. *But this I muſt injoyne you* (anſwered the *King*) *For, ſince you have committed the fault by your precipitation, it concern's you to repair it.*

How the *Princeſs Florimunda* was afflicted when the *Queen* made her this recantation, I muſt leave to your Conjectures. But as the *Paſſions* which terminate in the *Senſe*, loſe their *Effect* and force in the privation of the *Cauſe* which gave them *Beeing* (like Bees that leave their lives with their ſtings) It was no very difficult matter for the *Infanta* to cure her ſelf of a Diſeaſe, which brought it's remedy in the acknowledgement of his infirmity. (The ardours of thoſe who are inflamed for the *Beauty* of an agreeable Face, are quenched aſſoon as any Sickneſs hath withered the flowers of that Complexion, or any Accident rendred the ſhape deformed: And thoſe who covet *Marriage* for the injoyment of *Pleaſures*, which of unlawfull are thereby rendered honourable, eaſily quit their pretenſions, if weaned from the *Hope* of poſſeſſing what they deſire.)

Florimunda nevertheleſs prudently diſſembled her regret, and having in effect nothing that troubled her ſo much as that ſhee had diſcovered her *Paſſion* too openly, ſhee laboured all ſhee could to

beget a belief in those to whom shee had communicated it, *that* it had been more to comply with the *King*, than for any inclination of her own, that shee had entertained the thought of Marrying *Iphigenes*; And that His *Majesty*, (like a kinde *Brother*, beeing unwilling to press her to a thing which shee had given him to understand was as little agreeable as advantageous to her,) had desisted importuning her therein, expecting some more eminent *Alliance*.

All this could not bee carried so secretly, but that the Winde whispered it in the Ears of the *Princess Resspicia*, who (upon intelligence of the *King's* Design of Marrying his Sister with *Iphigenes*, besides the rumour of his *impotency*) took the allarm so hot, that her *Melinde*, tormented with severall resentments, indured no less agitation than a *Ship* tossed in the contention betwixt the *Winds* and *Tyde*. At length shee did like those that the *Tempest* drive's against the *Rocks*, who save their *Lives* in seeing their *Vessell* split. Shee fancied to herself that the *Palatine*, beeing more *jealous* of maintaning the *promise* hee had made her, than *ambitious* of the *Honour* that was proposed him by Marrying *Florimunda*, had invented that *Plot* to dispense himself handsomely of that *alliance*, which would have exposed him to the *Envy* of all the *Grandees*. And, as *Desire* is a grand *Master* of *Perswasion*, shee easily believed what shee desired. *Reasons* were not wanting to confirme this *Belief*. *For, shee had never observed any thing in* Iphigenes, *but what was* Generous. *The proofs of his valour were not unknown to any but strangers*; *All* Polonia *had seen him perform Exploits of* Warr, *which* Fame *had not* Tongues *enough to celebrate. If hee was so able for* Mars, *could hee bee inept for* Her *whom* Vulcan *surprised with that* God? *This is a* Charity *which his* Enemies *do him* (*said* Shee *not without Sighes*) *because hee hath the* Face *of an* Angell, *they say hee is no* Man; *and his* Enviers *call him* Effeminate; *suppose hee bee so, is he the less fit for* Women? *That hee hath not accosted* Modestina, *was because* Micias *alwayes hindered him. It is upon the delicacy of his* Complexion, *that they have built this Lye.*

Thus did the abused *Princess* flatter herself in her own misfortune, beeing resolved to see the effect of the *Dispensation*, which shee had procured from *Rome* with so much trouble. Having conjured *Iphigenes* herself, and sollicited him by *Micias* to make good his word to her; his answer still was, *that his first Marriage beeing declared void, hee would marry her if shee were so contented*: Hereupon Shee importuned dayly the *Archbishop* to produce her *Dispensation*, which was in

his

his hands. But nothing in this caſe could bee done in the abſence of *Modeſtina*, whom (notwithſtanding all the oppoſitions *Mieſlas* could make) the *King* (incited thereto by *Iphigenes*) commanded to be ſent for to the *Court*. With her came *Aretuza*, Mother to *Iphigenes*, who though faithfully advertiſed of all theſe paſſages by *Iphigenes* and *Boleſlaus*, was ready to die with *Fear*, diſtruſting the ſucceſs of that ſtrange Diſcovery.

To repeat the reproaches *Modeſtina* made to her fair *Husband*, the injurious tearms ſhee gave *Reſpicia*, and the reolution ſhee took to oppoſe herſelf till *Death* againſt the diſſolution of her *Marriage*, I eſteem needleſs. Hee that can imagine the reſentments of a *Wife* affronted in that manner, may gueſs how far her *Choller* tranſported Her.

On the other ſide *Olavius* having intelligence of the *Princeſs Reſpicia's* pretenſions, of the arrivall of the *Diſpenſation*, and of *Modeſtina's* and *Aretuza's* coming to *Court*, conceived (for the intereſt of his *Daughter*) that hee was obliged to carry her thither. So, with his *Wife*, *Polemander*, his two Daughters *Oloria* and *Amiclea*, hee took his way to *Cracovia*, to ſee if hee could accompliſh the two *alliances* which hee had projected with *Liante* and *Iphigenes*.

The *Prince Caſſin* reſolved to keep himſelf reſerved in the reſearch of *Clemencia*, untill hee ſaw the ſucceſs of his *Mother's* pretenſions. *Simpheroſa*, his Siſter, grew every day in *Bigneſs* and *Beauty*, but ſhee was yet ſo tender, that although ſhee was capable of breeding deſires in others, ſhee was not of entertaining any in herſelf; And by reaſon of her *youth* and attractive *ſweetneſs*, ſhe was called in the *Court* the *Fair* INNOCENT.

There was no body but the *King*, *Iphigenes*, *Aretuza*, *Liante* and *Boleſlaus* that knew the *Stratagem*, which was then to bee put in execution in the face of all the *Court*.

Liante beeing importuned by *Oloria*, gave her not much ſatisfaction, but remitting himſelf to the *King's* will, and deferring her untill hee were re-eſtabliſhed in the Eſtate, which the *Palatine* of *Podolia* detained from him, hee amuſed her expectation. The *King* to prepare all things for his deſign, made *Mieſlas* condeſcend to give *Liante* of all his *Daughters* (except *Clemencia*) her whom hee ſhould fancy moſt, promiſing to give her a portion himſelf, and leave him the uſe of *Liante's* Eſtate during Life. It was not hard to perſwade the *Sarmatian* to imbrace this offer, whereby (beſides the great advantages

that

that accrued to him) hee ſaw all ſorts of Enmity, Hatred, and Contention ceaſe. As for thoſe that were immur'd in the *Cloiſter*, their Veils (beſides their naturall deformities) were as a *Buckler* againſt all Worldly pretenſions. So that there was no remedy but to produce *Virgenia* (who for her reſemblance of Face and Faſhion to *Iphigenes* was commonly called *Iphigenia*, yet the World knew her not till then to bee *Mieſlas* Daughter.)

Againſt all the oppoſitions *Oloria* could make to hinder this *alliance*, the *King's* authority ſerved for a defence and excuſe for *Liante*; and although the *Palatine* of *Minſce* murmured againſt this proceeding, hee was inforced to give over his ſuite, the ſupreme *Law* beeing the *Prince's* Will.

That beeing thus determined, the next queſtion was to which of theſe three Graees *Iphigenes* ſhould appertain; to *Modeſtina*, *Reſpicia*, or *Amiclea*. The beautifull *Palatine*, who knew hee could bee injoyed by none of them, gave himſelf to them all with ſo cheerfull and free a behaviour, that each of them, thinking ſhee had the preheminence in his *affection*, raiſed the *Trophy* of her *Hopes* to the *Glory* of poſſeſſing him. Each one preſumed on her prerogatives, and put her pretentions in the firſt place.

MODESTINA *alleadged that in all Juſtice* IPHIGENES *belong'd to her; For, ſhee was married to him, hee was her Husband.* RESPICIA *founded her plea upon her high Birth and Riches.* AMICLEA *drew her preheminence from her* Beauty. All three made their Buckler of the *Word* and *Promiſe* of the *Palatine*.

For, hee had ſaid to his dear *Modeſtina* (whoſe diſaſter hee did really lament) *that hee would never leave her as long as ſhee would have him for her Husband:* Whereupon ſhee beeing reſolved never to ſay otherwiſe, held her victory infallible. *Reſpicia*, (ſupported by the *Paternall* authority of *Mieſlas* and the acknowledgement *Iphigenes* had made that hee never gave his conſent to the Marriage of *Modeſtina*) eſteemed her Conqueſt no leſs certain. And *Amiclea* recollecting in her Memory the many *Careſſes*, inamored expreſſions, and ſeverall demonſtrations of *affection*, wherewith *Iphigenes* had fed her Fancy in *Minſce*, (beſides the immortall obligations ſhee had acquired upon that generous *Spirit*, by her ſallying out of the *City* in her Brother's Cloaths and Armour to ſuccour him; And then conſulting often with her Looking glaſs to remarke the great advantages *Nature* had given her over her two *Rivalls*) could not perſwade herſelf

herſelf if the fair *Palatine* had any *Love*, that it could bee for any but her.

Imagine you if the *Queen* and the *Infanta* laughed not at theſe vanities; and if they had not occaſion to ſay *that there was a great Proceſs for a barren ground.* All ſtood in expectation of the *voyce* of the *Oracle*, which was the *ſentence* of the *Arch-biſhop*, who beeing informed by the *King* of the reality of the Story, and rendered participant of the Stratagem, after ſome uſuall formalities, pronounced the *Marriage* betwixt *Modeſtina* and *Iphigenes* void, by default of Conſentment given in an age incapable of determining *Wills.*

It would bee hard to repreſent the reſentments of the poor *Modeſtina*, when ſhee heard this *Sentence*, which ſeemed no leſs cruell to her than if it had condemned her to *Death*; Nevertheleſs ſhee held yet by one thred of *Hope*, the word of *Iphigenes.* In this *World* the one's *loſs* is another's *gain.* This Decree opened the *Heavens* to *Reſpicia*, and made her ſing the *Triumph* before a perfect *Victory.* For, this *Marriage* beeing diſſolved, ſhee believed there would bee no further obſtacle to her pretenſions; when *Amiclea* oppoſing herſelf to Her Deſignes, ſummoned *Iphigenes* to performe his *promiſe* to Her.

It were impoſſible to relate the Diſcourſes that *Jealouſie* (which is an inraged *Fury*) put into the mouths of theſe *Rivalls*, Which had made diverſe Quarrells and Combats, but that the *King* by his *Prudence* knew how to calm thoſe ſtorms. *Modeſtina* indeavoured to excite her *Brother* to fight with *Iphigenes*: (Conſider you to whom ſhee addreſſt herſelf, and what pleaſure the *King* took to hear her perſwaſions, which *Liante* repeated to him.) *Reſpicia* preſſed her Son, the *Prince Caſſin*, to challenge *Olavius* or *Polemander*, to revenge her of *Amiclea. Oloria* conjured *Polemander* to ingage in ſingle Combat with *Liante.* And *Amiclea* was ſo tranſported with rage, that ſhee was almoſt reſolved to re-arm herſelf to take *Prince Caſſin's* Life in revenge of *Reſpicia's* oppoſing her *deſires.* At laſt beeing not able to ingage any others in their quarrells, *Paſſion* ſo bemadded them, that (had they not been hindered) they would have ended their differences with Poniard and Piſtoll (wherewith they had each armed themſelves) unfit inſtruments for the uſe of ſuch delicate Hands.

In what contentment did His *Majeſtie's* fancy ſwim, ſeeing the Cards thus ſhuffled to his own deſire? At length beeing willing to

terminate all these differences (whereof hee reserved the knowledge to himself) in as gracious as marvellous a manner, hee promised to content them all by his *Judgement* without commanding (like the *Hebrew King*) that *Iphigenes*, should bee divided. Hereupon Hee prefix't a certain day to pronounce the decision of this controversie, which (according to the opinion of the *Pretendants*) for one Happy was to make two Miserable.

The whole Design beeing conducted with an admirable secrecy, the *Queen* and the *Infanta Florimunda* accompanied with onely foure, or five of the principall *Ladies* of the *Court*, seated themselves in the *King's* Chamber by his command. Then were called in the most part of those, whom wee have named in this History, and those who had most frequently been in *Iphigenes* company, (for hee suggested to the *King* the contrivance of all this Design) Especially the three *Rivalls*, *Modestina*, *Respicia* and *Amiclea*; the *Palatine's* three Principall friends, *Pomeran*, *Pisides* and *Argal*; The *Palatines* of *Minsce* and *Troc* with their Wives; *Oloria* followed her Mother, and *Melindra* her's; *Polemander* accompanied his Sisters; *Perpetua* was introduced as *Governess* to *Modestina*; *Aretuza* entred with *Miestas*, as those who next to their *Son* and *Ward* had the principall interest in this business. Of *Boleslaüs* beeing there, you need not doubt; the *Prince Cassin* accompanied his *Mother*, and *Clemencia* attended on the *Queen*.

The *Arch-bishop* beeing instructed what hee was to do, was admitted, as hee that should give a blessing to the Feast, with other *Prelates* and *Ecclesiasticks* of note, who knew nothing of the Designe. Mean time the King had commanded that *Virgenia*, (naturall Daughter to *Miestas*) should bee conducted into his *Closet*, dresst like a *Bride*, and as if shee had been then to bee contracted to *Liante*, who with *Iphigenes*, sumptuously apparelled, was brought into the same *closet*; where, in Coffers (whereof *Iphigenes* had the Keys) were Garments necessary for the representation of the *Comicall* Action wee are now relating.

The *King* having left them in his *closet*, returned into his *Chamber*, where during that grand *Assembly*, having briefly, but with much gravity represented, *That* God *having created* Man *free*, *there was nothing that he abhorred more than to see* Wills *constrained*; That *beeing by the* Providence *of* Heaven *elevated to the* Throne, *to represent on* Earth *the* Image *of* God *in* Heaven, *he would never indure that the person whom he*

hee honoured with his Favour *ſhould bee forced in his* inclinations, *eſpecially in that which of all things in the* World *ought to bee moſt free, that is,* Marriage. *That hee had under-hand intimated to the three* Contendants *a ſecret* Cauſe *which ought without further diſpute make them quit their* pretentions; *But that their* Paſſion *beeing ſtronger than their* Reaſon, *they flattered themſelves with a* Belief, *that his* Information *was, onely an artificiall* Pretence *to make them deſiſt from an* Enterpriſe, *wherein they could reap nothing but* Shame. *That by the mouth of the Church,* Iphigenes *having been declared free from his firſt* Bonds, *his* Will *was that hee ſhould not bee fettered a ſecond time contrary to his own* deſire. *That it was ſufficient, that againſt the* Motions *of his own* Minde *hee had already once teſtified his* Obedience *to his* Parents *by tying himſelf to* Modeſtina, *without ſubmitting again his* Will *to their's for an* Alliance *diſproportionable*; That *the* Age *of the* Princeſs Reſpicia *did oblige him rather to reverence her as a* Mother, *than cheriſh and reſearch her as a* Wife; *That her Daughter* Simphoroza *was yet too* young *for an* Husband; *That* Amiclea *might bee diſpenſed from* Marriage *for the ſame* Reaſon, *beſides that the* promiſe *of a* Priſoner *is never held to proceed from any other* motion *than* Compulſion. *And in ſum, as well againſt* that, *as the* paternall *authority of* Miſlas, *hee oppoſed his* Royall *and* Soveraign *Power, to remit purely and freely* Iphigenes *in the Liberty of his own* Choyce. *That hee had ſounded his* Intentions, *and beeing fully informed thereof by his ingenious-*Confeſſion, *hee had beſides alleadged very pertinent* Reaſons, *that hindered him from* Marrying *any of thoſe three that deſired him. Which made him ingage his thoughts elſewhere, and* contract *a* Marriage *in private (which was then to bee made evident and confirmed by the* Church) *with a ſimple* Shepherdeſs *named* Almeria, *whom hee found according to his own* Heart, *and who poſſeſſed as much* ingenuity, Vertues *and* Graces *as ſhee had little* Beauty. *That hee had made him ſee ſo cleer into the* Purity, Innocency *and* Sincerity *of that* Affection, *that in ſtead of blaming him for having abaſed his* Spirit *to a* Subject *ſo inferiour to his* Birth *and* Condition, *hee eſteemed him the more, judging how* faithfull *would hee bee to his* King *who had ſo* religiouſly *preſerved his* Faith *to ſo mean a* Creature. *That for theſe conſiderations impoſing* Silence *to his* Father *and* Mother, *and rejecting the* Pretenſions *of the three* Rivalls, *his* Will *and* Pleaſure *was, by* vertue *of his full and abſolute* Power, *and of his* Royall Authority, that *that* Marriage *ſhould bee celebrated by the* Arch-biſhop, *who had diſannull'd the former, and that immediately in the preſence of all that* Company,

the Ruſtick Almeria *having been brought ſecretly into the* Palace *for that purpoſe by his* Command.

Theſe laſt words pronounced with a ſerious and *Majeſtick* accent, ſtopt the mouth (not without an extream impatience) of the irritated *Mieſlus*, who intended to do no leſs then kill *Almeria* with his own hands, or make her bee poyſoned within few dayes after her *Marriage*. What diſcourſes in the *Thoughts*, what *Thoughts* ran through the *Minds* of the three *Rivalls*, what *pain* had they to hold their peaces in ſo fair and ſo preſſing an occaſion to ſpeak! One onely thing gave them the reſpit that *Heart-breaking Grief* denied them, which was, *that* this ceremony was onely to contract *Iphigenes* to *Almeria*, the *Marriage* beeing remitted to a more pompous ſolemnity; inſomuch that they promiſed themſelves, during that intervall, to uſe new indeavours to breake that *alliance*, and procure the accompliſhment of their own pretenſions; For, if betwixt the *Mouth*, and the *Glaſs* arrive diverſe accidents, ſeverall means might bee found in that interim to divert that blow which was ſo fatall to their *Hopes*: Beſides, not daring to oppoſe the *King's* Will in his own preſence, every one remained in ſilence, when the *King* turning himſelf towards the *Arch-biſhop*, asked him *if he Was not ready to recive the* Promiſes *of the future Marriage of the* Palatine *of* Plocens *With the* Shepherdeſs *Almeria*?

Whereunto the *Prelate* made anſwer, *that he ſaW nothing to hinder him from obeying ſo juſt a* Command, *in regard* Kings *may diſpoſſeſs their* Subject's Parents *of the* Power *Which they have in ſuch caſes over their* Children, *and diſpence theſe of the* Obedience *which they oWe to them*; *the* Regall *Authority, as a grand* Sphear, *imbracing the* Paternall *under it*; *For*, Kings *are above the* Lawes; *and* Favorites *ſometimes above the* Kings. This Conceit made the *King* langh.

Then the betrothed *Pair* beeing demanded, the *Commiſſion* of bringing them in was given to *Boleſlaüs*, who beeing the maine *Engine* in this *ſtratagem*, whileſt the *King* was making his Speech, had made *Virgenia* retire herſelf into a *Gallery* neer the *Cloſet*, whileſt hee dreſt *Liante* in a *Woman's* Habit, plain and modeſt, but decent and honourable enough; then having ordered his *Hair*, and rendred his *Complexion* more tawny by the application of ſome of that liquour mentioned in our *Rurall* recreations, no body could diſcerne him to bee other in that equipage than the ſame *Almeria*, whom *Piſides*, *Argal* and *Pomeran* had ſeen in the inchanted *Forreſt* of *Plocens*.

The

The houre was purpoſely appointed in the *Evening*, and the *King's* chamber diſpoſed in ſuch ſort that all the *light* that appeared, was directly in the *Eyes* of the *Aſſembly*; thoſe that were to be contracted remaining on the *darker* ſide. When they ſaw *Iphigenes* come in, imbelliſhed with all the advantages of rich Ornaments, leading the comely *Almeria* by the hand, the difference of their *Complexions* made every one compare them in his imagination to a *black* Pigeon paired with a *white*. What other thoughts paſſed through the ſeverall fancies of the *Spectatours*, your *Conceptions* muſt ſupply the defect of my *Expreſſions*.

The *Queen* and the *Infanta Florimunda* cheriſhed an Opinion, that hee had purpoſely made choyce of that *Creature* to cover his imperfection, having to that end implored the aſſiſtance and goodneſs of His *Majeſty*. The three *Rivalls*, who knew themſelves *Greater* and more *Beautifull* many degrees, believed that their *Splendor* would eaſily diſſipate the *Clowdineſs* of that obſcure and homely *Miſtris*. *Mieſlas* was inraged that hee durſt not ſpeak. *Aretuza* was ready to die with apprehenſion, ſeeing the moment approach that would diſcover her deceipt. Onely the *Arch-biſhop* ſaw cleer through all theſe ſhades, the reſt (raviſhed with aſtoniſhment) held all their *Thoughts* ſuſpended, and their *Eyes* fixed, ſometimes upon the incomparable *Beauties* of *Iphigenes*, ſometimes contemplating the *Countenance* of *Almeria*; in whoſe *Geſture* and *Grace* they could read nothing of *Ruſtick*.

Beeing placed at the beſt advantage for their Deſign, *Iphigenes* having premeditated his Speech, ſaid; "That preferring his *Faith* "above all the *Honours* and *Wealth* in the *World*, hee was come thither "(under His *Majeſtie's* Favour) to teſtifie, in the *Face* of the whole "*Court*, that which hee had given to the vertuous *Almeria* in the ob- "ſcurity of the *Ploceſian* woods; and ſhew *her*, as *ſhee* had been his "onely *conſolation* during his *diſgrace*, that hee would make *her* par- "taker of the *Favours*, wherewith His *Majeſty* was pleaſed to honour "him. That hee was not ignorant of the ſeverall cenſures the *World* "would make upon his *Choyce*, ſaying that for *a Man* whom *Fortune*, "by the *Favour* of a great *Monarch*, had raiſed to ſuch eminent *Dig-* "*nities*, hee was unworthy of that *happineſs*, ſuffering his *thoughts* to "crawle after a *ſubject* ſo diſproportionable to his *quality*. But hee "was able to juſtifie his *action* by examples, as well *ſacred* as *profane*, "of the greateſt *Kings* and *Princes* of the *Earth*, who had not diſ-

"dained to make *slaves* their *Wives*; hee was not however so much "invited by their *imitation* as his own *inclination*; *Affection* proceed- "ing from *Election*, not those other considerations which *Humane* "*Prudence* dictate's to those who prefer its *Maximes* above their "own *contentment*. That the *Repose* of the *Minde* (wherein consisted "the greatest felicity on *Earth*) was not an *Effect* of the multitude of "*Riches* or *Honours*, (since to the contrary they begat *Inquietudes* and "*Trouble*) but of the *satisfaction* which every one draw's from *him-* "*self* by setting limits to his *Desires* and *Fortunes*. That the *King*, his "*Master*, had already made him too great, since hee was elevated "by his *Favour* to *Dignities* beyond the aym of his most aspiring "wishes; That (beeing supported by so high a *protection*) hee might "have pretended to a more advantageous *Party*, but seeing himself "raised to an eminent *Condition*, which permitted him not to content "himself with an ordinary *Match*, Hee had made *choyce* of a *Wife*, "whose *quality* was extraordinary *mean*, according to the *Judgement* "of *Men*, but whose *Vertues* and rare *Perfections* had won his *Heart*, "and rendered him entirely her's. That in time hee would make ap- "pear that *Almeria's* extraction was not inferiour to *Modestina's*, "to whom hee did no injury, since the *Justice* and *Judgement* of the "*Church* had declared their *Marriage* void. That hee had divers other "*Reasons* to oppose against the *Pretensions* of *Respicia* and *Amiclea*, "but for *Modestie's* sake hee should forbear to publish them, beeing "contented to submit himself to his *Majestie's* Will, under whose "*favour* hee humbly besecched the Lord *Arch bishop* to receive the "*Faith* which hee would plight to *Almeria*. Who taking her turn and counterfeiting her *Gesture* and *Voyce*, lest shee should bee known to bee *Liante*, said in few words; "That her *ambition* had never aspired "to so much *Glory* as to appertain to *Iphigenes*; but the *Providence* "of *Heaven* having looked upon her *Humility*, shee gently condes- "cended to its Ordinance; And, besides the *servitude* and *subjection* "which were due to His *Maiestie's* commands, *that* the *Charity* "shee owed to her selfe Commanded her not to reject so "good a *Fortune*, whereof however shee esteemed her self un- "worthy.

Then the *King* calling *Pisides*, *Argal* and *Pomeran* (being already informed of their disguisements in the *Forrest*) asked them if they knew not that *Shepherdess* to be the same *Almeria*, in whō they had remark- ed so many *Vertues*, and such *Dexterity* in the exercises of *hunting* and

Arms

Arms in the *Forreſt* of *Plocens*; which verity they unanimouſly confirmed; For, they really believed it to be ſo, in regard they having diſcovered onely the deceipt of *Seriſe* (as hath been already ſaid) the condition of *Almeria* was yet unknown to them.

Upon this acknowledgement the *King* uttered many favourable expreſſions in praiſe of that Gentile *Amazon*, giving covertly to underſtand "That *Modeſtina* was neither richer nor of a better Family "than *Shee*, and that *Time* (which brings the ſecreteſt things to light) "having made *her* known to the *World*, diverſe aſtoniſhments would "bee either redoubled, or ceaſe. *That* they would bee redoubled by "ſeeing the proofs of her extraordinary *valour*, or would ceaſe when "they ſhould finde that *Iphigenes* could not make a better choyce, "what merits ſoever thoſe other *pretenders* conceived they poſſeſſ'd "more than *Almeria*. Theſe *words* were *Riddles* to the Hearers but you ſhall ſhortly underſtand the explication of theſe *Oracles*.

The *King* having left ſpeaking, every one remained without replying any thing; and in this ſilence the words uſuall at the ſolemnities of *Contracts* beeing interchanged by the *Parties*, the *Arch-biſhop* confirmed them by his *Benediction*. That done, *Iphigenes* proſtrating himſelf before the *King*, ſaid, *That among ſo many* favours *wherewith His* Majeſty *had gratified him, hee accounted that in the firſt rank, in regard without it all the reſt would have been leſs ſenſible to him there beeing nothing in the* World *that ſatisfie's a* Lover *ſo much as to ſee himſelf in the poſſeſſion of that which he* loveth.

Almeria kneeling afterwards, and kiſſing the *King's* hand, ſaid three or four words of like Compliment, with ſuch a *grace*, that the *Queen* was conſtrained to ſay, *that* Shepherdeſs *had been bred in ſome other place than the* Woods, *and that ſhee ſaw nothing of* Ruſtick *in Her*.

Thereupon they retired themſelves, and the *King* having commanded that *Liante* and *Iphigenia* ſhould bee brought forth to bee contracted likewiſe, *Mieſlas* ſtarting up ſaid to the *King*; SIR, *I hope I ſhall have more contentment by this ſecond* alliance *than the former*: to whom the *King* ſodainly replied, *when you ſhall know What I have to tell you, I am confident the one Will bee as agreeable to you as the other*.

Heavens grant it, anſwered Mieſlas, *but my advancing was to adverti ſe your* Majeſty *that the* Daughter *Which I give* Liante *is named* Virgenia, *and not* Iphigenia, *onely by abuſe ſome call her ſo, becauſe of her reſemblance to her* Brother.

Wee

Wee will call her then Virgenia, (*replyed the* King) *becauſe ſhee is a* Virgin, *and* Iphigenia *alſo, becauſe ſhee is more like her* Brother *than two drops of Water are like each other.*

The *King* ſaid this to amuſe them, and give *Iphigenes* time to put on his *Woman's* habit, and *Liante* to re-take his own cloathes with his former complexion. Mean time hee gave order to *Boleſlaüs* that they ſhould not come forth of his *Cloſet*, untill hee gave the command to call them: Then having taken aſide the *Queen*, the *Infanta*, and the three diſgraced *Graces*, hee began to tell them, as a *ſecret*, of the *impotency* of *Iphigenes*, who had not taken that *Nymph*, but to cover his *imperfection* from the *Eyes* of the *World*. Thereupon having given them leave to reply, the *Queen* and the *Infanta*, beeing forbidden by *Modeſty* to ſpeak in a buſineſs wherein they had ſo little intereſt, confined their *thoughts* to *ſilence*, leaving the field open to the three paſſionate *Pretenders*.

MODESTINA, who was the moſt intereſſed, as having her *Husband* torn out of her imbraces, replyed, *That to give her the liberty of* Speech *after ſo ſolemn a* Contracting, *was to bring a* Phyſitian *after* Death; *beſides that the abſolute* Will *of His* Majeſty *was an inviolable* Law *to her, which muſt bee obeyed without murmuring; Yet if ſhee might bee left to her own free diſpoſition, ſhee would content herſelf to ſpin out the reſt of her dayes with* Iphigenes *without experimenting him for an* Husband *any otherwiſe than ſhee had hitherto; accuſing him of little* Friendſhip *in that hee had not diſcovered that* defect *to her, which ſhee ſhould have hidden as well as that* Country-wench: *So* Jealouſie *made her tearme* Almeria.

The *Princeſs* RESPICIA, who perſwaded herſelf it was a falſe report, proteſted *that it was the* Vertues *of* Iphigenes *which made her deſire him, not his* Beauties, *nor the conſideration of* pleaſure; (judge you how her Tongue correſponded with her Heart) *and that notwithſtanding his* Infirmitie, *ſhee would have Married him, having already* Children *enough to preſerve her* Name *and* Memory.

AMICLEA, who had abated ſomewhat of her *ardour*, would not however ſeem leſs affectionate than the reſt, and following their track, her *Ditty* was to the ſame *Tune*. The *King* hereupon told them *that Marriages contracted with ſuch perſons were invalide. Then*, replied MODESTINA, *that which is now in agitation will bee of no force. There are ſome private* Reaſons (*anſwered the* King) *which will make it authentick.* Kings, *ſaid* RESPICIA, *have alwayes ſome* reaſons

of

of State *which pass all Ordinary* Rules; *they can do, undo, do again; they play with their* Subjects *as if they were* Tennis-balls.

The *King* smiling at this freedome of her's, replied; *Princess, when the* Scales *are fallen from your* Eyes, *and the* Veile *of* Passion *taken from before your* Reason, *I assure my self that you will rather pitty than envy* Iphigenes. *Your favours*, answered the Princess, *will render him alwayes more worthy of Envy than Pitty.* Upon these words *Boleslaüs* returning into the *King's* Chamber gave him notice by a private signe, that all was ready.

Whereupon hee presently commanded him to call LIANTE and IPHIGENIA to bee contracted by the *Arch bishop*: The Ceremony beeing past without any contradiction, the two *Lovers* standing hand in hand, *Liante* accompanied his costly *apparell* with so gallant a *Garb*, that hee seemed quite another *Creature* than *Almeria*; and those pretious Rayments wherewith *Iphigenia* had splendidly adorned her self, added such *luster* to her naturall *Beauty* (augmented by the vermillion of *shame* which overspread her Cheeks) and her attire had such conformity with that which *Virgenia* wore, when shee was brought into the *Palace*, together with the favour of the *Time*, *Place*, and *Shadiness* of the *Chamber*, that no body could know her on the sodain for *Iphigenes*; there was not one but had his *Eyes* dazled at the splendour of so rare a *Beauty*, and not one *Soul* in the whole Company so Envious, as not to confess, seeing those two *Lovers* that they were, as the happiest, so the handsomest *Couple* in the *World.*

Miesias was the first couzened; Insomuch that hee cryed out allowd, hee did not think hee had been *Father* of so beautifull a *Daughter. What think you, Madam*, said the *King* turning to the *Queen, were it not an impiety for a* Father *to disown so admirable a* Daughter? *Shee seem's to mee an* Angell *rather* (answered the Queen) *and that shee hath more reason to acknowledge the* Heaven *for her* Father *than* Miesias. *Indeed*, said Florimunda, *it were great Pitty that such a Jewell should be hidden; hence-forwards this* Lady *will be one of the richest Ornaments of the* Court. *That's evident* (replied the King) *and* Liante *shall do well to be carefull of her, for if so many* Ladies *were inamoured of her* Brother, *her penetrating glances will ingender no less flames in diverse* Courtier's *Hearts.*

The *Royall Chamber* seemed at that time like a Serene *Heaven*, wherein their *Majesties* were the greater *Lights*; the others the

meaner *Planets*, as the *Infanta Florimunda*, *Modeſtina*, the *Princeſs Reſpicia*, *Amiclea*, *Melindra*, and poore *Oloria* quite Eclipſed. But what Rank can wee give to the fair IPHIGENIA, unleſs it bee that of the *Planet* that bear's the Name of the *Goddeſs* which cauſeth *Love*?

When *Oloria* ſaw that glorious *Star*, ſhee would have hidden herſelf from her own *Eyes*. The changing of her *Colour* ſhewed ſufficiently the diſtemper of her *thoughts*, but all the Aſſembly was ſo attentive in contemplating the incomparable IPHIGENIA, that no body took notice of her alterations. Shee confeſſ't her ſelf vanquiſhed by that eminent *Beauty*; therein ſhee read the cauſe of *Liante's* ſcorns, whom in her Heart ſhee called *Traitor*, for having ſpoken of *Affection* to her beeing prepoſſeſſed with that *Object*; Shee had nothing left to ſupport her ſenſes in that *Deſpair*, but this ſorry conſolation, *that her* Siſter *Was as much excelled in Beauty*, as Shee *ſurpaſſed her in handſomneſs*. At length ſhee excuſed her unfaithfull *Lover*, as having made a choyce ſo worthy of his Judgement, that ſhee herſelf was conſtain'd to approve it.

The *Queen* having for ſome time held her Eyes attentively fixed on IPHIGENIA's Face, turned to *Florimunda*, ſaying, *Siſter, by the Life of the* King, *my Lord, I do not think it is poſſible to finde through the Whole World two Faces more like than thoſe of the* Brother *and the* Siſter; *There is but one Letter's difference in their* Names, *but in their* Faces *I finde not the leaſt tittle of exception; and if* Iphigenes *were in* Women's *cloaths, I believe We ſhould hardly be able to diſtingniſh them.*

Iphigenes hearing this Diſcourſe, notwithſtanding the gravity and modeſt baſhfulneſs, wherewith hee had ſtudiouſly compoſed his Countenance, could not refrain ſmiling, but with ſo pleaſing a *grace*, as obliged the *Infanta* to reply; *Madam, There is no difference but in their action; For* Iphigenes *hath I know not what of* Martiall *in his* Face, *but this* Lady *hath a certain ſoftlier look ſo full of attraction, that her ſweetneſs charm's me.*

What *Philoſophicall* ſeverity would not have changed countenance at theſe Speeches? The *King* had all the pain imaginable to contein himſelf, ſeeing ſo univerſall an *Errour*. Then, the *Infanta* ſpeaking again to the *Queen*, ſaid, *Madam, do's not your* Majeſty *perceive that this Nymph* Almeria, *whom* Iphigenes *hath choſen for his* Wife, *excepting her complexion (which is ſomewhat tanny by beeing much expoſed to the* Sun)

Sun) *hath ſome reſemblance to* Liante? *I did think ſo* (replied the Queen) *but not to interrupt the* King *who was ſpeaking, I forbore declaring of my ſenſe.*

The *King* who made a ſhew of not hearing this Diſcourſe, knew *that* artificiall things (like Paint) are but of little durance; and if hee ſhould differ the diſcovery of that *Secret* much longer, hee ſhould loſe the pleaſure of his *Stratagem*. For, hee overheard already the *Palatine's* three friends, *Pomeran*, *Piſides* and *Argal* ſaying to each other, *Would not you ſay that were* Serife? *I muſt confeſs I never ſaw any* Siſter *ſo perfectly a* Brother.

Clemencia hearing the high praiſes every *Spectator* gave to the perfections of her *Naturall* Siſter, would willingly have quitted the quality of *Legitimate* to have poſſeſſed ſo eminent a *Beauty*: and a ſecret worm of *Envy* gnawing her *Heart*, made her conceit that the extolling of *Iphigenia's* graces was the eclypſing of *her's*. The *Prince Caſſin*, who could have wiſhed to himſelf as many *Eyes*, as the *Poëts* gave *Argus*, the better to contemplate IPHIGENIA, could not forbear, ſaying, *that* Liante *was the happieſt of Men*. As many *Heads* as many *Opinions*, as many *Mouths* as many *Cenſures*. Onely poor *Aretuza* dreading the ſucceſs of this adventure, was like one that hold's the Porringer whileſt the *Surgeon* is opening his *Vein*; the *Cruelty* of *Mieſlas* ſwam in her *Fancy*, his inhumane *humour* dazled her *Eyes* with terrour; and although ſhee was in the *King's* Court (a ſacred and inviolable *Sanctuary*) and under his protection; yet ſhee trembled like a *Pigeon* that ſee's a *Gerfaulcon* neer him.

LIANTE and IPHIGENIA beeing contracted, the *King* promiſed *Mieſlas* to pay his *Daughter's* Dowry, and gratifie *Liante* with ſuch penſions and Honours, as hee ſhould not grudge to leave him the uſe of his Eſtate during Life, ordeining that the firſt *Male-Child* that ſhould proceed of that *Marriage* ſhould bear the *Name* and *Arms* of the houſe of *Mieſlas*, and the reſt *Liante's*.

All the Ceremony beeing paſt, the *Queen* and *Florimunda*, according to the ordinary curioſity of great *Ladies*, would have had *Iphigenia* come neer them, that they might examine her *Beauties*, and make triall of her *Wit*. But the *King* who knew that *Gold* would not indure the *Touch*, commanded *Boleſlaüs* to re-conduct the new Contracted Couple into his Cloſet, untill hee ſhould give order for their coming forth together with the former, like the four wheeles of a Triumphant Chariot.

Which done, beating the Iron while it was hot, and not to give leisure to the assistants of discoursing and communicating their Opinions, having prepared their attentions by promising to tell them one of the strangest *Evenements* any Age had produced upon the *Theater* of the *World*, hee related summarily the History of the *Birth*, *Education* and *Fortune* of *Iphigenes*, with the principall Passages already declared in this *Narration*. And then turning to *Miesław*, "Behold "(*said hee*) *Seigneur Palatine* the memorable Marvell your *Rigour* "hath produced; are not you happy to have brought into the *World* "a *Daughter* that surpasseth so many *Men* in *Valour* and *Generosity*, "and so many *Women* in *Beauty*? And let mee tell you, if for preser- "ving this Miracle *of* Nature, you should conceive any displeasure "against your *Wife*, who hath shewed herself so discreet and vertuous, "and indured your insupportable humours with such patience, you "would bee the most unworthy *Father* and *Husband* that ever the "*Sun* beheld; Neither must you think ever to appear in my *presence*, "or stay within my *Dominion*, if you should dare to attempt any "thing against the *Mother* or *Daughter*, whom I take into my *safe-* "*gard* and especiall *Protection*. See how the *Heavens* overcoming "your *Malice* by singular *Mercies*, have rendered you more happy "than you imagined; upon whose gracious *Obligations* prepare hence- "forwards a due *Repentance* and *Acknowledgement* of their *Goodness*. "And you, discreet *Aretuza* (who have had this laudable industry to "elevate your *Child* with so much *Vertue* and *Prudence*, by the care "of this aged *Man*, whom you made her *Governour*) rest contented "and without *Fear*: For, besides the *security* you may expect from "mee for your own *Person*, know that I will raise your *Son-in-law* "LIANTE and your *Daughter* IPHIGENIA to such a degree of "*Fortune*, as many *Mothers* would desire none but *Daughters* upon "the same condition. Neither shall this *Happiness* terminate in them "alone; our *Intention* and *Will* is, that all those who have contri- "buted any thing to her preservation, shall bee participant of her "preferment. And you, *Fair Ladies* (said *hee to the three Preten-* "*dants*) who have so honourably loved the beautifull *Palatine*, "change your fruitless *Love* into a just *Friendship*, which will be more "advantageous; cease to afflict your *Souls* with sighing after a "vain and sterile *Passion*, and reserve your selves for the joyfull so- "lemnity of *Her Nuptialls*, who honours you as shee ought. These "two *alliances* which you have seen contracted are but one; onely

"the

"the habits beeing changed made LIANTE *Almeria*, and an IPHI-
"GENIA of *Iphigenes*. Whereof you may bee more fully ſatisfied,
"if you take the paines to go into my *Cloſet*, or deſire to ſee them
"again here. I prepared all things in this manner purpoſely to increaſe
"your aſtoniſhments, and make you know that the *Heavens* work mi-
"racles on *Earth*, and before our Eyes.

This Diſcourſe of His *Majeſty* bred ſuch an amaz ment in the *Spirits* of all the aſſiſtants, that Admiration tranſported them beyond themſelves. But the moſt tranſported of all was *Mieſlas*, not with *Choller* but *Joy*, and his *Heart* (before more rigid than the ſenſleſs *Rocks*) beeing mollified with theſe words, diſcharged it's *Rancour* in a ſhowre of *Tears*: Hee caſt himſelf at his *Majeſtie's* knees, and imbracing them could not thank ſufficiently the goodneſs of that great *Prince*: Hee did not pardon his *Wife*, but ask't her pardon. It was a pleaſure to ſee that *Father* and *Mother* weep for *Joy*, and all the reſt with *Tenderneſs*, *Aſtoniſhment* and *Pity*.

Hee that could relate the diverſe Reſentments of ſo many perſons as had part in that Commune rejoycing, were no bad *Oratour*; yet it is better concealing than expreſſing them, ſince *Silence* is an effect of *Admiration*.

The *Queen's* and *Infanta's* impatience made them advance into the Cloſet, where they found IPHIGENIA in the diſpoſition of a *Criminall*, that expect's when the *Judge* will pronounce the ſentence of his Condemnation. *Liante* poſſeſſed with a joy beyond beliefe, felt his *Heart* dance with exceſs of Contentment. Poore *Virgenia* (who had waited in the *Gallery* all ready, like one that were to bee Married) was found with her *Governeſs* ignorant of all this, and with a conceit that the *Company* was then coming to aſſiſt at the *Ceremony*. In ſumme, the *Truth* was diſcovered, the *Mask* laid aſide, and every one ſpake according to his own Senſe. Onely the three *Rivalls* (happy, in their unhappineſs, by their owne *Cures*) became the Subject of Laughter and Divertiſement to the Gallants of the *Court*.

The *King*, to inrich this *Evenement*, and render it yet more illuſtrious, gave order to honour the Marriage (which was ſolemnly to bee celebrated) with ſuch Pomp, Tiltings, Masks, Banquets, and other Magnificences, that hee ſeemed (like another *Aſſuerus*) to deſire to ſhew upon this occaſion the greatneſs of his Glory, and the ſplendour of his *Royall* Liberty.

The beautifull *Iphigenes*, who had been the *Subject* of Sighs to so many *Ladies*, became the *Object* of Admiration to the *Men*, when hee was become *Iphigenia*; and although *Liante* alone had the priviledge of possessing her, shee could not hinder others from Loving and Honouring. Whilest these splendide preparatives were making for the Wedding, *Iphigenia* (who was more in credit than ever with the *King*) contrived diverse other *Alliances*. That of the *Prince Cassin* with her Sister *Clemencia* was concluded. *Pisides*, whilest hee was an *Hostage* for *Iphigenes* in the Castle of *Minsce*, became a *Prisoner* to *Amiclea*, but durst not disclose his *Passion*, for fear of beeing accused of Presumption, and payed with a shamefull Repulse; Besides incurring the displeasure of *Iphigenes*; But the shades beeing dissipated, hee declared himself to *Iphigenia*, who procured him *Amiclea* to Wife. *Argal* was contented with *Oleria*; and *Pomeran*, whom *Iphigenia* cherished particularly, received *Modestina* for his Mistress. *Polemander* chose *Eleonora*, *Iphigenia's* Ward and Daughter to *Stanislas*. Onely *Respicia* remained in her Widdowhood, and her Daughter *Simforoza* in the expectation of some great match, when her Age should render her Marriageable.

All Parties were content. *Oh Hymen!* what *Cures* after so many *wounds*, what *Joy* to all these persons tossed with so many *Stormes*, to see themselves so sodainly arrived at the *Port*, and set on *shore* with as much Happiness as safety. *Virgenia* likewise was not ill provided; For, by *Iphigenia's* means, (to whom every one was desirous to bee allied, beeing the chief person in His *Majesties* Favour) Her *Husband* was a *Castellain* of *Lithuania*, neer Kinsman to the *Palatine* of *Troc*, named *Aradius*, who was one of the gentilest and most accomplisht *Gentlemen* about the *Court*. These were the fruits of the *Peace* and *Reconciliation* of POLONIA and LITHUANIA.

The Solemnity of this *Marriage* beeing past, *Iphigenia* desired His *Majesty* to honour the rest likewise with his presence. Which shortly after were solemnized accordingly, with such a train of Feasts and publick Expressions of Joy, that *Cracovia* seemed to bee the onely Theater of Pleasure. *Peace* having thus restored to *Polonia* that abundance and felicity which commonly doth attend it, you would have said that the *Golden Age* had been come to sojourn with that of *Iron*.

Our incomparable *Amazon* guiding the Bark of her *Fortune* in this full Sea of *Favour* with such Dexterity, that shee seemed to have married

Married *Good-luck* with *Deſert*, never ceaſed untill ſhee had placed her Dear *Liante* in the ſame Degree of *Favour* with the *King* as ſhee poſſeſſed; and the *King* diſcerning ſo many Diſpoſitions in that *Gentleman* worthy of his *Benevolence*, loved him firſt for *Iphigenia's* ſake, but afterwards for his own Merits. It is no ſmall advantage for a diſeaſed Perſon to have ſome one to helpe him into the *Bath*. Diverſe very deſerving *Men* remaine in *Obſcurity* for want of ſome to expoſe them to the *Light*, and make them known to thoſe, who like *Gods* on *Earth* doe ſpin the *Thred* of meaner Mortall's *Deſtinies*.

Liante's acceſs beeing thus facilitated, hee was forthwith inſtalled *Palatine* of *Plocent*; not long after hee became *Lord Chamberlaine*, then *Lord High-Steward* of the *King's* Family, and ſo increaſed daily in *Dignities* proportionably as hee advanced in *Favour*.

Iphigenia beeing contented to ſee him well anchored about the *King*, ſtudied nothing ſo much as to ingratiate herſelf with the *Queen*, which Deſigne (by a great Aſſiduity about Her *Majeſtie's* Perſon, and with Submiſſions and Reſpects, that would have inchanted *Marble*) ſhee ſodainly accompliſhed. For, the *Queen* who was no ill-willer of her's, whileſt ſhee thought her a *Man*, finding her of her own *Sex* redoubled her Affection; and the *Infanta Florimunda* did no leſs: Inſomuch that thoſe two *Princeſſes* in their *Concord* had only this *Debate*, and in their *Diſcord* they *accorded* in this point; *Which ſhould love her moſt*.

Florimunda who had every day full liberty to review that ſame Face, which ſhee had ſo much eſteemed in *Iphigenes*, and beeing raviſhed beſides, with the ſweetneſs of her Converſation, could not chooſe but love her with a *Friendſhip* beyond ordinary; And the other *Ladies*, who have beene aſhamed to diſcover their *Paſſions* whileſt they eſteemed her as ſhee ſeemed, made no difficulty of declaring the violenteſt motions of their *Hearts*, when they ſaw her to bee one of them.

But whileſt I ſtand to repreſent the happy Eſtate and Deportments of our *Lovers*, I forget to tell you how they acknowledged the *Friendſhip* of thoſe, who attended them in their meaner *Fortunes*. Our *Favorites* (who advanced their *Grandeurs* by way far different from that of others, who ſcrape all they can to themſelves) had nothing in greater re-commendation than to eſtabliſh their own

Fortunes

Fortunes by doing or procuring good to others; like the *Sun*, who cast's his *Rayes* outwards, and shine's not but by the comunication of his *Light*. No body could approach them without resenting the *effects* of their perfect *Courtesie*, no more than stand neer a *Fire* without participating of it's *heat*.

As occasions served they failed not to represent unto His *Majesty* the merits of their *Friends*: *Miesław* was made *Lord Chamberlain* when *Liante* was raised to the charge of *Lord High Steward*, and that without *Envy*: For, beeing fully reconciled, and esteeming him as his *Son* by his Marriage with *Iphigenia* (after the manner of most Parents) hee desired his advancement rather than his own.

The *Prince Cassin*, who ambitioned a Government with impatience, obtained (at their request) of the *King* a promise of the first *Palatinate* that fell. All the rest were either made *Lords Castellains* in severall places, or had considerable Offices given them about the *King* or *Queen*. Onely *Boleslaüs*, in whom *Ambition* was quite extinct, desired to end his dayes with his dear Foster-Child, who esteemed and honoured him as her *Father*.

The POLONIANS have two powerfull and very bad Neighbours, the MOSCOVIANS towards the *Septentrion*, and the *Turk* in the *Orientall* part: Against the inundations of these two *Torrents* they are forced to *raise* and *repair* their banks continually. The grand KNETZ, or *Duke* of *Moscovia*, hath alwayes an Heart burning to see the *Kings* of *Polonia* extend their *Dominions* beyond the *Boristhenes*, having one foot in *Russia*: This displeasure incites him oftentimes (either out of *Ambition*, or to exercise his *Souldiery*) to make Incursions with his *Army* into that part called the POLONIAN RUSSIA.

Newes beeing brought to the *Court* at *Cracovia*, that this *Enemy* was raising very considerable Forces to invade *Polonia*, it was resolved to prevent his Design, and oppose his fury by incountering him upon the *Frontiers* of his own *Territories*. The *Lord High Martiall* of *Polonia* was appointed *Generall* of the *Army*; and because hee was very aged and sickly, the *Lieutenant-Generalship* was given to *Miesław*, with a promise of the first Office of *Marshall* that should bee vacant, which his *Daughter*, to content his Ambition, procured him. The occasion seemed so fair that all the grand *Gallants* of the *Court* resolved to bear Arms in that Expedition.

Liante, who burned with desire to shew that by his *Services* hee would indeavour to deserve those *favours* hee dayly received from

His

His *Majesty*, would [illegible] the number; and notwithstanding all the instances that *King* could [illegible] to incline him to *Treason*, hee would not bee induced to [illegible] to that *Obedience*, which hee tearmed shamefull and unworthy of a *Man* of *Honour*.

Iphigenia (who during the *Peace* could not forget the exercises of *Chivalry*, and who had been one of the chief in all their *Tilings*) determined to accompany her *Husband* to the field, and bear Armes. Whatsoever the *Queen*, the *Infanta* and all the other *Ladies* could alledge, it was impossible for them to extinguish in her that *Martiall humour*, which shee had so long practised. Shee was never so much charmed as in this occurrence; *Envy* it self, which casts the poyson of *Aspes* under its Tongue, could not forbear commending her; All said *that* with that living PALLADIUM they were assured of the *Victory*, and that no less than the *Fortune* of *Cæsar* attended that invincible *Amazon*.

The *King* himselfe could not sufficiently admire and applaud the Greatnesse and Gallantry of her Spirit, and had the infirmities of his Age permitted him, hee would gladly have been a Spectatour of her brave Exploits. *Lopez* the famous Comicall Poet of *Spaine*, handsomely inferrs, that those who are descended of generous Parents cannot but bee inclined to Heroick Actions; And in regard his Language is graver and more gracefull than I am able to render it, for the satisfaction of the Lovers of that Tongue, I have here placed a Copy of his own Verses.

Ni por el yelo el Elephante grave,
Ni aguas por el Agua el Fœnix nuevo,
Ni en tierra el Pez, ni por la mar el Ave,
Ni menos en el ayre el Topo ciego,
Ni en tierra seca el Ruyseñor suave,
Ni el Platano en la Arena, el Cisne en fuego,
Ni el Hombre que es de Padres principales,
Sin las hazañas a su nombre ygvales.

In Icy Clymes no Elephants doe live,
Nor Water a new Life to th'Phœnix give;
Fish cannot dwell on th'Earth, nor Birds i'th Deep,
Much lesse the Mole in th'Ayry Region creep;

The barren Heaths sweet *Nightingales* disclaime,
Plane-trees love not the Sands, nor *Swans* the Flame:
Neither can Persons borne of Noble Sires
Bee void of Noble Hearts, and high Desires.

To aske whether *Liante* and the rest of the *Gentlemen*, mentioned in this *History*, had honourable Commands in this *Army*, were a frivolous question: It is but considering what *favour* can doe in like occasions. *Polonia* never saw a more compleat *Army*, nor *Gallanter* men; They repulsed the *Enemy* (who exceeded them in number) so far into their own *Country*, that those that came to assault, were hardly able to defend themselves. Having taken and sacked diverse places in *Russia*, and discomfited the *Grand Knez* Forces, they returned loaden with *Lawrells* and rich *Booty*, with a Generall *applause* and magnificent *Triumph*. But *Fortune*, who is never fully indulgent, mingled, according to her custome, some *Gall* amongst this *Honey*, which was by the death of *Miestas*, who in routing the *Enemies*, ingaged himself so far in the pursuit of the fugitives (whereof hee had made an horrible slaughter) that at length *Desshair* having rallied them, they gave him a fresh *charge*; and beeing but weakly attended, hee was forced to resigne his *Life*, and fall a Sacrifice to the irritated fury of the re-assembled *Enemy*.

Thus he buried himself in the Tomb of *Honour*, which he had always so much desired, like *Sampson* who died in the midst of his *Enemies*, or him that was squeezed to *Death* under the *Elephant* which he had killed. If he had been less *courageous*, he had injoyed more fruits of his *Victory*, and seen himself *Lord High Marshall* of *Polonia*; For, hee who had commanded the *Army* in that expedition, ended there his dayes, not by the hand of his *Enemies*, but *Sickness* and *Old Age*. So that all the *charge* fell upon our two *Favorites*, who like CASTOR and POLLUX shared the honour with such equality, that both refusing it, both increased their praises.

I am not able to make a relation suiteable to the memorable testimonies of *Valour*, that day, rendered by our generous *Amazon*, and *Liante* fighting before her; who vexing that a *Woman* should lead him the way to honourable Dangers, and teach him his Lesson in *Marse's* Schoole, striving to surpass himself, has shewed by his blowes (which never fell in vain) that hee was Master of as ah uncommon a Puissance, as incompatable Dexterity. *Cassio, Palamander, Pisides,*

sides, *Argal*, *Pomeran*, and *Aradius*, signalised themselves by Acts of marvellous Prowess; and *Boleslaüs*, as old as hee was, gave proofs of no less *Courage* in this warlike exploit, than *Prudence* in the more Peaceable transactions.

Majestick were the *Triumphs* which the *King* made for his *Favorites* at their return to *Cracovia*, making them bee proclaimed, the *Preservers* of their *Country*; and to crown this *Victory* with a worthy acknowledgement, every one that had rendered himself remarkeable in that Action received a particular recompence from His *Majesty*. The Prince CASSIN was rewarded with the *Palatinate* of PLOCENS, *Liante* reserving to himself that of PODOLIA, where all his own Estate lay, and the memory of his own *Father* and *Father-in-law* were yet recent. The Office of *Lord* CHAMBERLAIN was conferred upon POMERAN, as well in consideration of his own vertue, as for MODESTINA's sake whom hee had Married. All the rest likewise tasted of his *Majestie's* Favours, according to their Merits and Qualities: And *Liante* was confirmed in the Office of *Lord High Marshall* of POLONIA, to the Shame and Heart-breaking of his *Enviers*, the Joy of his *Friends*, the singular Contentment of IPHIGENIA, the Glory of the KING, and full Satisfaction of his own *Desires*. In honour of whose triumphant Memory and compleated Happiness, a *Poet* of the times affixed these

VVISHES.

IN Fine thus Fortune ceas'd to frown,
And Passion's stormes were overblown;
Our matchless Lovers thus (made free
From the foule breath of Calumnie)
Rais'd to the Top of their Desires,
Quench'd and reviv'd each others Fires.
Let then no Torments of the Minde
Disturbe their Calme; Let no unkinde
Aspect, with Grief or dismall Warre,
Their fortunate Conjuncture marre;
Supernall Pow'rs, bless their repose,
And we're let Thistles choake this Rose.

Flye from their thoughts Chimerra's vaine
of Horrid and Umbragious paine,
That their link'd Soules may fully prove
The sweets of Pleasure, Peace and Love;
And after all their Tempests may
Ride safe at Anchor in the Bay.

These Surges being past and Minds appeas'd,
I hope, like them, my Readers will be pleas'd.

FINIS.

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